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CHICAGO LEDGER

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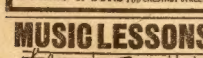

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TO THE POINT

Survivors of the football season that is beginning should become hardened leaders for war.

Germany should now call a convention of the junk men of the world and sell its junkers to the highest bidder.

Running the kitchen successfully always did require brains. Now it demands a considerable degree of patriotism.

Docs say that there is a disease resulting from too much jazz music, but they are too conservative—jazz music is a disease.

This is going to be a hard winter, remarked Col. Bill Bulous. The poor are going to find it difficult to pay 25 cents a drink for liquid damnation.

America is said to be making a success of the "high" cheese business. We can at least testify that the American limburger has a most convincing odor.

Nature, of course, knows best, but it would seem that a fine balance could be struck by having the spiders eat all the flies and then have the spiders die of indigestion.

People who are afraid that this country is going to become militaristic recall to mind the plight of the majority of a certain legislative body the spokesman of which said: "We are all right now, but we are afraid the minority will bribe us!"

Junkerism has left its monuments all over the East, in those Babylonian and Assyrian bas reliefs showing the conqueror with his foot on the necks of the Belgians of that time.

One reason for the unpopularity of corn bread in the North is the uncivilized aversion Northern folks have for hot bread. Corn bread is at its best when hot; it is likely to become clammy when cold.

As between the old and new kultur, give us the old. The Roman tyrants of the nut era smothered their enemies to death in rose petals, which is a far more agreeable passage out than that of being eaten up by corrosive gases.

Enlightened communities—Illinois included, of course—do not compel school children to submit to vaccination, and Chicago is about to go a step further and refuse to make the kids study German in the grammar school grades.

La Follette "never reads the newspapers" because they misquote him. "This recalls the reply of a farmer, who had lost a hog, to the railroad claim agent, who offered a moderate recompense: "Deer Sir: your insultin' note is returned unopened."

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

She was an extremely pretty young woman with a dangerous droop to her white eyelids and the young man was just as red and angry as any girl in her wildest dreams could wish.

"I am sure," she was saying with dignity, "that I am awfully surprised at you, Edgar! I had no idea you had such a—a terrible temper! And when there is absolutely no reason for your acting this way——"

The young man let out what was no more nor less than a subdued roar. "No reason!" he repeated. "When a fellow is engaged to a girl and she flirts like the dickens with other fellows, what do you suppose he is going to do? Purr, and request her to do it again?"

Now, Edgar!" the young woman re- ...avely at

...k to you again! Just wha... ...bout?"

..."Didn't I come along unexp... find Travers holding hands ... the Gillams'?" demanded ... young man.

"My goodness!" cried the young wo... an. She smiled at him indulgently. "If you wouldn't jump at conclusions so, Edgar!" she murmured. "I suppose when I get a thorn in my finger from my roses, no matter where I am, I must sit down patiently and wait for you to come along, no matter how I suffer!

"That part of it never occurs to you, does it? If any one handy offers to help me I must say politely, 'No, thank you, I must wait for Edgar! Edgar is very particular and I cannot think of hurting his feelings! Yes, it is paining me extremely, but what is that in comparison with Edgar's peace of mind——'"

"Don't be silly!" the young man broke in gruffly. "Of course if it was that—only he didn't seem to be working very hard at first and when I saw him! And I thought I sent you violets that night anyhow! How——"

"I had taken a rose from a vase," explained the young woman, still patiently. "I am very fond of roses, but seeing that they cause so much trouble I think I shall pass them by after this!"

"It sounds all right," the young man admitted gloomily, "only I just don't remember seeing any roses around! Anyhow, you didn't have a thorn in your finger when I met you on Michigan avenue with Jerry! Just coming out of the tearoom! And you had told me you were going to be busy all day on the north side! Jerry Jones is——"

"I know," interrupted the young woman. "This would make the third time you have told me fluently just what you think of Jerry Jones! I suppose you'd like to have me cut all my old friends——"

"Friend!" echoed the young man, bitterly. "He's crazy about you. He'd do anything to cut me out! And with all his money it doesn't make me very happy to have him showering attentions on you——"

"Now, Edgar!" she said sweetly. "Jerry isn't one-two-three with you in my eyes! He's all right just to know, but as for liking him awfully well, why I'd never think of such a thing! You're a dear old silly——"

"I sup... young m... ...h side at your class!"

...gned. "I suppose," she admitted ...y, "that I could call you up at ...e every time any one telephones ...ello!' I would say to you, 'Grace ...tioned me. She doesn't like that ...maker at all—and she is not go... ...o have a new evening wrap this year. The old one will fix up all right. And she has just finished making the darling little cap from the Irish lace that trimmed her lingerie gown five seasons back. Oh, yes, and the class has been postponed a week!' It might disturb you in the midst of a business deal; still I could do it if it would make you any easier in your mind."

"You know I don't want you to do anything so foolish?" declared the young man somewhat sheepishly. "I don't want to be a watchdog! It's just because I'm so dotty about you that it makes me nervous when I see you doing these things! I'd have taken you to lunch myself if you'd only let me know you were downtown! You might have done that!"

"I wasn't going to get any lunch!" declared the young woman. "When Jerry asked me I told him so, but he made such a fuss I had to give in! You didn't want me to call you up right before him and ask permission, did you?"

"N-o-o!" admitted the young man. "Well, you've made me out pretty foolish, haven't you?"

"I hope," the young woman said with dignity, "now that I have explained so clearly, you are perfectly satisfied and we'll have no more of it! Aren't you sorry you accused me of flirting?"

"Well," said the young man, "I guess it's all right! You've certainly explained! Only somehow it seems doggone funny!"

Stark Fear Stared Out of Her Face.

AND Otto Getz, a young cattleman, seated beside her, noticed it and he also noticed the ferret-faced young man watching her. It reminded him of the hunted look he had once seen in the eyes of a doe pressed hard by the wolf-pack at heel. He followed her when she left the street car, but he missed the taxi in which she was whirled away and thought the incident was over. But Otto Getz and the girl were destined to meet again and under thrilling circumstances, too. Just what these were is told in a hair-raising manner in "The German Plotters," a most unusual serial which begins in the Chicago Ledger next week.

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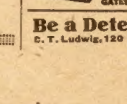

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PAT OF THE PANAMINTS

Fighting Over a Telluride Claim

By Nelson MacKendrie

THE Magnolia saloon, packed to the doors with its Saturday night throng of miners, quivered with an atmosphere of tenseness and ill-concealed excitement as Stuart Dalrymple entered.

His every motion was observed; furtively by some, open-mouthed by others. The crap dealer, at his approach, hesitated a moment in his spiel, resuming it hurriedly; even the group of poker players who had sat at the same table for twelve hours, having their refreshments delivered to them, lost interest in the game, and it became desultory as they watched this man, who of all others in camp most compelled its interest.

Twenty-four hours before Stuart Dalrymple was unknown. Tonight the excited town was ready at his slightest hint to make a rush for a new location; Stuart Dalrymple held the secret of a rich strike.

It was only that morning that Dalrymple had arrived in camp with nothing to distinguish him from the hundreds of prospectors, white with the desert dust, who came and went every day. He left his samples at the assayer's. Dull gray rocks they were, showing no trace of values. But when they were roasted great drops of gold oozed out upon the surface. It was telluride, and of such marvelous richness that nothing approaching it had ever been known in that land of lucky strikes. The assayer's assistant told the news in strict confidence to his sweetheart, and before noon all Rhyolite was in a state of frenzy.

Dalrymple, a stalwart and pleasant-faced individual, past middle age, seemed aware of the interest centered in him-self, [illegible] to one or two newly made acquaintances and declining their invitations to drink, he crossed the room and spoke a few words in a low tone to John Buford. Together they left the saloon.

In the light reflected from the tawdry splendors of the Golden street resorts, the two men walked in silence. They had met soon after Dalrymple's arrival in camp, and had formed an instant liking for each other. Buford was a young mining engineer who had attained great distinction in his profession since leaving college, five years before. He was tall and rather thin; his face was browned, and in his eyes was that subtle hint of reserved strength that identified him as the man to take command in moments of stress and peril. One knew that while recognizing danger and not underestimating it, he would meet it squarely; that he loved life, and had lived; and that most of all he was glad to be in the game.

Dalrymple plunged at once into business.

"I want you to undertake the development of my claims," he said, "if you are free to do so. From the assayer's report this morning I believe I have something good."

"Well, 'good' is hardly the word," smiled Buford, "if one is to believe the hectic reports that are circulating around camp. Surely I'll take the job, and I'll tell you frankly that I'm mighty keen to see your property. I thought I knew the Bullfrog like a book, and I'd have bet any man money there was no telluride in a thousand miles. D—n it, man, if you've found telluride the books on geology will have to be revised!"

He followed Dalrymple into the Northern Hotel. The two men passed thru the crowded lobby, ascended the flimsy stairs and entered Dalrymple's room.

"Hands up!"

They raised their hands instinctively. The room was occupied by three men, and Buford and Dalrymple faced the muzzles of three guns.

"Sorry to bother you, friends," said the spokesman, whom Buford instantly recognized as "Cactus," who proudly bore the somewhat doubtful distinction of being the bad man of the Bullfrog. "Cactus," since coming to camp with the first rush, had been involved in many more or less serious crimes, but infinitely worse in the eyes of the mining community was his reputation for claim-jumping and "high-grading;" this latter, meaning the stealing of rich ore from a mine, was popularly considered the unpardonable sin. The other two men Buford did not recognize.

"We'll come to the point at once," began "Cactus," smoothly, "and this here's the point. You have found a good thing, pardner." He looked at Dalrymple. "Put us on. Refuse to put us on, and them there claims won't do you no good," he said grimly. "Friend, I give it to you straight—you won't be in no position to enjoy 'em." This was a long speech for "Cactus." He paused a moment and resumed. "Now, gentlemen, me and my partners will search you for weapons, and then we'll camp right here till this joint closes for the night. We have a rig outside, and you can lead us to that telluride. Savvy? This here pore simp," nodding to Buford, "we wasn't expectin', but we'll tote him along fur company."

The man crumpled to the ground.

"The h—l you will!" shouted Buford, suddenly.

His upturned hand pressed the button that plunged the room into darkness. As one man Dalrymple and Buford jumped at the three. Pistol shots, shouts and curses filled the air. The hall outside became instantly thronged with excited men trying to locate the fight. The door of Dalrymple's door was flung open, revealing Dalrymple and Buford each grappling a man. "Cactus," smoking gun in hand, dived thru the crowd, plunged down the stairs and disappeared into the night, with no one offering to detain him.

In the hall, after delivering his prisoner into custody, Dalrymple turned to Buford with a happy grin. His expression then gave way to one of incredulity.

"Man, I am shot!" he said wonderingly, and sank to the floor unconscious.

In the Rhyolite Hospital, next morning, Dalrymple insisted upon seeing Buford, despite the protests of the two camp doctors. That Dalrymple was alive and would recover was due, they said, to his remarkable will power and splendid vitality. One bullet had plowed thru his shoulder, and another was imbedded in his left side. He was very weak from loss of blood, and the physician cautioned Buford not to excite him.

Dalrymple dismissed the nurse with a nod. Buford came close to his side:

"You must get Pat," he whispered.

"Pat?"

"Yes, Pat." Dalrymple spoke painfully, as if he were making a supreme effort to make Buford understand.

"Do you know the Panamints?"

"Every inch of 'em," Buford answered.

"Do you know the Black Eagle?"

"Surest thing you know. But it has been worked out long ago, man, and abandoned."

Dalrymple shook his head impatiently.

"Go to the Black Eagle—fetch Pat—quick!" He could say no more, and Buford, alarmed, called the two physicians.

After reviving Dalrymple, the doctors forbade his further talking, and with a reassuring nod that promised to carry out his wish, Buford left.

As he went to his cabin, his mind dwelt on the insistent determination of the wounded man to see his mining partner, and wondered at the urgency that prompted it. Buford knew that after his conference with Dalrymple in the hospital he would be closely watched, for the flame of curiosity had not diminished, but had burned higher by the events of the night, when, for a time, it had seemed that Dalrymple's secret would die with him. Since the shooting, "Cactus" had not been located, but he was believed to be still in camp. There were many desperate adventurers in the Bullfrog that "Cactus" could enlist in any enterprise involving a long shot at fortune. Buford, therefore, decided to wait until night before starting for the Panamints. His automobile, a high-powered runabout, equipped with heavy tires for desert travel, contained an ample supply of gasoline. He stocked it with water and food and waited for the dusk.

Night descends suddenly on the desert, and it was quite dark when Buford pointed the nose of his machine toward Beatty, an exactly opposite direction from his destination. Circling Beatty, he turned toward Bullfrog, and took the road to the Funeral Mountains at high speed. The journey across the Funerals was slow, and when, gathering speed, he turned down the western slope, the moon had risen. The valley at all seasons was familiar to Buford; nevertheless, he stopped his car on the brink with a quick gasp of delight at the beauty and immensity spread out before him.

Before him, stretching illimitably, with its white sands gleaming in the moonlight, Death Valley lay. It was April, and the yearly miracle of flowers had come. How they grow in that garden of death none knows, but once a year, springing from the sand, are many strangely beautiful flowers. Now their odor came to Buford on the warm wind, and curiously enough did not lessen the horror of the valley. It reminded him of a treacherous and beautiful woman with a knife concealed in the roses at her corsage.

There was an instant change in temperature as Buford descended. The cool air of the desert was transmuted into the hot breath of the sand. It was slow going over the heavy trail. Buford halfway repented his quixotic promise to his acquaintance of a day. Who the devil was Pat, he thought crossly, that he should go to all this trouble to fetch him? And then there came to him the memory of Dalrymple's happy shout, as unarmed they had fought against odds, and he felt ashamed of his mental grumbling.

Morning found him at Daylight Springs, and there he stopped and had breakfast. He discovered no indications of being followed, and was convinced that his departure from Rhyolite had not been observed. Very weary—for he had not slept for forty-eight hours—he spread a blanket in the shadow of the machine, in happy disregard of snakes, and lying down, slept till noon.

A rest for his eyes in the journey of the hot afternoon were the Panamints now looming before him. Unlike the Funerals, the eastern slope of these mountains has trees [illegible] service, not densely, it is true, but enough for a pleasant change. There was also green grass and, best of all, pure water. It was in such a spot as this Buford remembered that the old Black Eagle was situated. His instinct of location was very good, and at the end of the day he turned his car toward the foothills, sure of his bearings. At the ruins of an old Spanish arrastre, he stopped his engine, concealed the car and began his search for the trail.

In the old silver days the Black Eagle had been a famous mine, but now all that remained of it except the old workings, long abandoned, was a little cabin built of logs, perched high upon the mountainside. Soon he saw it. He climbed the steep trail that brought him to the cabin steps; these led up to a little porch from which could be seen a most marvelous prospect of valley and mountain, but Buford did not pause to look.

Thru the open door he strode into the room—a delightful room, gay with Indian rugs and baskets, and all the baskets were full of flowers. Buford gave a swift glance of astonishment at the transformed cabin.

"Hey, Pat!" he shouted.

The door opened from the kitchen, and a girl entered—a girl so very lovely that Buford stared in amazement. If the man was surprised, the girl was no less so. On her face was a look of incredulity mingled with indignation.

They gazed at each other in silence for a moment, and then the girl said with a little haughtiness:

"Were you calling me?"

"Indeed, no. I beg your pardon," stammered Buford. "But surely this is the Black Eagle? I'm looking for Pat."

"I am Patricia Dalrymple," she said.

Bewildered, he looked at her, and as he stared the truth dawned upon him.

"Miss Dalrymple—please forgive me! I'm all the kinds of an idiot there are, I come with a message from your father, and all the while I thought that Pat was his mining partner."

"From my father?" she cried, in quick alarm. "Tell me—what has happened to him?"

Buford told her briefly of her father's accident, assuring her that he was in no danger. As he talked with grave deference, his heart warmed at her charm and loveliness. A tall girl she was and slender, with hair that was very black and eyes that were very blue. Aside from its beauty her face showed breeding; her hands, tho brown, were long and delicate, and her voice charming. Not in

the least athletic, she gave Buford, nevertheless, an impression of strength and self-reliance. She looked about 20.

Her fears for her father allayed, Patricia turned her attention to her guest. She gave him towels and soap, and directed him to a swimming pool her father had constructed from the overflow of the spring. It was quite dark when Buford returned, mightily refreshed.

He found the cabin gayly lighted, and the round table in the middle of the room set for two. At Patricia seated opposite, he smiled and exclaimed:

"Just think! I swore at your father in four languages all the way across the desert for sending me for Pat. Suppose he had commissioned another fellow!"

He stopped in his speech, and stared frankly at an Indian woman who silently entered with the soup.

"Shades of the Shoshones! Isn't this Panamint Joe's wife, Lula Jackrabbit?"

A brief smile of recognition passed over the woman's face.

"None other!" laughed Patricia. "Lula Jackrabbit, my guide, cook and chaperone! But how does it happen that you know her?"

"Because I have been coming to the Panamints all my life," Buford answered. "My grandfather was one of the lucky silver men. This very Black Eagle furnished jam for all the bread I ate when a boy. My grandfather and I used to come here camping in my vacations. Panamint Joe and Lula were here then. After I left school I prospected all around here on my own account, but I hadn't your father's luck."

"Oh, you must tell me about father's samples," Patricia inquired. "Were they any good?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, have you forgotten to tell you that?" He leaned over and said impressively, "Miss Dalrymple, you are going to be 'as rich as Croesus'!"

"Not 'beyond the dreams of avarice'!" she cried, falling into his mood. "Oh, you don't know how I've wanted to be that."

"All that and more," Buford responded. "Why, that rock was telluride, and so rich that it might have been turned out by Old Man Midas, himself. It only remains to be seen whether there is enough of it."

"Gracious, there are tons of it!" the girl said. "The whole south extension of the old mine that Panamint and father have opened up is lined with just such ore."

"Great Scot! And we once owned it!" mourned Buford. "Anyway, I'm going to develop it for your father. But tell me," he went on, "how did he happen to leave you here? It isn't safe."

"It's the safest spot in the whole world," she retorted. "Father and I have [illegible] in this cabin for three summers, and you are the first white person to visit us. Panamint Joe and Lula are absolutely trustworthy. Father wanted to take me to Rhyolite with him, but I didn't fancy the trip across the valley. Panamint Joe guided him there and Lula stayed with me; their camp is just across the canyon."

Buford did not wish to frighten the girl, so he told her nothing of the intense excitement in Rhyolite occasioned by her father's find. He said, however, that as soon as the moon rose they must start for camp. She soon finished her preparations for the journey, and they went to sit outside on the little porch until time to start.

Strangely attracted toward each other, they sat in the starlight, talking and relapsing into the silences that come naturally to spirits in harmony. She told him of her mother's death in San Francisco three years before, and of her father's grief and unrest. Recalling his passion for geology in his student days at Heidelberg, he had gone on a prospecting trip and had become interested. With Panamint Joe for a guide, she said, her father had tramped the hills for three summers, regaining his healthy mental attitude, but finding no gold. The week before he had accidentally discovered what he thought to be telluride in the abandoned workings of the Black Eagle.

Buford, in turn, gave her many glimpses of his own life, a greater part of which had been spent in the waste places of the earth. Both loved the desert, and it was a bond between them. Before either of them realized the lateness of the hour, the moon came up from the rim of the valley.

"We must start now," Buford said, rising reluctantly. They stood together in the shadow looking out across the silver sand.

Without warning of any kind a rifle shot resounded, and the bullet "zooned" by them. Another shot, and a slow stream of blood trickled down John Buford's temple. He sprang in front of Patricia, gathered her into his arms and dashed into the cabin, thru the living-room on to the kitchen, where Lula had been dozing until roused by the shots. Bullets crashed thru the front windows. Then followed silence more ominous than attack.

Patricia gave a low exclamation of horror, as coming into the light she caught sight of Buford's face, which was covered with blood. A hasty examination revealed that it was only a scalp wound, and he paid no further attention to it.

The man cursed inwardly at his folly in not starting back with Patricia at once. He realized that her safety was the first consideration. He could not jeopardize her life by standing out against the ore thieves; and it came to him that the mine was the best chance for them.

Directing Lula to get together food, water and candles, he turned to Patricia. The girl, white and horrified, had asked no questions, spoken no word since the first shot.

Buford spoke hurriedly: "These men are 'high-graders,' mine robbers. They have followed my trail here, knowing I came from your father. They think they have discovered the location of the telluride claims, and they want to make a rich clean-up; that accounts for their ruthlessness. They would leave no witnesses. Patricia," he spoke her name unconsciously, "remember that the Black Eagle is worked thru to the other side of the mountain. If anything happens to me in our run from the kitchen door to the mouth of the mine, you must by all means go on in with Lula. She must chop the ladder at the end of the first level. Get that in your mind, dear. I don't want to frighten you, but this is very serious. Do you understand?"

The girl nodded. She had regained her poise, and a splendid courage had come to her. Her eyes were shining, and a bright color surging into her cheeks made her very beautiful.

"You darling!" escaped from Buford.

He held out his arms. "I'm going to carry you," he said. "My body must protect yours."

She hesitated. "Who'll look out for Lula Jackrabbit?"

The Indian woman spoke for the first time that evening. "Me hurry dam quick," she said briefly.

"Bright girl," approved Buford.

He looked to see that she had everything in the bundle, drew Patricia into his arms and picked up his rifle.

"Don't forget the ax, Lula. Now for our Marathon!"

He flung open the door. With Lula at his side and Patricia's slender body protected by his own, he dashed thru the white patch of moonlight toward the black mouth of the mine. Their flash across was not perceived until they were almost within the portal. The bullets aimed at them went wide of the mark.

Once inside, Buford set the girl down and paused for breath. Then, taking her hand, and followed by Lula, they ran thru the dark tunnel. Soon Buford halted and, walking slowly ahead, began looking for the shaft he knew to be between the workings. A few steps brought him to it. It was a fifty-foot drop to the second level. Going down the ladder a few [illegible] Buford reassured Patricia. With one arm encircling her, they slowly descended. Lula Jackrabbit came last.

With several powerful blows of the ax, the man loosened the ladder and drew it down.

"This shuts off pursuit for the present, at least."

Thru the black stillness of the second level they went in silence, the girl clinging to Buford, and the Indian woman plodding stolidly behind. When they reached a turn, Buford lighted a candle, and the going became better.

As he talked cheerfully to Patricia, Buford's mind was working swiftly, as one plan after another came up for consideration, and was as promptly dismissed. To take her back across the mountain to Panamint Joe's camp would be inviting death, for he knew that they could withstand a siege there no better than in the cabin that they had just left. He knew, too, that on this side of the mountain there was no water, and he was too experienced in desert travel to minimize this danger. Only one plan seemed feasible: He, himself, must go back across the mountain and get his automobile that he had hidden in the old arrastre, and he must do it before daybreak. He reasoned that the "high-graders," convinced of their flight from camp, would sleep that night with perhaps one on watch, in order that they might begin in the morning their search for the rich lode.

They now came to the south portal, for the Black Eagle had been worked thru the mountain. So white and peaceful lay the world outside, after the damp, black horror of the mine, that tears started to Patricia's eyes, and the excitement and peril of the night seemed to vanish like an evil dream.

They sat on the shale outside the portal and rested. Lula found a spot that suited her and calmly went to sleep.

And Buford, looking at the girl, strangely fair in the moonlight, knew that he loved her; knew that of all the women in the world this was the one he wanted for his own. He resolved that as soon as he could get her safely to her father he would tell her so, and ask her to be his wife.

Now he must tell her his plans, and it troubled him more than anything that had ever happened to him in his life that he must leave her, with only a few days' supply of food and water, alone with the Indian woman to face a hundred perils if he did not return.

He turned to her.

"Patricia, I must leave you for a little while. I'm going to fetch the car; I hid it in the ruins of the old arrastre, and I must get it before daylight."

The girl gazed at him in terror. "You are not going back across the mountain—and leave us here alone. You will be killed!"

The man rose to his feet. "I must, dear," he said.

He held out his hand to assist her up. She clung to him and burst into wild weeping. Buford's self-control left him. He drew her into his arms.

"Patricia, my darling, my darling!" he found himself saying in a voice unlike his own. "I must not tell you that I love you till I get you safely to your father. But I do," he added inconsistently. "Patricia, I do. I do love you."

She stood on tiptoes to slip her arms around his neck.

"And so do I love you," she said.

He explained that their only hope of escape lay in his getting the car, and as he talked she felt herself becoming convinced of the reasonableness of his plan, and finally consented to it.

Buford awakened Lula and gave many directions for their safety in case he should not return. Taking Patricia into his arms, he kissed her gently, and left.

The girl waited until he was out of sight; then, flinging herself down upon the shale, she sobbed wildly.

An hour passed; then another. To Patricia, waiting, the suspense became unendurable. Finding that she could bear it no longer, she announced her intention of going over the mountain to see what was happening to detain Buford. The Indian woman made no attempt to dissuade her, and picking up the Winchester, Lula led the way.

Daylight was breaking, and the mountains, purple and red the evening before, were now mistily pink and opalescent, but all the beauty and wonder of the dawn went unnoticed by Patricia. A maddening nervousness possessed her; she seemed carried along automatically by a force outside herself.

As they neared the crest of the mountain, Lula, with a motion to Patricia to do the same, lay down flat upon the ground and crawled to the summit. Below, they could see the camp apparently unchanged; there was no sign of life. They could have dropped a stone upon the little cabin.

And then Patricia caught a glimpse of Buford. He was circling the mountain warily, his car going slowly on the unbroken trail. Her exclamation of joy was cut short by a grunt from Lula.

The Indian woman pointed down the side of the mountain to their right. Patricia saw a man, evidently the "lookout," crouched behind a bowlder. His rifle was fixed on Buford, waiting for him to come within range. Her heart seemed to stop, and she felt as if she were choking to death. Buford, picking up speed now, was coming closer; soon he would creep into the mountain's base. Unable to speak or cry out, Patricia saw the man shift his rifle slightly for better aim, and half rise from his crouching posture. Then a terrific noise sounded at her side, and then the man behind the bowlder staggered almost to his feet and crumpled to the ground—dead.

She turned to the Indian woman whose rifle was still at her shoulder, whose face was horrible joy. The knew no more.

When she recovered consciousness, Patricia was in the car with Lula and Buford, and it was pointed for Rhyolite, with the camp of the Black Eagle far behind.

"Patricia! Patricia!" She heard Buford's voice, and it sounded far away.

She opened her eyes and looked into his own.

"Folks that love me call me Pat," she said.

* * *

A Sure Sign.

"I was just reading," said the fat plumber, "that parents should carefully observe the actions of their children with the view of properly directing their developing talents."

"I don't just get you," the thin carpenter returned.

"You should watch your children to see if they show any fitness for a particular calling, and then you should see that they are encouraged."

"Oh, I see. If my boy cuts sticks and saws boards he is liable to be a carpenter, and should be aided along that line."

"Exactly."

"Huh. I'll bet a cooky the baby is going to be a farmer."

"Does he try to plant things?"

"Nope."

"Fond of cows and pigs?"

"Nope."

"Then what makes you think he is cut out for a farmer?"

"He generally gets the whole family up before 5 o'clock in the morning."

* * *

Proving It.

It was in the smoking concert of the local Profiteers' Club, and the chairman, with his newly acquired riches, was behaving in a manner known colloquially as "throwing his weight about."

"Mr. Poshkins," he announced, "will now recite 'Horatius' from Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"Hi!" shouted a member. "Shakespeare never wrote 'Horatius!' Macaulay wrote that!"

"I say Shakespeare wrote it," cried the chairman, "and I can prove it!"

"Prove it, then!"

Whereupon the chairman, angry at this upset to his dignity hurled a water bottle and a chair at his opponent, and then jumped upon him.

"Now," he cried, "who wrote 'Horatius?'"

"Shakespeare!" gasped the unfortunate.

"Sure?"

"Certain! I was with him when he done it!"

THE RED CROSS GIRL.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Afar where the bugles are blowing today
And the legions are marshaled in battle array,
Where the flags of the nations are spotted with blood
And 'neath them are lying the brave and the good,
There's an angel who flits o'er the field of the slain
With a touch that can soften the terrible pain;
Undaunted by danger amid the wild swirl
You'll see the sweet face of the Red Cross Girl.

She cools the hot fever wherever she roams,
And hears the last message for far-away homes:
Her hand is as soft as a seraph's, her kiss
Brings oft to the dying a moment of bliss;
She folds the cold hands of the young and the brave,
Her tears softly fall on the newly made grave;
She shirks not her duty; in War's maddened whirl
An angel of love is the Red Cross Girl.

The cross on her cap is the badge that she wears
And deep in her heart are the pitying tears;
To the hospital wards in their darkness and night
She comes like a heaven-sent being of light;
The wounded revive and Hope plumes her fair wings,
And soft grow the cots as she plaintively sings
To the brave who go down in the battle's red swirl,
With their hearts full of thanks to the Red Cross Girl.

When the record is read by the Angel on high
And the story is told of the last battle cry——
When the banners of carnage forever are furl'd
And God sits in judgment upon this old world,
'Mid the wonderful peace in the mansions of rest,
Where never a trouble sweeps over the breast,
You'll find near the Throne, with its jasper and pearl,
The battlefield's angel—the Red Cross Girl!

The Haunting Phantom

By Harold Francis White

How an elusive and destructive something baffled detectives and made life perilous to life and limb.

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CHAPTER I.

"CHIEF here yet, sergeant?" Police Captain Bascom, immaculate in his snug-fitting uniform, entered the big station-room hurriedly, bringing with him a breath of the fresh June morning which lay serene and sunshiny over the city.

"Just came in, captain." The desk sergeant, ensconced with the morning paper in his chair behind the flat-topped desk, jerked his blue-capped shaggy gray head toward the door whose ground glass top bore the words, "Chief of Police—Private."

"Come on, Connors," Bascom addressed a burly patrolman who had followed him into the room, and advancing to the ground glass door, he rapped.

At Chief Baker's curt "Come in" the two entered. The chief, a letter in his hand and a pile of them at his elbow, glanced up, nodded affably, and returned his gaze to the sheet which he held.

"Just sit down a minute, boys, until I get the drift of this thing," he invited. The two men seated themselves in the big leather-backed chairs with which the office was furnished, and waited.

Bascom's puzzled gaze was on an object which he held in his hand. It was a cane of peculiar workmanship, the body of it a heavy, dark wood, and the head, of the same material, curiously carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He turned it over in his hands, examining it. Connors watching him. Bascom looked up to see the chief's scrutiny bent on the cane.

"What've you rounded up now, captain?" he queried. "Looks like a relic." He stretched out his hand for the cane, and the captain passed it over.

"Connors found that thing, last night, in the park," said Bascom.

"Humph! Been in the dirt, hasn't it?" remarked the chief, flaking off bits of dried mud from the butt of the cane.

"It was sticking in the middle of a flower bed, chief," said Connors, "I found it on my rounds, about half after two this morning."

"One of these sword canes, isn't it?" interjected the chief, as a pull on the handle brought to light the slight, keen-edged blade hidden within the body of the article. "And a fine one at that," he added, placing the point on the tiled floor, and bending the flexible steel almost double.

"Yes, sir, and I don't see what the thing means," said Connors. "There was a note on that blade." He turned toward Bascom, and the captain fished from his pocket a piece of heavy parchment, which he handed to the chief. There was a small hole in the center of the paper, where it had been impaled on the blade as the latter was thrust into its sheath.

"Beware!—Prepare!" The parchment bore just these two words. They were roughly printed in ink, in large lettering, and set off with a roughly drawn border of the same workmanship.

"Humph!" The chief bent a puzzled frown on the sheet. "That's a curious thing. Hello!" bending closer, "what's this?"

Down in one corner of the parchment was pasted a small unmounted photograph of a young girl. The little picture, tho only of locket size, revealed a startlingly lovely face. The mass of dark hair above the white forehead, the great, serious eyes, the small straight nose, and the delicate oval of the cheeks, slanting down to a mouth and chin a little wistful, all contributed to wring from the chief an exclamation of amazed interest.

"Jove, what a girl!" He shot an amused glance at the two who faced him. "I'll have to put some of the married men on this job, that's plain. None of you young bloods could ever be trusted to chuck that young queen into the Black Maria and haul her to the station." He chuckled, and the younger men grinned appreciatively.

"But," and the chief grew serious, "what the deuce does this mean, anyway? Just some harmless crank run wild, possibly—or maybe another outcropping of that confounded anarchist outfit that set the town by the ears three years ago. Did you arrest any one in connection with the case, Connors? See any one around that looked suspicious?"

"Yes, sir, I found a woman fooling around the place, and I brought her in."

"Not the lady of the photo, by any chance?" chuckled the chief.

"No, sir, not by several degrees," grinned Connors. "She hollered pretty hard about being pulled, and denied up and down that she knew anything about the case, but I thought I better bring her in. She's out here in 21."

"Bring her in," directed the chief. "I'd like to talk to her."

"Confoundedly funny case," mused the chief, when the patrolman had left the room. "I can't make the girl of the photo jibe with the tone of that note, and this vicious pig-sticker thing, can you, Bascom?" He picked up the slender blade, and made passes with it at an imaginary opponent. "Lord, that would run a man thru like cheese!" feeling gingerly of the razor edge.

Strident protests in a woman's voice came suddenly to their ears from the outer room, mingled with Connors' rumbling, "Step lively now, Madame Butterfly! You can sing that to the chief, in a minute. Right in there, Countess." The door opened, and a woman came in, Connors close behind her.

"Here she is, chief," announced Connors, closing the door, and putting his broad back against it.

"Chief, I never done nothing; honest, I——" began the woman.

"Sit down, madam," directed the chief, sternly, turning his head away to hide a smile at the aptness of Connors' characterization—"not by several degrees."

The woman was a big, brassy blonde, peroxide-tinted as to hair, and vermilion as to lips and cheeks. She was gaudily dressed, with a large, showy plume bobbing in an equally showy hat, both at the moment slightly awry. Her presence would have been discernible to a blind man, for she effervesced an odor of cheap perfumery which made Bascom's nose wrinkle disgustedly. But there was an air of reckless bravado in her demeanor, as she seated herself in a chair facing the three men, and her eyes looked defiantly at the chief.

"I never——" she began again, as soon as she was seated.

"What's your name, madam?" interrupted the chief.

"Sadie Demarest, and I——"

"What were you doing in the park at 2:30 in the morning?"

"Nothing; just walking, and this big boob picked me off——"

"That'll do, Sadie. You were 'just walking' in the park at 2:30 a. m. Isn't that rather a peculiar time to pick out for a stroll?"

"My lord, chief, can't a girl walk?"

"Not around this town, my lady, no. But never mind arguing. Did you ever see this thing before?" He picked up the slender blade and whipped it in the air, then placed it in the sheath, and held it toward her.

The woman nodded. "I didn't know there was a knife like that in it, but the cane looks like the one I seen sticking in the flower bed. I never got but one slant at it, tho, until I got grabbed."

"Did you see this note fastened to it?"

"I noticed a piece of paper, but I didn't

On the trail.

see what was on it. My Gawd! Sounds like the Black Hand, don't it?" as she caught a glimpse of the words on the parchment.

"How did you happen to see the cane at all, Sadie?"

"I—I——" The woman hesitated, her lips turning pale under the rouge. She began to fumble, with hands suddenly astremble, at the handkerchief in her lap. The chief watched her, his eyes narrowing to steely gray slits. He leaned toward her, fixing her with a rigid forefinger.

"Look here, you know something about this. Now out with it! Did you put the cane in the park?"

"No, sir!" The woman's eyes met the chief's for a moment, then dropped again to her lap.

"Then who did?"

"I—I don't know—who put it there—I——"

"Did you see anybody put it there? Answer me!"

"No." The woman hesitated. "Yes, I did. I seen a guy—say, my Gawd, chief, I'm scairt of this Black Hand bunch! They'd knife me sure if they knew I been spillin' my brains to you. I never done anything—and I don't want to die! I—I'm scared!"

The chief laughed shortly. "Don't worry, Sadie; nobody's going to hurt you. What I want to know is, what about the fellow that planted this cane. Did you know him?"

"Know him? No, I didn't know him. I don't even know what he looked like, except he was tall, and could run like a rabbit. He seen me, and skipped in a hurry. I spotted him puttin' something in that flower bed, and I wanted to see what it was. An' then I got pinched. Good Lord, I never did have no luck!" She fell to sobbing noisily, her ridiculous little handkerchief mopping at her eyes.

"Take her out, Connors," directed the chief, "and tell the matron to make her comfortable. We'll hold her for a few days, until something turns up."

Connors took the weeping woman by the arm, and led her from the room. The chief turned to Bascom, who sat staring at the floor.

"What do you make of it, cap?"

The captain shrugged. "Blamed if I know," he said shortly. "The woman seems innocent enough, tho."

"Her story sounded all straight, far as I could see," admitted the chief. "We'll hold her, tho, to be sure." He picked up the parchment, and stared at it, shaking his head; then, holding it close to his nose, he sniffed at it keenly.

"Look here, cap," he said sharply, "just smell that thing." Bascom took the parchment, and held it to his nostrils. The chief leaned forward, watching him.

"Smell anything?" he asked.

Bascom nodded, handing back the parchment. "Rather!" he said. "What the mischief is that smell, anyway?"

An odor, faint, elusive, but unmistakable, clung to the note. It seemed to change, having at times an unpleasant animal odor, then a sharp, pungent smell, like acid, and again the scent of something burning. Which was predominant, neither of the two men could say. They were sitting in silent perplexity when Connors returned. The chief handed him the note, repeating his query. Connors sniffed and nodded.

"I noticed that same smell in the air when I found the cane," he remarked. "What is it, anyhow?"

The chief laughed shortly. "Guess we're treed, temporarily," he said. "Maybe the bloodhounds could track——"

The telephone on the desk rang sharply and the chief turned to answer it.

"Hello! Hello! Yes, Chief Baker speaking. . . . Yes, I guess so, Mr. Geisler. What's happened? . . . Your butler! When? Last night? . . . Any clews left? . . . What? Yes. Yes, I see. I'll come out myself, Mr. Geisler. Good-by."

The chief hung up the receiver, and turned to the two officers.

"Evidently," he said, with a slow smile, "our park marauder means business. Geisler, old A. G. himself, you know, 'phones me his butler was stabbed to death last night. The family are away, and he himself was out on a business trip yesterday and last night. The only clew he or the neighbors could find was a note, pinned to the wall with a small dagger."

"The same note!" exclaimed Bascom, quickly.

"The same note," nodded the chief, "the same two words—and the photo pasted in the corner. I told him I'd be right down. You two had better come with me."

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

ON THE following morning, Bascom was again in his office. The search for any definite clew to the murderer had yielded nothing so far. When the chief and his men arrived at the Geisler home, they found the unfortunate butler lying just as he had fallen, on his face, in a corner of the library. He had been stabbed twice, once in the chest, and a second time in the back.

Evidently the butler had surprised the marauder, and the concern of the latter had been to escape. The room showed evidences of a struggle. Chairs were overturned, and the velvet hangings which separated the library from the living-room were torn from their places. One of these, with a long, jagged rent in it, had been thrown hurriedly over the body, and there were bloodstains on it.

The investigators had discovered a bloody thumb print on the polished arm of a chair. A print of the butler's thumb was taken at once, and the two were found to be the same, destroying the hope which the police held that the bloody thumb print might be that of the murderer.

When the chief and his men arrived, they had noticed the same peculiar odor in the room which they had noticed on the parchment found in the park. The scent was very faint, but plainly there. And it was noticeable on the warning message which they found pinned to the wall above the spot where the butler lay. This message was practically identical with the one in the park, the same words, "Beware!—Prepare!" the same little photo in the corner, and the small dagger which pinned the message to the wall was similar to the cane, of fine steel, and with a pearl inlaid handle.

The bloodhounds had been put on the scent, first in the park, and later in the Geisler home. They went almost frantic at the scent of the parchment, and when they were liberated near the flower bed in the park, they started off with loud bayings toward the parkway, a hundred yards distant. They went quickly and surely to the edge of the drive, but there they stopped, ran around in fruitless circles, and finally, by their crestfallen air, admitted that they were helpless.

At the Geisler home, the same process was repeated. The two big hounds trailed thru the library, into and thru the living-room, thru the dining-room, and into the kitchen, where they stopped for a moment at the opened window, sniffing at the sill. Then they leaped thru the window, almost together, and started rapidly toward the road. There

they lost the scent, just as they had in the park.

Following the officers when they returned to the house, the two dogs started another trail when they were led into the library. They went into the hallway, and up the stairs, where they dashed from room to room, the puzzled officers following.

So far as could be seen, there was nothing of value missing in any of the rooms, tho there were many things spread about which would have been rich plunder for a thief. Only one thing was missing, the big brass knocker on the front door. It had been removed, and was not to be found anywhere. Geisler said positively that it was in its place when he left the house on the preceding day.

* * * * * * *

As the chief sat musing over the matter, a rap sounded on the door, and at his invitation to enter, a young man, well dressed, and handsome, stood in the doorway.

"Chief Baker, I presume?" inquired the newcomer.

"Chief Baker, yes. What can I do for you, sir? Come in and have a chair."

"My name is Wayne," explained the stranger, seating himself, and placing his hat and cane on the floor beside his chair, "Benjamin Wayne, of the Consolidated Mills."

The chief nodded. "I thought I recognized you, Mr. Wayne."

Benjamin Wayne, wealthy bachelor, colonel of militia, prominent in business and social circles of the city, was a well-known character. The chief waited for his visitor to state his errand. Wayne seemed hesitant, and at a loss how to begin. He sat for several moments staring at the floor, slapping his gray gloves lightly against his knee.

"A peculiar thing happened at my home last night," he said at last. His voice was low, restrained, but with a hint of nervousness in it. The chief waited silently.

"I was awakened about 2 o'clock," Wayne continued, "by a slight noise at the window, which was wide open. I always sleep with it open, and as it happened, the screen had been removed for repairs, so the opening was clear.

"There was no moon last night, you know, and it was so dark I could barely make out the outlines of the window. But I could see some object there, and I could hear a scratching sound. He stopped, drumming with his fingers on the chair arm. The chief, toying with a paper knife, was listening intently.

"I had an automatic under my pillow," continued Wayne, "and I reached for it, raised up on my elbow, and waited. The thing at the window climbed a little higher, and I could see that it wasn't a man—it was some animal of some sort. I couldn't figure out, almost like a low whistle.

"The breeze was blowing thru the window toward me, and there was the most peculiar odor in the room." The chief gave an involuntary start, but Wayne was looking thoughtfully at the floor, and did not notice it.

"It was a kind of an animal smell," Wayne continued, "and yet it wasn't just that, either—that is, it seemed to change, and mingle with some other odor. The thing was—well, it was very uncanny, to say the least." He pulled himself together with a shrug, and looked at the chief with a deprecatory laugh.

The chief nodded, his face showing the keenest interest. "What happened then?" he asked.

"Well, I waited a minute—maybe it was only a few seconds—and then I took a pot shot at the thing's head.

"I fired twice, but I missed. It was so blamed dark I couldn't get any aim at all. I heard a kind of grunt, and the head went out of sight in a hurry. I jumped to the window, and could hear something running across the grass, but it was around the corner of the house, and when I got outside, there was nothing there. That is"—he fished in his pocket, and drew out something wrapped in a piece of heavy paper—"there was nothing but this pleasing little souvenir."

He handed the little parcel to the chief, who unrolled the paper, disclosing a dagger. The handle was of strange workmanship, inlaid with pearl, and on the parchment were the words, "Beware! —Prepare!" In one corner was the little photo of an astonishingly handsome girl.

"That was pinned with the dagger to the wall close beside the window," explained Wayne. "Now, what do you make of it, chief? I don't think I'm a coward, but, confound it, the blamed thing got on my nerves, somehow! That animal head—and the uncanny smell that came thru the window—by the way, I forgot to mention this."

He reached in his breast pocket, drew out a small bundle of letters and papers, and picked out an ordinary-looking envelope, which he handed to the chief.

The chief took from the envelope the single sheet which it contained, and spread it before him on the desk. On it was a brief note, in black ink.

"Be at the south end of the Parker Bridge at midnight tonight," the note read. "The writer has something of great importance to communicate to you. You need not fear bodily harm—unless you disregard this summons. Do not fail." That was all, no signature, no possible clew to the writer. The chief scratched his head perplexedly and looked at Wayne.

"When did you get this thing?"

"Day before yesterday it came."

"And you disregarded it?"

"Yes," Wayne replied, "I thought it was the work of some fool fanatic, and I paid very little attention to it. I presume that last night's visit is the result of my neglect. Doesn't it look that way?"

"Very much that way," agreed the chief, "especially as you will discover, if you sniff closely, the same odor on that letter that you smell on last night's relics."

"By George, I hadn't noticed that!" exclaimed Wayne, sniffing first at one and then at the other. "It is the same."

"Sure it is, and what's more, so is this, and this." The chief handed to the astonished young man the parchment sheets found in the park and in the Geisler library. Wayne stared at them, sniffed at them, and then looked up, puzzled.

"Why—what——" he began.

The chief explained briefly the incidents of the preceding day. When he had finished, Wayne looked blankly at him.

"Good Lord!" he commented, dropping his gaze to the papers in his hand. For a time he was silent, scowling thoughtfully. Then a slow smile wrinkled his eyes. "But look here, chief," he said, holding up the sheet, and tapping with his forefinger the little photo of the girl, "possibly I'm into very hot water, but nevertheless I'd like mightily to know what that most astonishingly pretty girl has got to do with this thing. Have you an idea?"

The chief shook his head, smiling. "Nary an idea," he admitted. "The whole thing is a good deal of a puzzle," he went on, "and it's hard to say just what move to make. It looks now as tho the only thing to do is to lie low, keep an eye peeled, and wait for something to develop. It's quite possible, you know, Wayne, that this unknown will drop you another note. If he does, we can probably arrange an ambush, and grab him. Or he may come to your home some night. And if he does we'll get him, because of course both your house and the Geisler home will be carefully policed from now on." He rose, reaching for his cap, and Wayne picked up his hat and cane, and rose also.

"Anyway," the chief continued, "you needn't do any worrying about the matter. You'll have the best protection I can give you, and sooner or later we'll clear this thing up."

"Oh, I've entirely recovered from my fit of nervousness now, chief," returned Wayne, "but my curiosity is aroused, and if I can help in any way to throw light on this thing, I'll certainly do it. Have a cigar?" He drew out a tooled leather case, and offered it to the chief.

"Thanks." The chief bit off the end of the cigar, and accepted the light which, the other held for him. "You'll have your work cut out for you, Wayne," he remarked, blowing an appreciative cloud of smoke, "if you get another summons to appear at the bridge."

Wayne laughed. "I know. But the girl may be there——"

"Don't you ever think it," grinned the chief. "It'll be that animal thing you saw at the window." He opened the door, and the two men went out together.

CHAPTER III.

"PHONE call for you, chief," said the sergeant, when Chief Baker entered the station-room at 8 o'clock the following morning. "Here's the number." He handed the chief a slip of paper.

"The man seemed excited about something," he added, "but he wouldn't tell me anything. Just said for you to call when you came in."

"All right, sergeant."

The chief took the slip of paper and went into his office, closing the door. Seated at his desk, he called the number on the slip. He got an immediate response. The man on the line was William Martin, one of the city's big retailers.

"Say, chief," he began, when he had disclosed his name, "there's been a most awfully queer robbery at my house. We've all been gone for some time, at the lakes. We got back this morning. The house looked all right from the outside, until we got close, and then I discovered that the doorknob was gone from the front door. Had a deuce of a time getting in, and when we finally made it, and looked thru the house, as I'm alive, chief, there wasn't a doorknob left on the place. Most of the doors were closed, too, and we had to open them with tools."

"Was anything else missing?" inquired the chief.

"Not a thing so far as we could see. The silver's all here, and some of my wife's jewelry was left in the house, but none of it was touched. My wife and daughter are looking around the grounds now. The servants have all been gone, and won't be back until this noon."

"Any sort of clew at all, anywhere in the house, or around it?"

"Doesn't seem to be much that's worth working on. Kind of a peculiar odor in the house, in some of the rooms, and I just found a——"

Boom! The receiver brought to the chief's ear the sound of a heavy explosion. Astounded, he spoke sharply into the transmitter.

"Hello! Hello, Martin! Hello!" There was no response. The wire was silent. With an exclamation, the chief snapped the receiver on the hook, jabbed violently at a button on his desk, and, seizing his cap, dashed from the room. He called a sharp order to the desk sergeant as he passed him.

"Send the patrol to the Martin residence on the hill, and don't waste any time about it. Hurry, sergeant!"

He ran to the street, and, swearing impatiently to himself, waited at the curb for his big red roadster, which drew up a moment later.

"To the Martin residence on the hill," he commanded the chauffeur, "and drive like the devil." As the machine leaped forward, the patrol auto slid to a stop at the curb behind them, a half-dozen bluecoats tumbled in, and the next moment the two powerful machines, a block apart, were roaring up the avenue, the unearthly screech of their sirens rising sharply above the clatter of the startled traffic.

The chief was out of the red car, and up the steps of the Martin residence almost before the machine came to a stop under the wide pergola. The heavy door was slightly ajar. It banged in the chief's face as he ran toward it. He reached for the knob to open it, but the knob was gone. Then he turned to the open window, and vaulted thru it, just as the patrol wagon came to a stop outside.

"Surround the house, far out," he called to the blue-coated men who were piling hastily from the machine. "Flynn, you come with me." The men scattered quickly, and Flynn climbed thru the window beside his chief. A hasty glance around revealed no one in the hall.

"You go to the rear of the house, Flynn. I'll take the front," directed the chief.

"Yes, sir." The blue barrel of Flynn's "45" gleamed in his hand as he turned to obey. The chief, his own revolver held ready, pushed open the door into the big living-room. There was a rustle at the far end, near the fireplace. The muzzle of the chief's revolver jerked quickly upward, then lowered again as he recognized Martin's 18-year-old daughter.

White to the lips, the girl stood holding to a chair, staring dazedly at the pale face of her mother, who lay on the floor. The chief reached her in a few quick strides.

"Is she hurt?" he asked sharply.

The girl turned wide, uncomprehending eyes on his face. Her lips opened several times before she could utter the words.

"I—no, sir—it's—in there," she faltered, pointing with a quivering finger to a closed door near them. A shudder shook her, and she hid her face in her arms on the chair back. The chief stepped to the door she indicated. The panels were cracked and splintered. Finding the knob gone, he drew back, and drove his heel against the lock. It yielded, and he entered the room, holding his revolver ready.

The room, a sort of small library, evidently Martin's own den, was wrecked. A heavy gray smoke, the acrid smoke of an explosive, hung in the air, swirling as the door was opened. Debris littered the floor—plaster, splintered chairs and bookcases, broken glass.

Advancing cautiously, the chief came upon the body of Martin, sprawled on his back on the floor, his head cramped against the leg of an overturned table. Kneeling, the chief felt the man's pulse. He was dead. His clothing was almost torn from his body, and the skin, especially on his lower limbs, was bruised and blackened. The receiver of the telephone was still clutched in his hand. The broken transmitter lay on the floor, some distance away.

At the far side of the room, against the wall, stood the shattered remains of a heavy oak desk, the severed telephone wires dangling at one side of it. The floor in front of the desk, where the chair had stood, was splintered to bits.

The sudden banging of the door, in the draft from the open window, jarred loose a large segment of plaster, which rattled from the ceiling onto the desk, narrowly missing the chief, and raising a cloud of fine dust, which drove him, choking, to the window.

Looking out, he could see two of his men, posted on the outskirts of the large lawn. A curious crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, staring toward the house, talking among themselves, occasionally putting a futile question to one of the patrolmen. A light puff of gray smoke drifted out past the chief's head, curling slowly upward in the lazy sunshine.

At a slight noise from the door, he turned his glance inward. The girl stood there, holding to the casing. Her big eyes questioned him, dreading his answer. Going to her side, he led her gently into the living-room, and seated her in a chair. Her mother, on the floor, had raised herself on her elbow, her hand to her forehead. The chief lifted her to her feet, and placed her in a chair, also. Then he questioned them.

When he had completed his interrogation, he knew little more of the case than when he began. The two women told him of their arrival at home that morning with Martin. They corroborated what Martin had told the chief over the 'phone.

They had been about to enter the house, after a futile search about the grounds for clews, when the explosion occurred. Dumb with fright, they had nevertheless managed to get as far as the door to the den. But the explosion had slammed it, and they could not enter. After trying in vain to get an answer from the man within, Mrs. Martin succumbed to the shock and fainted away.

They had not thought of the open window, and could not tell whether or not any one had escaped that way. That no one had passed thru the house, near them, they were certain. The servants were to return at noon of that day, and had not arrived when the explosion occurred.

Gently as he could, the chief broke to them the news which they had feared, that the husband and father was dead, killed instantly. Mrs. Martin gave way to uncontrolled sobbing, the girl, her arm about her mother's shoulders, trying vainly to comfort her. The chief returned to the scene of the tragedy, poking among the debris for a possible clew. A moment later, Flynn stood in the doorway.

"Nothing at all, Flynn?"

"Nothing at all, chief." The big officer shook his head ruefully. "I went thru the whole house, and I'd swear there's nobody hidden in it. Gods of Rome, chief, a peck of dynamite must have gone off here, all at once. Anybody hurt?"

The chief nodded, still poking at the debris. "Poor Martin is lying behind that table there, almost blown to pieces. Call in two of the men, Flynn. We'll just go thru the house once more, tho I'm afraid it's no use. Our bird has flown, I guess."

"Yes, sir."

Flynn turned and went out, and the chief leaned on the window-sill, staring about the room. His roving glance was arrested suddenly by the sight of something protruding from the little heap of plaster on the big oak desk. He walked quickly over, and fished it from the pile.

It was a piece of parchment, bearing the roughly scrawled warning, "Beware! —Prepare!" And pasted in one corner was the dust-covered picture of a lovely girl.

CHAPTER IV.

THE thoro combing of the Martin house and grounds, led by the chief in person, resulted in just precisely nothing. Not a clew could be found, except the piece of parchment. The dogs were as helpless as on the previous occasions. And no possible motive could be discovered for the killing of Martin. Several suspects were caught in the police dragnet, but, tho two or three were proved guilty of small offenses, the responsibility for the doings

THE GULF STREAM OF THE SKY

On cloudless nights its course I used to trace,
While faring homeward on the dim-lit ways;
A pearly, sea-broad river flung thru space,
Its isles and shores with beacon lights ablaze.

From garden, too, and casement I would scan
That drift of star dust, galaxy of spheres;
The sun's fleet arrows, swerveless, could not span
The gulf it silvers in three thousand years.

I have lain oft at night—the stars o'erhead,
The forest still, the river lisping by,
The embers of the camp fire smoldering red—
And roved that ghostly gulf stream of the sky.

of the mysterious marauder was plainly not theirs.

In the week immediately succeeding the killing of Martin, the police were further mystified by the report of several more thefts of a similar nature to that in the Martin home. In each case, the marauder had picked for his expedition wealthy homes whose occupants were away. Valuables of all sorts, fine clothing, silverware, and jewelry, were untouched. Every doorknob was taken, and the doors were nearly always left closed, making the search of the house slow and difficult.

The chief put on extra men, and all the large unoccupied homes of the city were carefully watched. But a week passed without result, and when several days had gone by without further depredations, police vigilance relaxed a little.

Then one morning very early, the chief was brought from his bed with a bound by the frantic ringing of the telephone in the hall. Wayne's housekeeper, almost incoherent with fright, was on the line.

"Mr. Baker," her sobbing voice came over the wire, "Mr. Baker, Colonel Wayne's been murdered—last night! He's gone and there's blood in his room! For mercy's sake, chief——"

The chief waited for no more. He jammed the receiver on the hook, turned to the wire which connected him directly with the station-house, and put in a call for the patrol with a squad of six, also directing a vigilant lookout all over the city. Then he sent a peremptory call for his own machine, and ran for his room, wriggling out of his pajamas as he went. He explained briefly to his wife, while he scrambled into his clothes, and by that time the red car was screaming for him at the curb.

It was not far to the Wayne home, and the chief got there before the squad arrived. The sun was just gilding the housetops as he jumped from the auto, and ran up the flower-bordered gravel pathway. The house, surrounded by large grounds, was set well back from the boulevard, and had an entrance from the street on two sides.

Wayne's housekeeper, a portly woman of middle age, stood on the porch steps, wringing her hands. Beside her was Wayne's valet, a young fellow, very pale. The patrol wagon thundered to the curb as he stood questioning the two, and the chief distributed his men, assigning one man, as before, to remain with him.

His questions gained him little. The housekeeper had been wakened very early by the irritating clacking of an unlatched door, and had risen to investigate. She found the rear door, which had been securely locked the night before, standing open. Believing the place had been robbed, she went to the front part of the house to tell Wayne.

She found his door open, Wayne gone, the room upset, and bloodstains here and there. She had called the valet, and then the police. That neither had heard any sounds of a fight was explained by the fact that they slept in the rear part of the house, some distance from Wayne's room.

One of the chief's men came up to report that he had found faint stains of blood on the grass beside the house, and the chief immediately set out, with two patrolmen, to investigate. The blood trail led, by faint smears on the grass blades, across the lawn, into and across the street, and onto another lawn, where, after a vain hunt, they lost it altogether.

"Send for the dogs," ordered the chief, and went back to the Wayne home, with one of the patrolmen, while the other 'phoned from the box on the corner.

"We'll have a look at the house, Jennison," said the chief, as they crossed the lawn, "tho it's a lean chance that we'll find anybody there." The two entered the front door, passing the housekeeper, who was still on the steps, from where she had watched the futile attempt to follow the blood trail. The valet, anxious to be of some use, was talking to a patrolman on the far edge of the lawn.

"Go thru the rooms upstairs, Jennison," directed the chief, when they had entered the hall, "I'll have a look in Wayne's room."

The patrolman nodded obediently, and started up the broad staircase, while the chief made his way to the room, just off from the dining-room, which Wayne had occupied.

The door stood open, and the curtains of the broad bay window were fluttering inward in the light morning breeze. Standing in the doorway, he looked about him. Plainly Wayne had not given in without a severe resistance. Chairs were overturned, rugs scuffed into a heap, and there were scratches on the polished hardwood floor where struggling feet had slipped. Several splotches of blood showed on the floor, and one or two on the furniture.

The chief examined everything very carefully. The covers of the bed were thrown back as tho Wayne had leaped from it in haste. A small strip of silk, evidently torn from his pajamas in the fray, lay on the floor. The chief looked mechanically for the warning message which had accompanied the other depredations. There was none, and there was no dagger.

But—he sniffed keenly. Without doubt there was in the air that peculiar odor, and it seemed to the chief that the animal smell was unusually strong, much stronger than the acid smell, or the smell of something burning, tho these were faintly present, also.

Then the chief gave a startled exclamation. He was standing by the window, and had glanced at the sill. On it was a spot of blood, and that spot showed the partial imprint of the foot of an animal. He stood frowning at it when he heard a machine draw up in front of the house, and, looking out, saw that the dogs had arrived.

The big, silky-eared fellows were taken from the machine, and came across the lawn, pulling eagerly on the tether which a patrolman held. The chief leaned from the window, and beckoned to the officer who was leading them. Then he climbed cautiously over the sill, so as not to disturb the print upon it, and pointed out the spot, beneath the window, where the pursuit was to begin. The dogs sniffed, bayed loudly, and started off, following rapidly the track which the chief and his assistant had taken a short time before.

Across the lawn, across the road, across the lawn on the other side, they went, tugging at the leash, while the chief and the patrolman followed rapidly, and the curious crowd brought up the rear. From the grounds on the other side of the road they turned into an alley, following it for several hundred feet, then they turned into the broad avenue which led to a low concrete bridge across the river, a quarter of a mile away.

"It was sticking in a flower bed"

Straight down the avenue they went, and reached the bridge. Halfway across, they turned toward the low railing, sniffed about, and then reared up on their hind legs and poked eager noses against the top of the concrete wall, baying furiously. The chief and his officer looked at each other.

Who, or what, had made that trail? Who, or what, had leaped into the water at this point—or had been thrown in? Was Benjamin Wayne at the bottom of the river? If so, where was his assailant? Had he gone into the river, also? The dogs could follow the trail no further.

Scowling, the chief stared out over the swiftly flowing stream, while the excited dogs sniffed and clamored at his feet. Jennison, his search of the house completed, had come up.

"Couldn't find a thing, chief. And nothing seems to be missing, so far as the valet and the housekeeper can tell. The boys have got the place surrounded, far out. They've searched all the buildings thoroly. Shall I call them off?"

"Might as well, I guess. Bring them here in the patrol, and distribute them up and down both banks of the river for a half-mile or so. Tell them somebody went into the river here, and to make inquiries along the way. McArthur," to the patrolman who held the dogs, "we'll take the dogs up and down the banks, too. Over here on the north side first."

They crossed the bridge, scrambled down the bank, and started along it. Up the slope, above them, reared an incongruous collection of buildings, ranging from small unpainted houses and modest stores to big, ugly brick warehouses and elevators, with the great tank and the criss-crossed steel framework of the gas plant rising in the midst. This was the poorer section of the city.

The place was beginning to be astir with activity, children running about the yards, men with tin dinner pails passing along the sidewalks, women industriously at work with brooms on the porches. A lone fisherman, sitting placidly on the bank, watching his cork thru the haze of his corncob pipe, looked up and stared open-mouthed as the men approached with the dogs.

"How long have you been here?" questioned the chief.

The man gulped apprehensively. "Since—since sunrise," he answered.

"Did you see any one jump from that bridge, or swim ashore anywhere along here?"

"No, sir. Dougherty's kids was in swimmin' about half an hour ago——"

"All right." They started again, the man staring after them, pipe in hand. Across the river, they could see the blue-coated officers moving about, putting queries to those they met, occasionally making inquiries at the door of a house. Always they were met with a negative answer.

Half a mile down the river they went, then back to the bridge.

"No use going up the other way," said the chief. "Whoever, or whatever, went into that river, went downstream. They wouldn't double back under the bridge, and swim upstream. Couldn't do it. We'll try the other side."

But the other side was equally fruitless, and the chief sent for men to drag the river. A river boat arrived shortly, and for hours worked up and down the stream below the bridge. They brought up all manner of debris, tin cans, old clothes, and once a dead dog. But that was all. Benjamin Wayne had disappeared as completely as tho the earth had opened and swallowed him.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Directions.

The stranger stopped his car and nodded politely to the farmer who was driving a cow.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "how to find Judge Dumble's house?"

"If I can't," replied the farmer, "I don't suppose there's anybody in the country who can. The Judge and I are good friends. Whenever he passes my place on his way to town he drops in, and we have some great arguments. The Judge is hot-tempered and usually goes away mad after a debate, and last time he picked up a milk pitcher and busted it on my head, but we're good friends just the same. If I wanted to borrow $5, or even $10, I reckon——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the stranger. "Excuse me, but I'm rather in a hurry, and I'll be obliged if you'll direct me to the Judge's house."

"Nothing could be easier. When I get talking about him, and the sociable times we have together, I'm inclined to forget where I am. The Judge is a great man in his way, and I've heard he was counted one of the best lawyers in the country. I never hear him mention law, but he's always telling me about his inventions. He spends most of his time compounding things that explode without notice, and if he doesn't go thru the roof of his laboratory about once a week he feels that things are getting stagnant.

"About a year ago he told me he had invented something the whole world had been yearning for. It was an indelible ink that would stay black till the crack of doom. He gave me a bottle of it to show that he regarded me as a brother. My wife's sister was visiting us at the time, getting ready for her marriage to Jake Samovar. She was married at our house, and when She ceremony was over the minister asked me for a pen and ink so he could fill out a marriage certificate. I handed him the bottle of indelible ink, and he filled out the form, and signed his name, and then some of the bystanders signed as witnesses.

"Well, Jake didn't treat his bride very well, and she made up her mind to have a divorce. She consulted a lawyer and he asked to see her marriage certificate, and when he unfolded it there was nothing there but the printed stuff. All the writing had faded out so you couldn't find a trace of it with a telescope. It has made the blamedest mix-up you ever saw. The two witnesses are dead, and the clergyman had gone to China as a missionary, and that woman can't prove she ever was married except by hearsay evidence, and it seems she has to show she was married before she can get a divorce. The Judge——"

"Yes, my friend, the Judge! Where does he live?"

"Well, it does beat all how I've been rattling on! The Judge lives a few miles up the road. You go to the first crossroads and take the one to the right. Follow that road two miles, and you'll come to a big red barn. Then you turn to the left and travel half a mile, and then diagonally across a pasture, till you see a yellow brick house. That's where the Judge lives."

"Thank you very much."

"You're welcome, but if you want to see the Judge, there's no use going to his house. It's closed up. He's gone East for an indefinite time. He wants to interest Eastern capital in a liquid glue he has invented. Let me tell you about that glue."

But the stranger wouldn't wait.

* * *

Hoodooed.

"We have just received some beautiful shirts," said the genial clothing man. "You'd better come in and see them."

"Not at this writing," replied the young man who carried a crutch. "I've made several purchases in your store recently and every one was hoodooed. It would take a year to tell all the grief they caused me.

"I bought a new hat a week or two ago, and on my way home it blew off my head and I went sprinting in pursuit. I was so absorbed in the pleasures of the chase that I didn't notice a big eight-cylinder car until it was on top of me. One of my legs got wound around the off hind wheel, and that's why you see me struggling along with a crutch."

"That was too bad," sympathized the clothier, "but you can't hold the hat responsible for such an accident. Better charge it up to the wind."

"If that was all I wouldn't say you sell hoodooed goods," said the young man. "About two months ago I told you I was going to visit my uncle in the country and you said I ought to wear a sweater. A nice red sweater would make a great hit in the rural district, you assured me. So I bought one, and it was so red it looked like a house afire. When I got to my uncle's the sweater seemed to make quite an impression, and I was pleased.

"After supper they all went out to milk the cows, and I strolled along so they wouldn't get lonesome. I was standing by the side of a large maroon cow my uncle was milking when something hit me in the small of the back, and the next thing I knew I was stretched out on a pile of hay and my ears were pouring water over me. I learned afterward that a big bull took offense at the color of my sweater and tried to push me off the landscape. I have had a lame back ever since."

"You certainly were unfortunate," observed the clothier, "but you should have known better than to go near a bull when you were wearing a red garment. The sweater wasn't responsible."

"Maybe not," agreed the young man, "but there have been too many such coincidences. I was very anxious to fight for my country when this war broke loose and tried to enlist. Just before that I bought a suit of your blue serge and looked quite princely in it. I got caught in a rainstorm, and the color in that cloth soaked down thru my shirt into my skin, so my body was a rich blue.

"When I came up for a physical examination the doctor looked at me in disgust, and said it was pure insolence on my part to apply for examination. He said I had been dead for at least thirty-six hours and mortification had set in, and the best thing I could do was to see an undertaker at once. He wouldn't listen to a word of explanation, and I was fired out, and people point the finger of scorn at me, calling me a slacker."

"You never bought such a suit in my store," protested the merchant, warmly. "The colors in my goods don't run. But if you will step in and see the——"

"Not this trip. I bought one of your high-priced silk shirts in the summer and then went to see my girl who was bubbling over with patriotism, and she attached the can to me at once. She said she'd never be the bride of a man who squandered money for silk shirts when all our spare change is needed to prosecute the war. Oh, there's a hoodoo on everything you sell."

* * *

The Flatterer.

"There goes Mr. Smith in his new car," said one of the women. She added, with a simper, 'What a fibbing flatterer he is, to be sure.'

"'Why? Did he tell you you were pretty?' said the other woman, coldly.

"'No,' said the first woman. 'He told me you were.'"

Flora Bella's Triumph

How Fate Saved the Day

By Ima Nutt

ON THE bench in front of the grocery store at Dawson's Dells, the subject had changed to that of horse racing.

"Some men," observed Baron Dome, "are good losers; with me, it's different. I enjoy having my good coin up on the wrong lizard like a rainbow trout enjoys a stroll along a dusty road. I remember a race I saw up in Montreal, Canada—but wait. First, let me tell you about conditions up there, so you'll understand just what happened, in this particular race I have in mind.

"It was a running race—and run in midwinter. How could that be? Easy enough. They have a dandy track up there in Montreal—a saucer track. Well, there is a long spout arranged to reach down across near the home-stretch, not unlike the spout from a water-tank along the railroads in this country. In cold weather this long spout is let down over the track, and the water turned on; in this manner, the saucer formation is flooded—and, when frozen, forms an ideal surface to race horses over. Impossible? Don't ever believe it isn't possible; it's done every winter up there in Montreal. The crowds, all wrapped in furs and heavy apparel, sit in the grand stand comfortable as can be; and they get just as wildly excited as others do at any midsummer meet here in the States.

"Just at this time of which I'm telling, I was broke and up against it right. I knew that down in New York my agents held a remittance for me, but I had to call for it in person to get it, and tho I burned up the wires trying to get an advance from them, they wouldn't send me a cent, simply stating that their orders were plain and implicit to deliver only in person.

"At the hotel where I was stopping, I had made the acquaintance of a pretty little soubrette; she had been with a road show which hit the rocks off somewhere to the leeward of Montreal. Her name was Corinne. If ever a little lady possessed personality, she did—dainty, vivacious, clever—but just at that time in greater financial stress than I was, even. You know, a man can always get along somehow; with a woman, it's different. What made me particularly sorry for her was the fact that she had set her heart on spending the Christmas holidays with her folks down in Rochester. She was too proud to write them for money, and tho she'd signed a contract calling [illegible] along in January, that wasn't [illegible] matters with her just at that time any.

"Well, one day Corinne came running up to me, her big blue eyes shining with excitement. 'Baron,' she said in that pretty way of hers, 'you and I are going out to the races this afternoon.' Now, I didn't have an earthly thing to do all day, but I remembered the depleted condition of my finances, and attempted to stall. 'I'd love to accompany you, the very best in the world, Miss Corinne—but the fact is—the fact is——'

"'The fact is,' she interrupted, 'you can't think of any possible excuse not to go. I'll call for you here at one-thirty; you mustn't disappoint me.' She tripped away without giving me a chance to say more; then, on sudden impulse, she came hurrying back to me, and handed me a telegram she'd received that morning. It was postmarked Sheepshead; it read:

"'Corinne Goodrich,

"'Montreal, Canada:

"'Third race today, play Flora Bella to win; don't fail to get in on this.

"'JIM.'

"'It's from the inside!' she went on, eagerly. 'That's why you and I are going to the races this afternoon. We must place every dollar we can raise on Flora Bella; and she must, must win!'

"Well, I took Corinna Goodrich out to the saucer track that afternoon. Her faith in her tip, her absolute confidence that Flora Bella would win had its effect on me. After paying our admission, I had exactly eight dollars and ninety cents left. I placed the eight dollars up on Flora Bella, together with six dollars Corinne gave me to place—and which I have every reason to believe was every cent she possessed at that time. This I did, I'll confess, with a sinking heart; for the boards showed the little chestnut mare—Flora Bella—quoted a forty to one shot! At my side, little Corinne laughed and chatted happily, but I think I proved poor company. I could neither laugh, chat nor even listen comprehendingly to her; the occasion, for me, was far too tragic to think of anything save only that fourteen dollars posted up with a cold-eyed bookmaker in the stall below.

"Of the first two races on the program I have little recollection. I remember that the crowd shouted and yelled and worked itself into what seemed to me quite a needless frenzy; then the horses came out for the third race. Each was shod with rubber, cuplike shoes, which, while it did not slow them up in speed any, nevertheless prevented them from slipping upon the ice-track. As the runners filed past on their way to the post they made a very striking appearance. Leading them was a big black gelding—Sable Knight—whose glossy coat fairly shone in the bright rays of the afternoon sun. He was a magnificent creature, and stepped proudly along, as tho fully conscious of all the admiring glances cast in his direction. And yet, there was something sinister looking about both this wonderful horse and his diminutive rider, Jockey Buck McBride—

"Play Flora Bella to win."

something slyly cunning about their attitude toward the assembled crowd and the occasion; also, in the understanding and full sympathy and accord existing between horse and rider. It was as if each sensed to the full just what they were there for—and would deliver, at whatever hazard or cost; anyhow, that's how their appearance impressed me. It is possible, however, that I may have been swayed more or less by the [illegible] of that fourteen dollars placed with the fish-eyed bookmaker below. But my presentiment was not wholly the wrong dope, at that; for, later on, we learned that the Sable Knight was a 'ringer' entered under an assumed name in this race to make a killing. Just before the horses left the paddock a telegram had come to the officials commanding that the big gelding entered as 'Sable Knight' be scratched. This wire was intercepted by certain ringsters in on the game; and, as I say, Sable Knight proudly led the string to the post, himself an eight-to-one favorite.

"Now, a word about the little mare, Flora Bella. She came third in line, her muscles playing smoothly under her beautiful chestnut coat. Say, she was a pretty thing; she was a thorobred, every inch of her—it showed in every line of her trim body, in her movements, in the gleam in her eyes as she turned toward the cheering crowds in the stand as if she were saying: 'It's to be a hard race, folks; hard, grueling, bitterly contested to the end. But don't you worry—you folks who are backing your good money on me. You'll find me right there—fighting it out from the drop of the flag!'

"Corinne was in love with Flora Bella the moment she saw her making her way down there toward the post. She was obsessed with eagerness, faith and expectation, which somehow she imparted to me, as well. She clapped her hands joyously, then settled complacently back in her seat with the one observation, 'We'll win!'

"The horses reached the post and lined up. Thru my glasses I could see the little chestnut standing patient and ready; but as is customary on such occasions, there were a couple of fool horses which kept prancing around, always getting where they shouldn't be, and never in the right place at the right time. I could make out the blue-and-white cap of Flora Bella's rider at the side farthest from the rail; but from his manner of calm manipulation of his mount, I felt confident he would miss no opening nor advantage fair to accept.

"At last they were off!

"The crowd gave one yell of pent-up eagerness, then lapsed into absolute quietness. I felt Corinne's hand clutch my arm. 'Tell me—tell me about it!' she implored. 'I don't dare look!'

"I followed the race thru my glasses.

"'They got away in a bunch, Corinne!' I said. 'Now—now they are spreading out; a jockey has crossed over to the rail—no——'

"'Yes—yes!'

"'He is—yes, now he is drawing away from the field—his cap is——'

"'Yes—and the color of his cap?'

"'Blue and white!' I answered. I heard her gasp of joy as she turned her eyes now on the straining steeds.

"Yes, the little chestnut was leading by two lengths at the quarter-pole; and then, from out the thundering field behind leaped a great form—black as night, swift, menacing as a storm-cloud. It was the Sable Knight, running now with a free bit; running with great leaps which seemed fairly to annihilate the space which separated him from the striving chestnut up there in front!

"He gained a length—and more—his head was at her straining flanks. Then, at the half-mile, neck and neck they came down the course.

"There must have been a lot of money up on the big gelding; all around us were urgent, fervent cries for the Sable Knight to shake loose his gritty, hard-fighting rival; but there were shouts for the little mare, too; and at my elbow I heard a faint, almost pitiful imploration: 'Oh, Flora Bella—come on—come on, you little Flora Bella!'

"Never did a little chestnut mare fight harder, nor run with stouter heart; with every ounce of her strength she strove to break from the black, then to hold her place beside him; but it was not to be. Inch by inch, then foot by foot he crept ahead; and those who had placed their money on the big Sable Knight arose and shouted in sheer delirium of delight. Corinne made no outcry; she sank back in her seat and was very quiet. Honestly, my heart ached for her.

"Into the stretch they came; the Sable Knight now led by two lengths, and running without effort. Tho Flora Bella led the field behind, the pace which had been cut out for her, from the moment that black enemy leaped in behind her, had sapped her strength, if not her heart and courage.

"Men, here was the situation: Sable Knight leading by a trifle over two lengths, two hundred yards from the wire; the little mare upon which Corinne and I had placed our all, still fighting along after the Knight—the field trailing behind. Unless the big black dropped in his tracks, had we a chance on earth to win? Hardly.

"Buck McBride, confident of victory, turned in his seat, and sat grinning malignantly back at the jockey riding Flora Bella; then, at that tragic, psychological instant, the spout from the water-tank beside the rail fell down across the track; the big gelding dashed under, but Buck McBride was scratched off his back like a grinning, green-jacketed horsefly!

"Riderless, the Sable Knight slowed down. Flora Bella swept around the end of the protruding spout, and dashed under the wire—winner by a nose!

"Well, men, for a moment the throng sat as tho dazed; then, when a realization of what had happened came to us all, a shout went up that convinced me that while most of the money was up on Sable Knight, most of the sentiment was back of the game little chestnut. I turned and looked at Corinne. In her eyes was a look that resembled somewhat the gleam I had seen in them when she opened a letter containing her contract at the Winter Garden Show in New York. She

"Oh! Flora Bella, come on, come on!"

took out her pencil and did some rapid figuring, between delighted giggles. 'You had eight dollars, forty to one—that's three hundred and twenty dollars for you; my six dollars brings me two hundred and forty; let's go down and cash in!'

"'Your check and mine, Corinne,' I said, 'goes in a pool; together, we draw down five hundred and sixty dollars; the split will be two hundred and eighty.' Say, she was a happy girlie.

"At Christmas I received a card from Rochester; it read: 'Am having a perfectly glorious time—thanks to you, and to a jockey who got scratched even if his horse didn't! Ever gratefully yours, CORINNE.'"

The Baron gazed pensively away in the distance. "Some day," he observed, at length, "I'm going to take a little run up to New York. Yes, I'll be heading that way some of these times. There is a—a certain Winter Garden Show I want to see."

* * *

EULALIA'S BEAU.

"I see that the Gudgins girl has a new beau," remarked the tall, lank householder in a satisfied tone, as he spilled the cat out of the best porch chair and made himself comfortable. "It's about time!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," his wife told him. "Keeping track of the neighbors the way you do!"

"It's an inexpensive sport," protested the tall, lank householder. "It keeps the mind occupied, does no harm and you don't have to buy tickets! I never did like that last beau of hers—I told you he didn't mean business and Eulalia is getting on where she can't afford to waste time! This fellow is all right!"

"My gracious!" said his wife, indignantly. "He's not nearly as good-looking as the last one, and he drives a flivver and his laugh is awful—one of the cackly kind! I don't see——"

"I suppose not," agreed her husband. "Being a woman, you wouldn't. If a girl really put her mind to it she could wear cotton in her ears or something like that, couldn't she? Anyhow, his laugh isn't so bad—nowadays you hear so many worse things, like auto horns and bells and gongs and junkmen calling! I suppose Eulalia thinks his laugh is musical. And there is such a small proportion of the day spent in laughing—she could manage to be out calling or marketing or buying ribbon when he gave signs of a laugh coming on.

"Why, there was the Jongles girl back home who has lived a perfectly happy married life and is always elected president of everything and sets the styles and makes out the list of the 'four hundred,' and she has done it simply by learning to close her eyes whenever she looks at her husband's face. He is a very worthy man with $800,000 and it would not be kind to shun him just because his countenance is sort of mixed up. So it Eulalia——"

"I didn't know this young man [illegible] well off," said his wife, dubiously. "I've worn the same suit every time I've [illegible] him, and——"

"I'm not saying he is rich," explained her husband. "But I am certain that he is going to be. It is always the nondescript fellow who was a dub in school and so skinny and freckled that the girls all snubbed him and who got kicked around generally and ignored and that you forget all about who suddenly bursts out on the front page in Federal investigations of trusts and the like.

"Now this Ramesee Copperwhat that is now calling across the street——"

"His name is James P. Jones," interjected his wife patiently. "He works for a paper company."

"Well, it might have been Copperwhat," persisted the lank householder. "If his father had been called that! Paper company? Well, in ten years you'll find that Jim has a corner on all the pulp market of the world, and Eulalia, if she has any brains, will be saying that she believes she'll take the lavender motor today, inasmuch as the one upholstered in old rose has a way of jarring her when it goes over a pin.

'I've caught him buying her flowers twice at the railway station at half the price a good florist would have asked, and that is another mark of a budding financier. Did you ever in your life read a biography of one of the disgracefully rich which did not relate gleefully how he bit pennies in two? If you're rich you can do that and be excused and admired for it, but if you do it when you're poor the populace scorns you and walks upon your form and says you ought to be arrested. This Jim is sure in earnest, because he stops to talk with her father a half-hour stretch and he helps her mother down the steps."

"Eulalia's mother can't bear him," interposed his wife. "She can't get over Eulalia's breaking off with the previous young man who looked like a movie star and sat around and let them wait on him."

"Huh!" said the lank householder. "A woman always adores a man if he drags her around by the hair of her head and lets her slave for him! Lally's mother can't stand Jim! That settles it—Eulalia will marry him! Girls always pick out that especial one. And I'll bet the old lady will see the day when she'll be alluding to 'my son-in-law, Mr. James Peterkin Jones, who owns all the pulp mills in the country, you know, my dear—such a splendid man!' You see!"

"Well, maybe," said his wife. "But I'd hate to bet anything larger than a dime on it!"

Lazarre, the Lost King

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

An extraordinary story of early perilous times and the life of a lost king, who for love and freedom's sake bravely abjured a royal inheritance.

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CHAPTER X.

A PRIMROSE dawn of spring touched the mountains as Madame de Ferrier and I stepped into the tunnel's mouth. The wind that goes like a hesom before sunrise swept off the fog to corners of the sky, except a few spirals which still unwound from the lake. The underground path to De Chaumont's manor descended by terraces of steps and entered blackness.

A rank odor of earth filled it; and I never passed that way without hearkening for the insect-like song of the rattlesnake. The ground was slippery, and thick darkness seemed to press the soul out of the body. Yet I liked it; for when we reached the staircase of rock that entered the house, she would vanish.

And so it was.

She did say, "Good night—and good morning."

And I answered, "Good morning and good night."

We were both physically exhausted. My head swarmed as with sparkles, and a thousand emotions tore me, for I was at the age when we risk all on chances. I sat alone on the steps, unmindful of that penetrating chill of stone which increases rather than decreases, the longer you sit upon it, and thought of all that had been said by my new friend at the campfire, while the moon went lower and lower, the potter turned his wheel, and the idiot slept.

The mixed and oblique motives of human nature—the boy's will—worked like gigantic passions.

She had said very little to me in the boat, and I had said very little to her; not realizing that the camp talk, in which she took no part, separated us in a new way.

Sitting alone on the steps I held this imaginary conversation with her.

"I am going to France!"

"You, monsieur?"

"Yes, I!"

"How are you going?"

"I don't know; but I'm going!"

"The Duke of Orleans did not mention such a thing."

"Bother the Duke of Orleans!"

"When are you going?"

"Now!"

"But it may not be best to go at this time."

"It is always best to go where you are!"

"Monsieur, do not throw away your future on an unconsidered move."

"Madame, I will throw away my eternity!"

Then I went back thru the tunnel to the beach, stripped, and took a plunge to clear my head and warm my blood, rubbing off with my shirt.

On reaching my room the first thing I did was to make a bundle of everything I considered necessary and desirable. There was no reason for doing this before lying down; but with an easier mind I closed my eyes; and opened them to find sunset shining thru the windows, and Dr. Chantry keeping guard in an armchair at my side.

"Nature has taken her revenge on you, my lad," said he. "And now I am going to take mine."

"I have slept all day!"

"Renegades who roam the woods all night must expect to sleep all day."

"How do you know I have been in the woods all night?"

"I heard you slipping up the tunnel stairs without any shoes on at daylight. I have not been able to sleep two nights on account of you."

"Then why don't you go to bed yourself, my dear master?"

"Because I am not going to let you give me the slip another time. I am responsible for you; and you will have me on your back when you go prowling abroad again."

"Again?" I questioned innocently.

"Yes, again, young sir! I have been thru your luggage, and find that you have packed changes of clothing and things necessary and unnecessary to a journey—even books."

"I hope you put them neatly together."

"Nothing of the kind. I scattered them."

"Do you want me to go bare into the world?" I laughed.

"Lazarre," said my master, "you were a good lad, studious and zealous beyond anything I ever saw."

"And now I am bad and lazy."

"You have dropped your books and taken to wild ways."

"There is one thing, dear master, I haven't done; I haven't written poetry."

He blinked and smiled, and felt in his breast pocket, but thought better of it, and forebore to draw the paper out. There was no escaping his tenacious grip. He sat by and exercised me in Latin declensions while I dressed. We had our supper together. I saw no member of the household except the men, Pierre and Jean. Dr. Chantry ordered a mattress put in my room and returned there with me.

We talked long on the approaching departure of the Count and Madame de Ferrier. He told me the latest details of preparation, and tremulously explained how he must feel the loss of his sister.

"I have nothing left but you, Lazarre."

"My dear master," I said, patting one of his shriveled hands between mine, "I am going to be open with you."

I sat on the side of my bed facing his armchair, and the dressing-glass reflected his bald head and my young head drawn near together.

"Did you ever feel as if you were a prince?"

Dr. Chantry wagged a pathetic negative.

"Haven't you ever been ready to dare anything and everything, because something in you said—I must?"

Again Dr. Chantry wagged a negative.

"Now I have to break bounds—I have to leave the manor and try my fortune! I can't wait for times and seasons—to be certain of this—to be certain of that! I am going to leave the house tonight—and I am going to France!"

"My God!" cried Dr. Chantry, springing up. "He is going to France! Rouse the servants! Call De Chaumont!" He struck his gouty foot against the chair and sat down nursing it in both hands. I restrained him and added my sympathy to his groans.

"Have you as much as a Spanish real of your own, my lad?" he catechised me, when the foot was easy.

I acknowledged that I had not.

"It costs dear to travel about the world. It is not like coming down the trail from St. Regis to Lake George. How are you to travel without money?"

I laughed at the very uncertainty, and answered that money would be found.

"Found! It isn't found, I tell you! It is inherited by the idle, or gathered by the unscrupulous, or sweated and toiled for! It costs days and years, and comes in drops. You might as well expect to find a kingdom, lad!"

"Maybe I shall find a kingdom, master!"

"Oh, what a thing it is to be young!" sighed Dr. Chantry.

I felt it myself, and hugged my youth.

"Do you know how to reach the seaport?" he continued.

Peasants ran out to look at him.

I said anybody could follow the Hudson to New York.

"You're bitten, my poor lad! It's plain what ails you. You might as well try to swim the Atlantic. De Chaumont intends her for himself. And in the unjust distribution of this world, your rival has the power and you have the feelings. Stay where you are. You'll never forget it, but it will hurt less as years go by."

"Master," I said to him, "good sense is on your side. But if I knew I should perish, I would have to go!"

And I added from fullness of conviction—

"I would rather undertake to do something, and perish, than live a thousand years as I am."

Dr. Chantry struck the chair arm with his clinched fist.

"My lad, so would I—so would I! I wish I had been dowered with your spirit! I'm going with you!"

As soon as he had made this embarrassing resolution my master blew his nose and set his British jaws firmly together. I felt my own jaw drop.

"Have you as much as a Spanish real of your own?" I quoted.

"That I have, young sir, and some American notes, such as they are, and good English pounds, beside."

"And do you know how to reach the seaport?"

"Since I came that way I can return that way. You have youth, my lad, but I have brains and experience."

"It's plain what ails you, Dr. Chantry. And you might as well try to swim the Atlantic."

My poor master dropped his head on his breast, and I was ashamed of baiting him and began to argue tenderly. I told him he could not bear hardships; he was used to the soft life in De Chaumont's house; while my flesh had been made iron in the wilderness. I intended to take a boat from those hidden at our summer camp, to reach the head of Lake George. But from that point to the Hudson River—where the town of Luzerne now stands—it was necessary to follow a trail. I could carry the light canoe over the trail, but he could not even walk it.

The more I reasoned with him the more obstinate he became. There was a wonderful spring called Saratoga, which he had visited with De Chaumont a few years before as they came into the wilderness; he was convinced that the water would set him on foot for the rest of the journey.

"It is twenty-nine miles above Albany. We could soon reach it," he urged.

"I have heard of it," I answered. "Skenedonk has been there. But he says you leave the river and go into the woods."

"I know the way," he testily insisted. "And there used to be near the river a man who kept horses and carried visitors to the spring."

The spirit of reckless adventure, breaking thru years of extreme prudence, outran youth.

"What will you do in France?" I put to him. He knew no more than I what I should do.

And there was Count de Chaumont to be considered. How would he regard such a leave-taking?

Dr. Chantry was as insensible to De Chaumont as I myself. Still he agreed to write a note to his protector while I prepared my quill to write one to Madame de Ferrier. With the spirit of the true parasite he laid all the blame on me, and said he was constrained by duty to follow and watch over me, since it was impossible to curb a nature like mine. And he left a loophole open for a future return to De Chaumont's easy service, when the hardships which he willingly faced brought him his reward.

This paper he brazenly showed me while I was struggling to beg Madame de Ferrier's pardon, and to let her know that I aimed at something definite whether I ever reached port or not.

I reflected with satisfaction that he would probably turn back at Saratoga. We descended together to his room and brought away the things he needed. In bulk they were twice as large as the load I had made for myself. He also wrote out strict orders to Pierre to seal up his room until his return. The inability of an old man to tear himself from his accustomed environment cheered my heart.

We then went back to bed, and like the two bad boys we were, slept prepared for flight.

CHAPTER XI.

"THIS is fine!" said Dr. Chantry, when we descended from the rough stage which had brought us across a corduroy trail, and found ourselves at the entrance of a spacious wooden tavern. "When I passed Saratoga before there were only three log houses, and the inn had two rooms below and one above. It was lighted by pine torches stuck in the chinks of the wall—and how candles shine thru these windows!"

The tavern stood in a cleared place with miles of forest around it, and a marsh stretching near by. Dusk could not prevent our seeing a few log habitations, one of them decorated with a merchant's sign. We entered among swarming crowds, a little world dropped into the backwoods. This was more surprising because we had just left behind us a sense of wild things gathering to their night haunts, and low savage cries, and visions of moose and deer thru far-off arches.

A man who appeared to be the host met us, his sprightly interest in our welfare being tempered by the consciousness of having many guests; and told us the house was full, but he would do what he could for us.

"Why is the house full?" fretted Dr. Chantry. "What right have you, my dear sir, to crowd your house and so insure our discomfort?"

"None at all, sir," answered the host, good-naturedly. "If you think you can do better, try for lodgings at the store-keeper's."

"The store-keeper's!" Dr. Chantry's hysterical cry turned some attention to

us. "I shall do nothing of the kind. I demand the best you have, sir."

"The best I can give you," amended our host. "You see we are very full of politicians from Washington. They crowd to the spring."

My master turned his nose like the inflamed horn of a unicorn against the politicians from Washington, and trotted to the fireplace where blazing knots cheered a great taproom set with many tables and benches.

And there rested Skenedonk in silent gravity, toasting his moccasins. The Iroquois had long made Saratoga a gathering place, but I thought of this Oneida as abiding in St. Regis village; for our people did not come to the summer hunting in May.

Forgetting that I was a runaway, I met him heartily, and the fawn eyes in his bald head beamed their accustomed luster upon me. I asked him where my father and mother and the rest of the tribe were, and he said they had not left St. Regis.

"And why are you so early?" I inquired.

He had been at Montreal, and had undertaken to guide a Frenchman as far as Saratoga. It is not easy to surprise an Indian. But I wondered that Skenedonk accepted my presence without a question, quite as if he had himself made the appointment.

However, the sights to be seen put him out of my head. Besides the taproom crowded with men there was a parlor in which women of fashion walked about, contrasting with the place. They had all been to a spring to drink water; for only one spring was greatly used then; and they talked about the medicinal effects. Some men left the stronger waters, which could be had at a glittering portcullised bar opposite the fireplace in the taproom, to chat with these short-waisted beauties. I saw one stately creature in a white silk ball costume, his stockings splashed to the knees with mud from the corduroy road.

But the person who distinguished himself from everybody else by some nameless attraction, was a man perhaps 40 years old, who sat in a high-backed settle at a table near the fire. He was erect and thin as a lath, long-faced square-browed and pale. His sandy hair stood up like the bristles of a brush. Carefully dressed, with a sword at his side—as many of the other men had—he filled my idea of a soldier; and I was not surprised to hear his friends sitting opposite call him General Jackson.

An inkstand, a quill and some paper were placed before him, but he pushed them aside with his glass of toddy to lift one long forefinger and emphasize his talk. He had a resonant, impressive voice, with a manner gentle and persuasive, like a woman's; and he was speaking of Aaron Burr, the man whose duel had made such a noise in the newspapers.

"I disagree with you, Mr. Campbell. You are prejudiced against Mr. Burr on account of his late unfortunate affair. Even in that case I maintain every man has a right to honor and satisfaction. But he loves the Spanish on our southwestern borders no better than I do—and you know how I love the Spanish!"

The other man laughed, lounging against the table.

"You can't believe anything ill of Aaron Burr, General."

I might have given attention to what they were saying, since here were men from Washington, the very fountain of Government, if Dr. Chantry had not made me uneasy. He chose the table at which they were sitting and placed himself in the seat nearest the fire, with the utmost nicety about his own comfort. He wiped his horn spectacles, and produced his own ink and quill and memorandum from a bread pocket. I had begged the Doctor to keep strict account between us, that I might pay back from my pension whatever he spent on me, and with fine spider-like characters he was proceeding to debit me with the stage fare, when another quill barred his entrance to his inkhorn.

He took off his spectacles and glared pink-eyed at the genial gentleman with sandy upright hair.

"Sir!" he cried. "That is my ink!"

General Jackson, absorbed in talk, did not notice Dr. Chantry, who half arose and shouted directly at his ear.

"Sir, that is my ink!"

He knocked the interloping quill in the direction of its owner.

The genial sandy gentleman changed countenance in a way to astonish beholders.

"Have I disputed it, sir?"

"No, sir, but you have dipped into it without asking leave."

"By God, sir, what is a fip'ny-bit's worth of ink?"

"But it's mine, sir!"

"I see, sir; you're a Yankee, sir!"

"I'm not, sir; I'm English—the finest race in the world!"

General Jackson looked him up and down as they rose fronting each other, and filled the air with dazzling words.

"I should judge so, sir, by the specimen I see before me!"

Dr. Chantry was like a fighting-cock, and it was plainly his age which kept the other from striking him. He was beginning our journey well, but I felt bound to intercept whatever fell upon him, and stood between them. The other men at the table rose with General Jackson.

"Gentlemen," I pleaded with the best words I could command in the language, "do not forget your dignity, and disturb the peace of this house for a bottle of ink!"

The quarrel was ridiculous, and the Southerners laughed. General Jackson himself again changed countenance, and gave me, I do not know why, a smile that must have been reflected from the face of a woman he adored. But my poor master showed the bulldog; and taking him by the arm and the collar I toddled him away from that table to a dark entry, where I held him without any admonition save a sustained grip. He became like a child, weeping and trembling, and declaring that everybody was in league against him. Argument is wasted on people having such infirmity of temper. When he was well cooled I doorway and watched me. I knew he thought there was to be trouble with the gentleman from Washington, and I went to him to ease his mind.

Skenedonk had nothing to say, however, and made me a sign to follow him. As we passed thru the taproom, General Jackson gave me another pleasant look. He had resumed his conversation and his own ink-bottle as if he had never been interrupted.

The Indian led me upstairs to one of the chambers, and opened the door.

In the room was Louis Philippe, and when we were shut alone together, he embraced me and kissed me as I did not know men embraced and kissed.

"Do you know Skenedonk?" I exclaimed.

"If you mean the Indian who brought you at my order, he was my guide from Montreal."

"But he was not with you at the potter's camp."

"Yes, he was in the hut, wrapped in his blanket, and after you drove the door in he heard all that was said, Lazarre," —Louis Philippe took my face in his hands—"make a clean breast of it."

We sat down, and I told him without being questioned what I was going to do. He gravely considered.

"I saw you enter the house, and had a suspicion of your undertaking. It is the worst venture you could possibly make at this time. We will begin with my family. Any belief in you into which I may have been betrayed is no guaranty of Monsieur's belief. You understand," said Louis Philippe, "that Monsieur stands next to the throne if there is no Dauphin, or an idiot Dauphin?"

I said I understood.

"Monsieur is not a bad man. But Bellenger, who took charge of the Dauphin, has in some manner and for some reason, provided himself with a substitute, and he utterly denies you. Further: Supposing that you are the heir of France, restored to your family and proclaimed—of what use is it to present yourself before the French people now? They are besotted with this Napoleon. The Empire seems to them a far greater thing than any legitimate monarchy. Of what use, do I say? It would be a positive danger for you to appear in France at this time! Napoleon has proscribed every Bourbon. Any prince caught alive in France will be put to death. Do you know what he did last year to the Duke d'Enghien? He sent into Germany for the Duke, who had never harmed him, never conspired against him—had done nothing, in fact, except live an innocent life away from the seat of Napoleon's power. The Duke was brought to Paris under guard and put in the dungeons of Vincennes. He demanded to see Bonaparte. Bonaparte would not see him. He was tried by night, his grave being already dug in the castle ditch. That lovely young fellow—he was scarcely above 30—was taken out to the ditch and shot like a dog!"

I stood up with my hands clinched

"Sit down," said Louis Philippe. "There is no room in the world at this time for anybody but that jealous monster."

"He shall not tie me here," I said.

"You intend to go?"

"I intend to go."

"This Bonaparte," said Louis Philippe, "has his troubles. His brother Jerome has married an American in Baltimore. A fine explosion that will make when it reaches his ears. Where are you going to land, Lazarre?"

I said that must depend on the ship I took.

"And what are you going to do when you land?"

I said I would think that out later.

Then the spirit being upon me, I burst bounds and told him impetuously that I was going to learn what the world held for me. Without means, without friends, or power or prospects, or certainty of any good results—impudent—reckless—utterly rash. "I am going," I cried, "because I must go!"

"There is something about you which inspires love, my boy," said Louis Philippe; and I heard him with astonishment. "Perhaps it comes from the mother; she was a witcher of all mankind."

"I cannot understand why any one should love so ignorant a creature, but God grant there be others that love me, too; for I have lived a life stinted of all affection. And, indeed, I did not know I wanted it until last year. When we talked late the first night, and you told me the history of all my family, the cruelest part of my lot seemed the separation from those that belonged to me. Separation from what is our own ought not to be imposed upon us even by God Himself!"

"What!" said Louis Philippe. "Is he following a woman!"

My face burned, and probably went white, for I felt the blood go back on my heart. He took my hand and stroked it.

"Don't chain yourself behind that chariot. Wait a little while for your good star to rise. I wish I had money. I wish I could be of use to you in France. I wish I stood nearer to Monsieur, for your sake. Every one must love this bold pure face. It bears some resemblance to Madame Royal. The sister of the Dauphin is a good girl, not many years your senior. Much dominated by her uncles, but a royal duchess. It is the fashion now to laugh at chivalry. You are the most foolish example of it I ever saw! It is like seeing a knight without horse, armor, or purse, set out to win an equipment before he pursues his quest! Yet I love you for it, my boy!"

"It would be well for me if I had more friends like you."

"Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my influence there? I must wander around in foreign parts, a private gentleman eking out my living by some kind of industry. What are you going to do with the fretful old fellow you have with you?"

I groaned and laughed.

"Carry him on my back. There is no getting rid of him. He is following me to France. He is my lesson-master."

"How will you support him?"

"He is supporting me at present. But I would rather take my chances alone."

"You have another follower," said Louis Philippe. "Your Indian has been in France, and after hearing our talk at the camp, he foresaw you might be moved to this folly, and told me he intended to guide you there, or wherever you go!"

"And Skenedonk, too!"

I shook with laughter. It was so like Skenedonk to draw his conclusions and determine on the next step.

"What shall I do with them?"

"The old master can be your secretary, and as for the Indian, you can take him for your servant."

"A secretary and a servant, for an outcast without a penny to his pouch!"

"You see I have given that order us are beginning well with you. Starting with a secretary and a servant, you may end with a full household and a court! I ought to add my poor item of tribute, and this I can do. There is a shipmaster taking cargo this month in New York Bay, who is a devoted royalist; a Breton sailor. For a letter from me he will carry you and your suite to the other side of the world; but you will have to land in his port."

"And what will the charges be?"

"Nothing, except gratitude, if I put the case as strongly to him as I intend to do. God knows I may be casting a fool lot for you. His ship is staunch, rigged like the Italian salt ships. But it is dirty work crossing the sea; and there is always danger of falling into the hands of pirates. Are you determined?"

I looked him in the eyes, and said I was; thanking him for all his goodness to one who had no expectation of requiting him. The sweet heartiness of an older man so far beyond myself in princely attainments and world knowledge, who could stoop to such a raw savage, took me by storm.

I asked him if he had any idea who the idiot was that we had seen in Bellenger's camp. He shook his head, replying that idiots were plentiful, and the people who had them were sometimes glad to get rid of them.

"The Dauphin clew has been very cleverly managed by—Bellenger, let us say," Louis Philippe remarked. "If you had not appeared, I should not now believe there is a Dauphin."

I wanted to tell him all the thoughts tossing in my mind; but silence is some-

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE.

BY SUSIE C. YOUNG.

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dewdrops of heaven are kissing the rose
It is then that my memory flies
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove
In haste with the message it bears
To bring you a kiss of affection and say:
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

Go where you will, on land or at sea,
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside to pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me;
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips
When you told me how true you would be.

I know not if fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam
And remember you, love, in my prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you.

And may its bright spirit be with you thru life
To guard you up heaven's bright stairs,
And meet with the one who has loved you so true
And remember you, love, in her prayers.

put him in an armchair by a fire in the ladies' parlor, and he was soon very meek and tractable, watching the creatures he so admired.

"You must go to bed as soon as you have your supper," I said to him. "The journey to Saratoga has been a hard one for you. But Skenedonk is here fortunately, and he can take you home again."

My master looked at me with the shrewishness of an elephant. I had not at that time seen an elephant. When I did see one, however, the shifting of its eyes brought back the memory of Dr. Chantry when I had him at bay by the fire.

"You are not going to get away from me," he responded. "If you are tired of it, so am I. Otherwise, we proceed."

"If you pick quarrels with soldiers and duelists at every step, what are we to do?"

"I pick no quarrel. It is my luck. Every one is against me!" He hung his head in such a dejected manner that I felt ashamed of bringing his temperament to account; and I told him I was certain no harm would come of it.

"I am not genial," Dr. Chantry owned; "I wish I were. Now you are genial, Lazarre. People take to you. You attract them. But whatever I am, you are obliged to have my company; you cannot get along without me. You have no experience, and no money. I have experience—and a few pounds; not enough to retire into the country upon, in England; but enough to buy a little food for the present."

I thought I could get along better without the experience and even the few pounds, than with him as an encumbrance; tho I could not bring myself to the cruelty of telling him so. For there is in me a fatal softness which no man can have and overbear others in this world. It constrains me to make the other man's cause my own, tho he be at war with my own interests.

Therefore I was at the mercy of Skenedonk, also. The Indian appeared in the

times better than open speech. Facing adventure, I remembered that I had never known the want of food for any length of time during my conscious life. And I had a suspicion the soft life at De Chaumont's had unstrung me for what was before me. But it lasted scarce a year, and I was built for hardship.

He turned to his table to write the shipmaster's letter. Behold, there lay a book I knew so well that I exclaimed:

"Where did you get my missal?"

"Your missal, Lazarre? This is mine."

I turned the leaves, and looked at the back. It was a continuation of the prayers of the church. There were blank leaves for the inscribing of prayers, and one was written out in a good bold hand.

"His Majesty Louis XVI. composed and wrote that prayer himself," said Louis Philippe. "The comfort-loving priests had a fashion of dividing the missal into three or four parts, that a volume might not be so heavy to carry about in their pockets. This is the second volume. It was picked up in the Tuileries after that palace was sacked."

I told him mine must be the preceding volume, because I did not know there was any continuation. The prayers of the church had not been my study.

"Where did you get yours, Lazarre?"

"Madame de Ferrier gave it to me. When I saw it I remembered, as if my head were split open to show the picture, that my mother had read from that very book to me. I cannot explain it, but so it was."

"I am not surprised she believes, against Bellenger's evidence, that you are Louis of France."

"I will bring my book and show it to you."

We compared the volumes after supper, and one was the mate of the other.

The inn dining-room had one long table stretched down its entire length, heaped with wild meats and honey and pastries and fish in abundance. General Jackson sat at one end, and at the other sat the landlord, explaining to all his guests what each dish was, and urging good appetite. I sat by Louis Philippe, whose quality was known only to myself, with Dr. Chantry on the other side, fretting for the attendance to which Jean had used him.

My master was so tired that I put him early to bed; and then sat talking nearly all night with the gracious gentleman to whom I felt bound by gratitude and by blood.

CHAPTER XII.

DIEPPE, high and glaring white above the water, will always symbolize to me the gate of France. The nobility of that view remained in my thoughts when half the distance to Paris was traversed.

I could shut my eyes and see it as I lay on the straw in a posthouse stable. A square hole in the front of the grenier gave upon the landscape. Even respectable houses in that part of the country were then built with few or no windows; but delicious masses of grayness they were, roofed with thick and overhanging thatch.

"The stables of France are nothing but covered dunghills," Dr. Chantry grumbled; so when I crept with the Indian to lodgings over the cattle, one of the beds in the house was hired for the gouty master. Even at inns there were two or three beds in a room where they set us to dine.

"An English innkeeper would throw their furniture into the fire!" he cried in a language fortunately not understood.

"But we have two good rooms on the ground floor, and another for Skenedonk." I sometimes remonstrated with him, "at three shillings and sixpence a day, in your money."

"You would not see any man, let his rank be what it may," Dr. Chantry retorted, "dining in his bedroom, in England. And look at these walls—papered with two or three kinds of paper, the bare spots hung with tapestry moth-eaten and filled with spiders! And what have we for table?—a board laid on cressbars! And the oaken chairs are rush-bottomed, and so straight the backs are a persecution! The door hinges creak in these inns, the wind blows thru——"

So his complaints went on, for there never was a man who got so much out of small miseries. Skenedonk and I must have failed to see all in our travels that he put before us. For we were full of enjoyment and wonder; at the country people, wooden shod, the women's caps and long cloaks; at the quiet fair roads which multiplied themselves until we often paused enchanted in a fairy world of sameness; at market-towns, where fountains in the squares were often older than America, the country out of which we arrived.

Skenedonk heard without shifting a muscle all Dr. Chantry's grievances; and I told him we ought to cherish them, for they were views of life we could not take ourselves. Few people are made so delicately that they lose color and rail at the sight of raw tripe brought in by a proud hostess to show her resources for dinner; or at a chicken coming upon the table with its head tucked beneath its wing.

"We are fed with poulet, poulet, nothing but poulet," said Dr. Chantry, "until the poulets themselves are ashamed to look us in the face!"

We fared well, indeed, and the wine was good, and my master said he must sustain himself on it tho it proved his death. He could not march as Skenedonk and I regularly marched. We hired a cart to lift him and our knapsacks from village to village, with a driver who knew the road to Paris. When the distances were long we sometimes mounted beside him. I noticed that the soil of this country had not the chalk look of other lands which I afterward saw to the east and north; but Napoleon was already making good the ancient thorofares.

When my master was on shipboard he enjoyed the sea even less than the free air of these broad stretches; for while he could cast an eye about and approve of something under the sky—perhaps a church steeple, or the color of a thatch which filled me with joy—he could not approve of anything aboard a ship. Indeed, it was pity to have no delight in cleaving the water, and in the far-off spouting of whales, to say nothing of a living world that rides in undulations. For my part, I loved even the creaking of a ship, and the uncertainty of ever coming to port, and the anxiety lest a black flag should show above every sail we passed. The slow progress of man from point to point in his experience, while it sometimes enrages, on the whole interests me; and the monotony of a voyage has a sweetness like the monotony of daily bread.

I looked out of the grenier window upon the highroad, and upon the June sun in the act of setting; for we had supped and gone early to rest after a hard day. Post horses were stamping underneath, all ready for some noble count who intended to make another stage of his journey before nightfall.

Small obtrusive cares, such as the desire that my shoes should last well into Paris, mingled with joy in the smell of the earth at sunset, and the looking forward to seeing Madame de Ferrier again. I wrapped myself every night in the conviction that I should see her, and more freely than I had ever seen her in America.

There was a noise of horses galloping, and the expected noble count arrived; being no other than De Chaumont with his post coaches. He stepped out of the first, and Ernestine stepped out of the second, carrying Paul. She took him to his mother. The door flew open, and the woman I adored received her child and walked back and forth with him. Annabel leaned out while the horses were changed. I saw Miss Chantry, and my heart misgave me, remembering her brother's prolonged lament at separation from her.

He was, I trusted, already shut into one of those public beds which are like cupboards; for the day had begun for us at three of the morning. But if he chose to show himself, and fall upon De Chaumont for luxurious conveyance to Paris, I was determined that Skenedonk and I should not appear. I wronged my poor master, who told me afterward he watched thru a crack of the cupboard bed with his heart in his mouth

The pause was a very short one, for horses are soon changed. Madame de Ferrier threw a searching eye over the landscape. It was a mercy she did not see the hole in the grenier, thru which I devoured her, daring for the first time in all her secretly—Eagle—the name that De Chaumont used with common freedom! Now how strange is this—that one woman should be to a man the sum of things! And what was her charm I could not tell, for I began to understand there were many beautiful women in the world, of all favors, and shapely perhaps as the one of my love. Only her I found drawing the soul out of my body; and none of the others did more than please the eye like pictures.

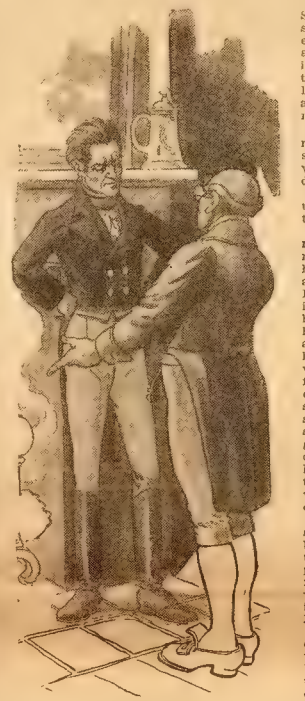
The carriages were gone with the sun, and it was no wonder all fell gray over the world.

De Chaumont had sailed behind us, and he would be in Paris long before us.

I had first felt some uneasiness, and dread of being arrested on our journey; tho our Breton captain—who was a man of gold that I would travel far to see this day, if I could, even beneath the Atlantic, where he and his ship now float—obtained for us at Dieppe, on his own pledge, a kind of substitute for passports. We were a marked party, by reason of the Doctor's lameness and Skenedonk's appearance. The Oneida, during his former sojourn in France, had been encouraged to preserve the novelty of his Indian dress. As I had nothing to give him in its place it did not become me to find fault. And he would have been more conspicuous with a cocked hat on his bare red scalp, and knee breeches instead of buckskins. Peasants ran out to look at him, and in return we looked at them with a good will.

We reached the very barriers of Paris, however, without falling into trouble. And in the streets were so many men of so many nations that Skenedonk's attire seemed no more bizarre than the turbans of the East or the white burnous of the Arab.

It was here that Skenedonk took his role as guide, and stalked thru narrow crooked streets, which by comparison



"I'm English!"

made New York, my first experience of a city, appear a plain and open village.

I do not pretend to know anything about Paris. Some spots in the mystic labyrinth stand out to memory, such as that open space where the guillotine had done its work, the site of the Bastile, and a long street leading from the place of the Bastile, parallel with the river; and this I have good reason to remember. It is called Rue St. Antoine. I learned well, also, a certain prison, and a part of the ancient city called Faubourg St. Germain. One who can strike obscure trails in the wilderness of nature may blunt his fine instincts on the wilderness of man.

This did not befall the Indian. He took a bee line upon his old tracks, and when the place was sighted we threaded what seemed to be a rivulet between cliffs, for a moist depressed street-center kept us straddling something like a gutter, while with outstretched hands we could brace the opposite walls.

We entered a small court, where a gruff man, called a concierge, having a dirty kerchief around his head, received us doubtfully. He was not the concierge of Skenedonk's day. We showed him coin; and Dr. Chantry sat down in his chair and looked at him with such contempt that his respect increased.

The house was clean, and all the stairs we climbed to the roof were well scoured. From the mansard there was a beautiful view of Paris, with forest growth drawing close to the heart of the city. For on that side of the world men dare not murder trees, but are obliged to respect and cherish them.

My poor master stretched himself on a bed by the stooping wall, and in disgust of life and great pain of feet, begged us to order a pan of charcoal and let him die the true Parisian death when that is not met on the scaffold. Skenedonk said to me in Iroquois that Dr. Chantry was a sick old woman who ought to be hidden some place to die, and it was his opinion that the blessing of the church would absolve us. We could then make use of the pouch of coin to carry on my plans.

My plans were more ridiculous than Skenedonk's. His at least took sober shape, while mine were still the wild emotions of a young man's mind. Many an hour I had spent on the ship, watching the foam speed past her side, trying to foresee my course like hers in a trackless world. But it seemed I must wait alertly for what destiny was making mine.

We paid for our lodgings, three commodious rooms, tho in the mansard; my secretary dragging himself to sit erect with groans and record the increasing debt of myself and my servant.

"Come, Skenedonk," I then said. "Let us go down to the earth and buy something that Dr. Chantry can eat."

That benevolent Indian was quite as ready to go to market as to abate human nuisances. And Dr. Chantry said he could almost see English beef and ale across the Channel; but translated into French they would, of course, be nothing but poulet and sour wine. I pillowed his feet with a bag of down which he had kicked off his bed, and Skenedonk and I lingered along the paving as we had many a time lingered thru the woods. There were book stalls a few feet square where a man seemed smothered in his own volumes; and victual shops where you could almost feed yourself for two or three sous; and people sitting outdoors drinking wine, as if at a general festival. I thought Paris had comfort and prosperity—with hereditary kings overthrown and an upstart in their place. Yet the streets were dirty, with a smell of ancientness that sickened me.

We got a loaf of bread as long as a staff, a pat of butter in a leaf, and a bottle of wine. My servant, tho unused to squaw labor, took on himself the porterage of our goods, and I pushed from street to street, keenly pleased with the novelty, which held somewhere in its volatile ether the person of Madame de Ferrier.

Skenedonk blazed our track with his observant eye, and we told ourselves we were searching for Dr. Chantry's beef. Being the unburdened hunter, I undertook to scan cross places, and so came unexpectedly upon the Rue St. Antoine, as a man told me it was called, and a great hurrahing that filled the mouths of a crowd blocking the thorofare.

"Long live the Emperor!" they shouted.

The man who told me the name of the street, a baker all in white, with his tray upon his head, objected contemptuously.

"The Emperor is not in Paris; he is in Boulogne."

"You never know where he is—he is here—there—everywhere!" declared another workman, in a long dark garment like a hunting-shirt on the outside of his small clothes.

"Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

I pushed forward as two or three heavy coaches checked their headlong speed, and officers parted the crowd.

"There he is!" admitted the baker behind me. Something struck me in the side, and there was Bellenger, the potter, a man I thought beyond the seas in America. His head as I saw it that moment put the Emperor's head out of my mind. He had a knife, and tho he had used the handle, I foolishly caught it and took it from him. With all his strength he then pushed me so that I staggered against the wheel of a coach.

"Assassin!" he screamed; and then Paris fell around my ears.

If anybody had seen his act, nobody refrained from joining in the cry.

"Assassin! Assassin! To the lamp post with him!"

I stood stupefied and astonished as an owl blinking in the sunshine, and two guards held my collar. The coaches lashed away, carrying the man of destiny—as I have since been told he called himself—as rapidly as possible, leaving the victim of destiny to be bayed at by that many-headed dog, the mongrel populace of Paris.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. You will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

"I Want You to Know Who Killed You."

THAT is the message which Pietro, brother of Black Tony, wrote when he discovered than Tony was dead. Tony was the most resourceful and cruel of men, but between him and his brother there was a strong tie and beside the dying man's bed Pietro registered a very solemn and terrible whispered oath—one of the oaths which mark the feuds and vendettas of Sicily—and the message followed. Scarlett Radford, detective, laughed when he got it. Hapsburg Liebe, creator of Scarlett Radford, tells a detective story in a most unusual way and the one about Black Tony's brother, in the Ledger next week, is no exception. It is called "The Little Mafia."

Scarlett Radford, Detective

His Lady Assistant

By Hapsburg Liebe

Thrilling account of the clever team work of a famous detective and his quick-witted girl assistant

OLD PETER stepped backward, rubbed his wrinkled black hands delightedly, and grinned after his own particular fashion of grinning

"Lawd's sakes, Massa Radfo'd! I ain' nebbah seed yo' dressed so swell befo'! Yo' sho' looks p'int-blank like yo's jest popped outen a bandbox!"

Scarlett Radford surveyed himself in his dresser's mirror, was satisfied with his attire, and turned to smile good-naturedly at his aged servant. He had asked his new lady assistant, Eleanor Day, to be permitted to take her out to a Shakespearean play that evening, and she had accepted the invitation. Radford looked at his watch, then caught up his hat and his gloves and hastened out of his rooms and toward the elevator. He was due at Miss Day's hotel in just four minutes, and the thing he hated above all other trivial things was to be unpunctual. Fortunately for him, her hotel was only a block from his.

The sleuth was much pleased with the manner in which Eleanor had run the very shrewd counterfeiter Villareal to earth, thereby carrying out the greatest work of her lamented detective father's life. He believed she was going to prove valuable as an assistant, and he was trying to deepen his acquaintance with her now that work was not pushing him.

Radford was exactly a minute late, to his chagrin, and he couldn't find Miss Day! She was not in her rooms. The clerk had not seen her come down shortly before, and bellhops and elevator boys were sure that she had not been downstairs for more than an hour.

This brought a puzzled look to Radford's countenance. He at once sought the hotel's high light.

"There's something wrong here, Tomlinson," he whispered. He knew the proprietor personally, and he enjoyed Tomlinson's esteem.

The proprietor eyed Radford closely. He was somewhat amused at the sleuth's sudden anxiety. The truth of the matter was that Radford already liked Eleanor Day far more than he realized—and she was worthy of it.

"Perhaps we'd better go to her rooms and look for clews to her disappearance, since you're so sure," suggested Tomlinson.

"By all means," same the hasty reply.

Together they entered the lift, and soon stepped out of it on the second floor. None of Miss Day's rooms were locked, and they walked in. The lights were on. Radford walked to a window that opened upon a fire-escape. Caught on the window-ledge he found a short length of pale-brown thread; he took it up and examined it, after which he turned to Tomlinson.

"She went out by this window," he declared. "And she went since she dressed for the theater. You see, she wears lavender a good deal, because she like, it and because it is becoming to her. Trust a woman to know what is becoming to her, Tomlinson. But let's see whether I can't find still another clew."

He looked the room over, and he examined several yards of the fire-escape by means of a pocket flashlight; but, search as he would, he found nothing else that was of value to him.

Scarlett Radford hastened alone to the side street, but no sign was there to tell him which way she had gone. No man ever had leaped at a more blind trail than this. Then Radford went into communication with police headquarters by telephone, and requested that officers here and there over the entire city be ordered to keep an eye out for the missing girl. This done, he returned to his rooms to try to work out an explanation of the mystery.

As he reasoned, he paced the floor What, he asked himself over and over, was the motive in the stealing away of Eleanor, if she had been spirited away? And he could not believe that she had gone of her own accord; surely, she would have left some message behind her.

But the Villareals and their butler and Black Tony were safe with the police, and no other person in New Orleans held anything against her. There were, it was true, straggling members of broken river gangs who would not hesitate to deprive him of his assistant purely as a matter of avengement, and they would go to extreme ends to do it; however, no man of those gangs knew that Miss Day was to be taken on as his assistant.

He strolled down to the lobby and bought a handful of cigars. Just as he bade the clerk good night and started for the elevator, his old servant Peter hurried up to him with a strange telephone number.

"De gemman says to call him de minit yo' comes in," said Peter.

Radford hastened to his rooms. There he sat down beside his telephone and picked up the receiver; he was hoping against hope that it was some news of Eleanor.

A much worried masculine voice came over the wire: "This is John Delavan, Mr. Radford. I wish to employ you immediately. Please—don't refuse! May I see you at once?"

"What does it concern?" asked the detective.

"It concerns a valuable necklace——"

"Sorry," Radford interrupted, "but I am already employed, and that with a most important case——"

But Delavan had already broken connection; he was even then hurrying toward the sleuth's hotel.

"The nerve of the man!" growled Radford, when, shortly afterward, Delavan rapped at his door.

For he had no possible way of knowing, of course, that it had to do with the thing that had brought about the sudden disappearance of Eleanor

"Enter," called Radford.

The door swung inward, and a handsome, quietly-dressed man of not more than 25 stepped across the threshold. He seemed to be suffering an acute mental anguish. Immediately the detective knew that with his visitor some thing greater than a necklace was at stake.

Radford rose and shook hands with him, and Delavan half collapsed into a convenient chair. The detective, too, sat down.

"I'll hurry thru with it," began Delavan. "Confidences, I understand, are inviolate with you. I began as office boy with the Batesford Cotton Brokerage Company, and worked myself up to the position of right-hand man to old J. K. Batesford. Two years ago I fell in love with the Batesfords' one daughter, Beatrice, and she with me; you've seen her picture in the society pages, I know. A few weeks ago Beatrice's parents showed me that their hearts were in the proper place by giving their permission to our wedding. You may have seen the announcement

"Trustworthiness has been my motto, Mr. Radford. It has been almost my religion. The Batesfords believe in me. Now, listen——

"There was in the Batesford family an old emerald necklace that every eldest daughter for two hundred years has worn at her marriage and inherited at her marriage. That necklace is a beautiful thing; it is valued at seven thousand dollars, and its sentimental value is many times as great. There is a pretty old superstition connected with it. It is supposed to bring health and wealth and happiness to the eldest daughter. Well, Mrs. Batesford took it out of their dining-room safe in the early evening to see whether it needed any attention for the wedding, and she discovered the fact that the catch was weak

"I had spent a part of the afternoon with Beatrice," Delavan continued, "and Mrs. Batesford gave me the necklace to carry to her jeweler for repair. It was in its case, and I slipped the case into my coat pocket. I alighted from a car a block from Redding's, which is just two blocks from here, and then I had it safe. When I reached Redding's, it was gone. Don't you see, Mr. Radford, the losing of that old treasure is an unforgivable thing? I want you to find it, if it is humanly possible. You can see what it means to me if it isn't found quickly. Man, I tell you it will mean all of life to me!"

"I can appreciate your position. I am indeed sorry for you," said Scarlett Radford. "But at present I have a vastly more important work——"

A rap at the door interrupted him. It was the hotel clerk, and beside him was a dirty-faced boy in tatters.

"Here's a river ragamuffin who insisted on seeing you, Mr. Radford," smiled the clerk. "He wouldn't be turned away, sir."

Radford was always expecting the unexpected; there was never any telling when or where one was going to find both news and clews.

"Come in, boy," he invited.

The river rat entered Radford's reception-room, and the clerk withdrew and closed the door behind him. The newcomer advanced awkwardly to a point within a yard of the sleuth.

"She said you'd pay me," the rat whined. "She said she didn't happen to have any money with her——"

Quicker than a flash a bank note went from Radford's white hand into the unclean fist of the boy. "Go on," snapped Radford.

The lad proceeded: "Well, as I was comin' up the lower wharf in the dark, a lady ketched my arm. 'Go to Hotel Crandall,' she whispers, 'and tell Scarlett Radford to come here quick,' she says. 'Tell him it's jewelry. And tell him to get a man and a launch and follow me down the river,' she says, 'and tell him to look out for signals.' Then she sneaks toward a big launch and I didn't see her no more."

The detective sprang to his feet, threw off his collar and tie, and put on a thin, dark raincoat, thrust an automatic and two pairs of manacles into his pockets and threw another automatic into the hands of the speechless Delavan.

"Come along," he said. "That must be your necklace, tho I haven't had time to figure out her manner of spotting it so easily. The lady the boy mentioned is my assistant."

Hurriedly the three of them went down to the street. There Radford hailed a taxi, and they were soon being driven rapidly toward the lower river-front.

When they reached the lower wharf the sleuth paid for the taxi and dismissed it, then he turned to the rat.

"Exactly where did you see the lady, son?" he asked

The boy knew the wharves as you do your hands; they were home to him.

"This is the way," he said, moving toward the dark river. "But the boat's gone that was there when I saw the lady, I see."

Radford caught Delavan's arm, and the two walked rapidly up the wharf. Soon they came upon a rakish-looking gasoline racer with brightly polished brass fittings and with all its electric lights burning; its owner was aboard it. Radford hallooed and had an immediate response. For a fair consideration, the owner of the little Seminole was willing to take them anywhere on the river. The detective and John Delavan sprang aboard; the engines began their smothered staccato, and the nose of the rakish-looking craft was turned into the current.

"Put on all speed," the man-hunter ordered, "and keep her in mid-stream."

Then he and Delavan went to the narrow bows and stood there with their eyes on the alert for signals from Miss Day.

"Since this is by far the fastest boat of the two, we should overtake them within less than two hours," muttered Scarlett Radford. "I have an idea the thief is making for Littleton, a small port some distance down the river; he means, doubtless, to land at Littleton and make a clean getaway from there by rail. You see, Delavan, he can easily separate those emeralds and sell them safely in New York or Philadelphia; but he couldn't do it in New Orleans, where the stones are well known."

An hour and a half passed all too slowly. They had seen a few lights, but none of them winked once at them.

Then the two men standing in the bows of the Seminole saw three flashes, in quick succession, half a mile ahead.

"There!" exclaimed Radford. "That's the big launch that carries your necklace, I'll wager." And to himself he added, "What a very remarkable girl she is!"

He drew a strong flashlight from the pocket of his raincoat, and answered the signal. Immediately, to his surprise, he read on the launch ahead words in the heliograph code! Miss Day herself had a pocket electric, and she had hidden herself behind two barrels in the launch's stern.

"Let me do the thinking," heliographed Eleanor. "They may see you and get suspicious. Emerald necklace worth a king's ransom. Man and woman have it. Have manner of servants; would call them imitation English. Man armed and determined. Destination of launch is Littleton; mean to take train from there Have told boatman false story, he won't——"

Suddenly the flashes stopped, and immediately afterward the lights aboard the big launch went out.

"Boatman won't—won't fight, I take it," judged Radford, and he was correct. Then he straightened and gripped his companion's arm.

"They've discovered her!" he exclaimed "Delavan, they've discovered her and her signaling, and we've got to make more speed! There's hardly a doubt that they'll throw her overboard—you see, they'd do that to delay us, if not to put the girl entirely out of the way!"

He immediately ordered the Seminole ahead under every ounce of power her engines would develop, and the racer picked up somewhat. Then he ordered the lights of the Seminole all out, and this order also was obeyed immediately

"A lady ketch my arm."

A revolver shot from the launch.

and without question. The craft's owner recognized authority in Scarlett Radford's voice.

A minute after the lights of the racer were put out, a series of flashes came from the surface of the dark and sluggish river some four hundred yards ahead, and it was the timely distress signal of the sea——

"S. O. S.! S. O. S.!" Fortunately, Eleanor's electric was waterproof.

"Yes, they've thrown her overboard!" groaned Radford. "If she can only swim until we can reach her!"

As he finished speaking, he winked his own flashlight and sent to the girl struggling in the water a message which bade her keep up hope.

The little flyer rushed on, with Radford directing its course thru the pitchy blackness. At least twice each minute Eleanor Day showed those aboard the Seminole her location on the surface of the river by means of a flash from her serviceable little electric. When the vessel ran up and stopped within twenty yards of her, both Delavan and the detective had thrown aside their coats and were ready to spring into the water and swim to her rescue.

But her half-laughing voice stopped them: "There's not the slightest need for you to get wet, Mr. Radford. I'm a first-class swimmer."

It came in such confident tones that neither man plunged in. Radford threw her a ray of light, and she swam the little distance easily, carrying her waterproof lamp in her hand. The sleuth helped her over the bow rail and put her on her feet. Just then there came a report from a revolver on the darkened launch ahead, and a bullet struck the water near them.

"Quick!" said Radford. "Let me help you to the cabin, Miss Day, and out of danger. We're closer to them than I'd been thinking."

He was eager to question Eleanor as to how it had happened that she had found out about the stolen necklace, but there wasn't time then. He saw her safe behind pillows and cushions in the tiny cabin, ordered the small craft started again, hastened to the bow and halted beside the watching Delavan.

"I hear her exhaust now," said Delavan, a few minutes later. "Listen!"

Radford also heard it, and it was, he noted, steadily becoming plainer.

"We had best sneak ahead of them, I think," he muttered, "and let them catch us without knowing it—they can't hear the exhaust of these engines because of the exhaust of their own, you see. Then we can board them from the bow and take them unawares; eh, Delavan?"

"That seems best to me, sir," said Delavan.

It was done very neatly. The man and the woman, who were watching from the stern of the larger and slower vessel, knew nothing of it until irons had been deftly snapped about their wrists! John Delavan proved to be quite capable and resourceful in that quick minute's work.

The necklace passed once more into Delavan's hands. Another second, and lights shone aboard the Mabry, also the owner of the Seminole pushed in his light switch. Both vessels had been stopped there in mid-stream, and Miss Day nimbly climbed aboard the bigger craft. Delavan went close to the handcuffed man and woman, jerked himself up straight and uttered an exclamation of surprise:

"Why, it's the Batesfords' butler and his wife!" Then he stepped to Radford and whispered: "It will tangle matters terribly for me if they are tried for this, not because they are the Batesfords' butler and his wife, but because of the nature of the case itself. Don't you see, Mr. Radford? What am I to do about it?"

Radford smiled, called Eleanor Day to him, and put the entire matter before her in a series of whispers.

"It is your own case," he finished. "Do with it as you see fit to do with it."

"Then if it is my own case, better let the butler and his wife go, I think," smiled Eleanor. "We can't spoil Mr. Delavan's love affair, of course," this in a tone so low that the prisoners did not hear. She went on: "And if it's my own case to this extent, I choose to present my charges for this night's work to Mr. Delavan as a wedding gift!" And here Radford nodded.

Delavan seized their hands, tried to thank them and felt that he couldn't.

When the Mabry and the Seminole were running under full power for the great city on the river above, Eleanor Day told her employer how it had happened that she had managed to get a line on the stolen necklace so early.

"The butler," she said, "must have known that Mr. Delavan was going to take it to the jeweler's. I was standing at my window, watching for you, and I saw the necklace snatched from Mr. Delavan's pocket. There wasn't time for anything but to pick up a flashlight and steal down the fire escape; I would have lost sight of the thief if I had done anything more than that. He went rapidly, and I hadn't a chance to have a policeman stop him. I followed him to the almost deserted river-front, where his wife met him. She had to see the necklace, of course, and that's when I first saw it. They went toward this launch, a small boy came along, and I sent him to you with the message. Then I stole aboard the launch and hid myself behind two barrels in the stern, and—you know the rest of it."

"It was splendid work," commented Scarlett Radford. "Splendid work."

Next week's story in this ingenious series will be entitled, "The Little Mafia." It is a strong and curious story. Read it.

FALL OPENINGS.

The girl who likes to talk threw down her bag and parcels and relaxed into the nearest chair with a great sigh.

"I'm dead," she announced cheerfully. "Every time I come home from the stores I'm deader than the last time—but I wouldn't miss going to those big openings unless somebody offered to pay me $1,000,000 for so depriving myself!"

"What did you buy?" hopefully asked the patient listener.

The girl who likes to talk shook her head reproachfully. "Nobody ever asks that kind of a question in regard to openings!" she said. Don't you know that a fall opening is a grown-up fairy tale, an occasion of glory and romance, and I don't know but that the women get heaps more fun out of it, working their imaginations as they have to, than if they could walk in and merely murmur, 'Charge and send.' It's the mental stimulation, the psychical uplift that counts.

"I'd hate to estimate the number of homes in this town where the breakfast dishes are left unwashed and the beds unmade and the living room scattered with last night's papers, cigar ashes and knitting because the fair chatelaine has hiked to the fall opening that was advertised the evening before. I saw her by the hundreds today and she certainly was having the time of her life. Sometimes she had little Johnny or Susie with her, yanked along by one hand, not in the least interested in the vast expanse of blue serge their small faces were crushed up against in the crowd.

"Whenever a woman has had too intimate a knowledge of cotton velvet hats, unhappy suits and bargain leather-crette shoes she always makes straight for the display window which shows the lady in the $800 ball gown. And why shouldn't she? It's better than a sermon for her. There was a marvelous one today in lavenders against a background all mauves and violets, blues and silvers. It was a dream of color.

"'I betchu I can do it!' said a voice in my ear. She was a little thing and her eyes were alight with determination. 'Now you lookit it, Hattie, and see how it's draped! It's just as simple. Only somehow I can't make out how they get it to curve around under the arms that way! Remember that pink brocade I got at the last sale? It's cotton back, but nobody'd ever know it! The color's just as good! And I can use the lace off my summer dress where that metal lace is on the figure and I don't have to have those tails trailing on the ground or the tulle stuff! I betchu it'll look exactly as good as this one!'

"'Can't you just see? It's a copy of a Paris gown,' she'll say to friend husband when she appears in it. 'You'll like it when you get used to it.' There won't be a thing to touch it at the dance tonight!' And there won't! Only somehow down in her anxious heart she'll have the feeling that her efforts aren't just the brilliant success she expected them to be and she doesn't know what is the trouble. But she's had her fun and her dress and all evening she'll have spells when she'll feel that she looks exactly like the lavender lady in the window against her silver and mauve and violet background.

"It's always the woman who has set out to spend $25 on a dining-room floor covering that you find glued to the window behind which gleams the $3,000 Chinese rug. She simply soaks up all that artful blend of color as tho she were a sponge and staggers away with her head and eyes so full of it that she sees it in everything shown her. 'Anyhow,' she will say to the head of the house as they survey their new purchase, 'it's got almost exactly the same colors that Chinese rug had! And sometimes when you look at it real quick from way off in the living room you could hardly tell!'

"Sometimes the reckless ones deliberately make pencil sketches of dresses and blouses, hats and lingerie that they intend to copy. The crowd always growls and joggles their elbows when they do this, for somehow it is the feeling in a fall opening crowd that anything you carry away except in your mind's eye isn't quite sporting. You see, there is a sort of etiquette goes with the affair! And it is awfully hard to remember whether the tucks on the bias were the trimming on a hat or that velvet skirt that you fancied. Just now I am all bewildered myself. Something I saw today had something on it that was arranged in some way which was terribly new and to save my life I can't remember what it was!"

"Never mind," said the patient, listener, "remember, these are war times and if the effect you get suggests an after-the-battle picture you can charge it up to patriotism!"

FORCED COURTESY.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

IN COLD WEATHER.

I do not like this frosty air,
I shiver in my skin.
'Tis not because my blood is cold,
There ain't any coal in my bin.

Don't Avoid Corns
But Don't Keep Them

With dainty footwear, corns can hardly be avoided. But they matter little when you know the way to end them.

As soon as a corn starts, attach a Blue-jay and forget it. The corn will never pain. In two days, if it is a new corn, it will disappear. Sometimes old corns need a second application.

It is almostas simple as removing a dirt spot. Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. It fits the toe like a glove. When you remove it—in 48 hours—the whole corn is done for. Blue-jay is a scientific method. A noted chemist invented it, and a famous laboratory prepares it.

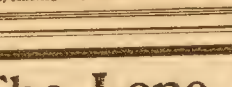
It is not mussy, it is not harsh. It centers action on the corn alone, so it doesn't lead to soreness. And it is sure. No corn can resist it. Its millions of users have no dread of corns.

B&B Blue-jay Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

For your own sake, prove it on one corn. See how easily these kill-joys can be ended.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.* Chicago and New York

How Blue-jay Acts



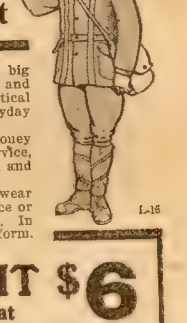
A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

The Lone Scout Outfit Costs Less
Than an Ordinary Suit



L-16

The Lone Scout Uniform, which has made such a big hit with thousands of boys thruout the United States and Canada, is made for Scout purposes and also for practical wear. It actually is two suits—a uniform and everyday suit—in one.

Our Lone Scout Uniform is made not only to save money for the boys and their parents, by giving double service, but also to give the boys a suit they will feel good in and be proud of.

It is not a play suit. You get better quality, longer wear in this than in any ordinary suit sold, at the same price or more. The color is a pleasing, distinctive sage green. In a few seconds the outfit is changed from suit to uniform. Good for all kinds of weather.

COMPLETE OUTFIT $6
Suit—Leggings—Haversack—Hat

The Lone Scout Sweater Coat, all wool, with Official Monogram, is $4.00 additional.

OUTFIT MAY BE BOUGHT IN PARTS, AS TOLLOWS:

Sizes 6 to 17 Years		Long Trousers	$3.50
Military Norfolk Coat	$2.75	Lone Scout Sweater Coat	4.00
Scout Pants	1.40		
Puttee Style Leggings, pair	.75	**Larger Sizes**	
Official Haversack	.75	Short Pants above size 17	$1.50
Lone Scout Hat	1.15	Coats above size 17	3.00

If you want us to prepay postage or express, find out amount and inclose with order
Shipping weight of complete outfit, including hat, is four pounds.

LONE SCOUT SUPPLY CO.,
512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
The Only Company That Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Equipment

The Disappointed Wolf

A Tale of Sharp Appetite

By Will Gage Carey

DISTASTEFUL as it is to me, I can see no way truthfully to relate events herewith to follow without seemingly to thrust my own individuality into the limelight. Still I do not pose as a hero; but I must adhere to facts. In doing so, I may, perhaps, make it appear to some that the part played by myself in the little drama is given undue prominence—too much stage center. Oh, well!

Briefly, this was the situation at Dawson's Dells and environments just one year ago this winter. Here, there, everywhere snow lay piled up deep; the branches of the trees bowed low with the weight; fences along the highways were buried beneath the snowy mantle. The winter had been unusually severe. Never had such cold been known before in the memory of Dawson's Dells' oldest inhabitant.

At that time I was living in the home of my uncle, the Baron Von Sledgvick, in a great stone structure resembling an ancient fortress or castle more than a modern domicile, and situated on a high eminence about two miles from Dawson's Dells. My uncle, the Baron, still held to the traditions, to the manner of living he had known quarter of a century before upon the banks of the Rhine.

Our nearest neighbor—and, in fact only neighbor—lived a mile or so due west from us, and about equal distance from Dawson's Dells as the big Castle Sledgvick. This neighboring family—the O'Reillys—consisted of a widow and five daughters, very estimable people—especially the youngest daughter, Kitty.

I may say at once that Kitty and I were engaged; or, at any rate, considered ourselves engaged. My uncle had forbidden me to have anything to do with the O'Reilly family; threatening even to cut me, his heir, off entirely if I persisted in mixing. He had no use for them; but, for that matter, the widow and her five daughters were not what you might call crazy about uncle! Needless to say, Kitty and I didn't let a little thing like that bother us to any extent; tho it made active courtship both awkward and inconvenient. No matter.

Now enter the other participants in our little drama—the Wolves of Vadeni!

Just back of the Castle Sledgvick lay an immense forest—dark, sinister, forbidding—the Vadeni Forest. From this forest came down great, tawny wolves to prey upon the scattered settlements adjacent to Dawson's Dells.

Know now, by the term "Wolves of Vadeni" was meant not all the wolves which sheltered within the shadowy depths of that forest—far from it. The phrase applied to thirteen only; twelve, and a lordly leader—Dunkelheit—so named from a blotch of black which fell like a sable mantle over his gigantic shoulders, encircling his shaggy throat and monstrous head, parting only at the forehead where blazed a star, radiant and silver-white. These twelve—and Dunkelheit—were a caste, a coterie apart, remote, distinct from other marauding denizens of darkened depths.

In guile and greed, in subtle stratagem, in audacious and persistent plundering, this band surpassed all others; compared with them other wolves sank into shabby disregard and paltry insignificance. Howling, rioting, swaggering Things of Evil; unhallowed, uncanny in their inherent immunity from death and danger—the Wolves of Vadeni!

With this severest winter ever known in our vicinity, Dunkelheit's band became even more ravenous and daring than ever before. Worst of all, they took up a position midway between Castle Sledgvick and the humble abode of Kitty O'Reilly. This not only prevented me getting over to see Kitty; it prevented the O'Reilly family from getting to Dawson's Dells for food supplies!

Why did not the men of the neighborhood band together, arm, and drive off this troublesome clan of savage marauders? Sounds easy enough; but with the ground covered so deep with snow, the ferocity and cunning of the wolves combined to make such a maneuver impossible. Each day then, I grew more hungry for a sight of Kitty, and the O'Reilly family more hungry for a sight of good, solid food again. Still old Dunkelheit and his gang of ravishers stuck to the job—howling, starving, but persistent.

From an upper window of the castle it was my habit, especially since this stage of veritable siege, to gaze across the wastes of snow thru a telescope, watching for signals from Kitty's window, for we had a code by which we could communicate; at night we signaled by lights.

Thru this powerful glass I could make out objects and outlines over at Kitty's quite distinctly. At one time I could even see a great snowy owl that, day after day, during the severest weather, used to perch on a little sheltered coping just above Kitty's window. Finally, I got so that I watched for this great owl almost as I did for the signals. Then, one day as I saw it thru my glass, perched in solemn, tho (as it turned out) misplaced trust, in its accustomed place, an arm reached out from the window and, amidst a great flutter and flapping of wings, yanked the snowy owl within. An hour later I caught Kitty's cheery signal: "Have just dined!"

Now, when a family like the O'Reilly's has to come down to eating owl omelet, or snowy owl a la fricassee, it's high time something should be done to help them, is it not? It seemed so to me.

I hunted up an old family servant named Vasili; to him I confided my intention of doing something to relieve the situation over at the O'Reilly's, cost what it might. I pictured to him their misery and distress over there; and little Kitty sinking her pearly teeth into the leathery ligaments of a snowy owl! I thought I saw just a suggestion of a wink in his left eye as I mentioned the name Kitty; I may have been mistaken; in one as old as Vasili the facial muscles play odd pranks. At any rate, he offered to help me.

"Come with me, Kid," he said, in a fervid stage whisper. "I'm wise; I'll say nothing to the Baron about this 'Kitty' person, and I have a plan I think we can slip over on your baronial uncle!"

I followed him up a winding stairway, thence thru dark, narrow passages leading to a remote wing of the castle. At length he stopped before a high, oaken door, produced a key, turned the rusty lock and entered. It was a large, high-vaulted chamber wherein I had never been up to that moment. The air was close and musty. The only light filtered in thru one small, narrow window, placed up near the ceiling.

For a moment, until my eyes became accustomed to the surroundings, I could make out little. Gradually I discerned trophies of the chase hanging upon the walls—a boar's head with monstrous tusks, the spreading antlers of a stag, spears and lances in profusion. With these, however, Vasili had naught to do. Making his way slowly thru the dimness and confusion of ancient heraldry trappings, he crossed over to a low table upon which rested two prostrate figures, the shadowy outlines of which resembled in a manner most startling—human forms! In reality, they were but two suits of heavy armor, complete from helmet down. Vasili began dusting them off in a most businesslike way.

He was sitting on his haunches.

"Be quick now, master," he said, as he worked. "We are each to don a suit of mail!"

"Enough of this!" I exclaimed. "We have no time for such nonsense, man. Has madness seized upon you, Vasili?"

"Aye, madness!" he answered. "All men are mad who love—or who serve a man in love!"

"Yes, but——"

"And yet it strikes me that this present 'madness' of mine is the only real glimmering bit of good sense to be pulled since the siege began."

"Your idea, then?"

"If we go to the aid of helpless maidens in distress as did the knights of old, should we not be attired as were they?"

"But this is a different case, entirely."

"Mebbe; but all the same, these iron B. V. D.'s of Sir Knight Reginald de Swat—or whatever his name was—are going to come in mighty handy this present first day of March, year of our Lord!"

"But how?"

"Say, Kid, is your backbone all placed in you from your neck up? Don't you see, tho clad in these armor-plate union suits, there ain't any wolf going to take a swift bite out of our anatomy? Get me?"

I reached over and grasped his hand.

"I believe you've hit it, ol' timer," I said, "and yet, encumbered with this heavy armor, gauntlets and all, we could not arm ourselves, nor wield a weapon of any sort to defend ourselves."

"We won't need to; we're neutral, see! If Dunkelheit and his bunch start something, why, let 'em. We'll be outside the castle, and safely so; that's what's wanted, ain't it? After that—well, then it's up to you; put over whatever coup you can."

For a moment I remained in silent thought.

"Vasili," I said at length, "I've got a plan."

"Shoot 'er, Kid."

"Once we get outside the castle in these suits——"

"Yes—yes."

"I'll go at once to the O'Reillys."

"Of course."

"You—you go down to Dawson's Dells and bring me back half a dozen coils of fine copper wire, understand?"

"Not fully, no."

Then I explained to him just what my plan was; he agreed with me that it was a clever and practical idea. We began putting on the suits.

"One thing more I would ask, Vasili," I said. "Answer me that and I will gladly fall in with your scheme and bless you the balance of my days if we succeed. But tell me this: Stalking about in these ridiculous suits, how are we to avoid being seen by the servants, or the Baron, when we leave the castle?"

"I have arranged for that," he replied readily. "I know a way thru the wine-cellar to a passageway opening out into the shrubbery of the back garden. Leave that to me, and have no fear on that account. And now let us haste, master, or verily the maiden will die of old age before we ever get started to her relief."

* * * * * *

I am no small man, but if ever an ancient knight wore the suit I now found myself cased up in, he must have been a heavyweight for fair! It was heavy. It cut into my ankles, and also into my back where it rested against my shoulderblades. The lower inside part of the helmet came about to a level with my nose, which, to avoid being rubbed, I carried well tilted. This gave to my bearing a certain superciliousness and a general air of arrogance and defiance I was far from feeling. Still, even with my aches and pains, I was convulsed with laughter when I peeked thru my helmet bars at Vasili. He looked about as much like a knight of old as a prince looks like a pauper; bent over, slow-moving, his old legs forming an arch as tho he had been riding a horse, and the animal had slid out from under him, leaving the erstwhile rider's legs still in the same relative and rounded position.

We got outside the castle unseen, and started forth. The soft snow clung to our feet, with ever-increasing chunks; we had to stop frequently to knock off this impediment by striking our steel heels together. I looked back at the castle. High up on the stone balustrade glistened a small brass cannon which had rested there for well-nigh a quarter of a century.

"Vasili," I said, "strange we didn't think ever to use that cannon on old Dunkelheit and his band sometime when they came loping by——"

"The Baron did think of it, son. We even went so far as to put in a charge of powder; but we had no ball to put down against the charge, no lead with which to make slugs, even. The Baron has often wished for ammunition for this cannon, and yet has failed to provide any fearing the ridicule of his neighbors, the O'Reillys, perhaps. But all that ain't what's grieving me now——"

"What is then?"

"The thought that, after all this preparation, the Wolves of Vadeni might fail to attack us!"

I laughed at the old knight's ardor. "Vasili," I said, "even tho clad in double armor, surrounded with a battery of Gatling guns, I would welcome no sight of the Wolves of Vadeni charging down upon——"

At that instant they came!

Howling, snarling, yelping with savage fury, they surged around us; they threw their mighty weight against us; we toppled over like two squat steel towers, and lay face downward in the snow. We felt them tearing and scratching against us; then the howls changed to a chorus of whines. Peeking out cautiously I caught a glimpse of old Dunkelheit. He was sitting up on his great haunches, an expression of chagrin and bewilderment upon his face which was comical to see! It seemed almost as if he were thinking to himself:

"I've had a lot of tough nuts to crack in my time, but never have I been up against a couple of such hard cases as you two!"

The wolves got around in a circle, their red tongues lolling from their dripping jaws; they seemed in consultation, dejected and nearly overcome with mortification. Silently, one by one, they began slinking away, until at length old Dunkelheit alone remained. The old warrior hated to give in, to admit he was beaten; but he had to come to it, and finally he, too, slunk away, his bushy tail between his legs. From that day the Wolves of Vadeni disappeared from mortal ken.

Vasili hastened on down to Dawson's Dells, and I went on my way to see Kitty O'Reilly and her family. Needless to say, they received me with open arms. In an hour, Vasili joined me again, bringing back the copper wire. That afternoon we made a wire overhead trolley connecting the widow's house with Dawson's Dells; on this a little basket could be sent back and forth at any time. The supply problem for the long-hungering O'Reillys was ended! Also, I made a similar contrivance connecting the widow's abode with the castle. When I parted with Kitty that night she said radiantly: "Tomorrow morning I will send you over on the trolley a little basket of biscuits—biscuits which I shall make myself!"

I awaited the basket from Kitty with eager impatience the following morning. Finally I saw it speeding along over the snow. It reached my window; I took it in; yes, the biscuits were inside, baked by my own little Kitty! I took them to my uncle, the Baron Sledgvick.

"See, uncle," I said, handing him the

basket. "Kitty O'Reilly has sent you over something she has made with her own hands, see, a fine batch of b——'

"Of bullets!" he exclaimed, joyously, weighing one in his hand. "A most charming and welcome gift! She must have divined I needed just such as these to load my cannon with——"

"But, uncle——"

"Don't say a word, nephew—it's all right; everything's all right! When a girl is thoughtful enough to do a thing like that for me—why, I'm for her strong! A precious and needed gift!" And he tottered away, carrying the basket of biscuit slugs with him.

Was he stringing me? I confess I don't know. Perhaps, all the time, he wanted me to marry Kitty—only made a bluff at objecting, well knowing that such objections always make the lovers the more persistent and determined.

Anyhow, Kitty and I were married the following month. We live with uncle at Castle Sledgvick; and as her sisters and mother are in touch with us much of the time, it helps to brighten up things wonderfully around the old place.

I think my uncle, the Baron, is secretly making love to Mrs. O'Reilly; perhaps, that is why he welcomed the biscuits—and Kitty. He is a sly fox; but he doesn't seem to be winning out with the widow. She seems quite smitten with—Vasili!

Yes, that was a year ago; the beginning of true life and happiness for me. A great day—a great day!

What They Endured

The Hyde Park man carefully lighted his cigar with the help of his friend from Woodlawn. He took three severe puffs before he spoke. "Sometimes," he said, "I wish that Imogene had never been taught to read! If women would be content to decorate our pathway instead of trying to cast illumination down it, how fair would life be! Imogene is always trying something new. She says that it lends variety to our existence, but as for me I never was crazy about keeping lightly from experience to experience!"

"Give us the second verse," the Woodlawn man besought.

"I was fat and happy the day Imogene sprung Karelling on me," explained the Hyde Park man. "My waistbelt was tighter than usual, but I descended in a pleasant state of anticipation to breakfast, because I seemed to remember something about hot biscuit and fresh honey being mentioned by the cook the night before as a change from marmalade and toast. I've been fond of honey ever since I ate it in Switzerland and tried to send a cargo home and nearly spoiled the Atlantic Ocean by doing so, not realizing how runny the stuff was!

"Well, there was no honey or biscuit or coffee or anything that a human being has been taught to regard as food. When I inquired in shocked tones whether the cook had died suddenly, Imogene turned on me the beaming smile which always presages a crisis in our family. She said she was determined to make me fair, young and beautiful once more and incidentally become a sylph herself. She told me the papers were full of this Karelling and we mustn't fall behind. It seems that Karell was a court physician to some king who liked milk and wanted to reduce his weight, so Karell naturally told him the best way to reduce was to abandon all food but milk, and to drink a glassful five times a day, losing anywhere from two to fifty pounds a day by doing so. Imogene added that at first we should only try it for two days a week—and there was my nice glass of milk, and for Heaven's sake, are you going to have a fit, or anything?

"I drank the milk and sat down to think it over, but somehow the world seemed all wrong. I had never got thru breakfast so quickly before. I felt constantly as tho I must have forgotten something and couldn't think what it was. 'Remember,' Imogene said when she bade me good-by, 'drink a glassful at 11 and 2 and 5—and keep your mind off food and you'll be all right! Whenever you feel yourself faltering, just hunt up a mirror and take a profile view of yourself—your waist line is a fright!'

"I've had an ulcerated tooth, a bank failure and have been in love in my life, but I never had anything so fully insist on occupying my attention as this milk diet. All the time till 11 o'clock I spent thinking about that glass of sustenance I was to have then—and as soon as 11 had passed I began counting the minutes till 2. It was not that I was exactly hungry, but I felt lightheaded and queer, as tho part of me were missing.

"By afternoon I was thoroly down on the world. I was blue, weary of life, hollow.

"I staggered home at eventide a broken man. Imogene met me, pale but firm. 'Ain't it fierce?' I moaned and she clung to me and begged me to have courage. She had tried to go to sleep in order to forget her troubles, but her empty tummy wouldn't let her. Neither had it permitted her to work or sew or read or go visiting—all she could do was stay at home and think of her sufferings.

"There wasn't any dinner going on in the kitchen and the dining-room was dark. There was no need to hurry and get dressed, there was no need of doing anything—it was all done. I tried to read the paper and then it was only 6.30. It seemed shocking to realize what a festive and important occasion a real dinner was in the day. Imogene and I just sat around and gazed at each other pathetically.

"The hideous evening wore on and finally I hurled my hands to Heaven, offering to give a thousand dollars for a fried egg sandwich and a cup of coffee, and who was this fellow Karell anyhow? Imogene bounced to her feet about then and called back, as she tore to the kitchen, that of course it was perfectly dreadful, but it was her duty to see that I got what I wanted, and of course, I wouldn't want to eat alone, so she'd make a sandwich for herself, too, while she was about it. And anyhow the day was practically over.

"I haven't heard any more about Karelling since and I don't expect to. Not unless she reads of some new method of reducing on canary bird seed. Maybe that wouldn't be bad if they'd let you use cream and sugar with it!"

"Gee!" said the Woodlawn man nervously. "I'll take the newspapers away with me so my wife won't encounter that pitfall!"

* * *

Vicarious Martyr.

Probably there is no living human being who has endured torments like mine, for ever since my earliest childhood I have been a sufferer from indigestion. Not that I have ever had indigestion myself! Far from it! My organs are naturally sound; my tastes are temperate and simple; my food nourishes me and assimilates with proper speed and dignity. It is other people's food that causes me excruciating pain.

The trouble began with violent sick headaches when I had seen, perhaps, four summers. There would be a delicious pudding for dinner, with butter-and-sugar sauce, and I ate rice and milk, because mother knew rich desserts were injurious to little folk. But mother ate the pudding! And father ate the pudding! And Aunt Susie said she couldn't stand much of that sort of thing, but would try it, anyway, as long as mother insisted on having it on the table.

Then father would remark that one might as well die for a sheep as for a lamb, and he would have a little—just a little—more. The cook and my nurse had their share of the pudding, and I was the only creature in the house who was denied the taste. Then, of course, I had no dyspepsia; I felt well and full of energy. But did that do me any good? No!

I couldn't go anywhere because mother had a terrible sick headache; father didn't feel like moving, and growled that business cares were worrying him, tho they hadn't worried previous to the pudding. Aunt Susie was dissolving tablets in hot water three times in each ten minutes; the cook and nurse quarreled with each other and warned me to keep out of their way. I used to spend whole afternoons of misery on account of the pudding I didn't eat! And if it wasn't pudding it was apt to be pie or welsh rabbit or lobster that caused my anguish.

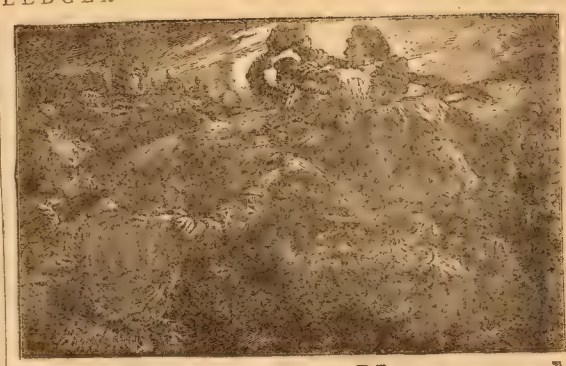
After I grew old enough to go to school my teachers had indigestion and it made my life unhappy. If the coffee had disagreed with one of them for breakfast she was sure to be very harsh with any little innocent prank I might play. I was kept in thru long, sunshiny hours, ostensibly because I couldn't learn the multiplication tables, but really on account of the teacher's acute heartburn. I was not old enough to be allowed coffee for my own breakfast, and yet I suffered injustice worse than the pangs that coffee causes.

When I outgrew the home regime I got married and started life on a different basis. I am very cautious about what I eat, knowing how indigestion can ruin happiness, and I carefully eschew all but the most wholesome food. But pretty soon my wife developed indigestion, and in that dark hour I lost hope.

I love my wife. I am supersympathetic and every throb of pain she feels reverberates thru my system. I offer the incense of mint and soda at her shrine. I spend my spare money on new patent preparations instead of on opera tickets, as I once fondly hoped to do. I sit up nights and listen shuddering to her moans.

I swear to myself that never, never will I touch food that can bring such dire results, and I don't touch it! But my wife does. When a spell is over and her system in good shape she tries just a little of that French pudding and then, with the nobly philosophic idea that it is better to be killed for a sheep than for a lamb, she eats a little more. Ad infinitum.

Indigestion, whether you have it or not, is the bane of one's existence. And it is worse when you don't have it than when you do.



The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

Our Government, never before so powerful, is working prodigiously in the preparation of armies and means of warfare. Throughout the nation there is a unity of purpose that is piling on the altar of liberty every personal ambition and corporate gain.

Mines, factories, farms, shipyards, the counting houses and shops of every industry are laboring day and night to supply the sinews of war.

The Bell System is co-operating to mobilize production, transportation and communication, and is using its every energy to speed up American defense.

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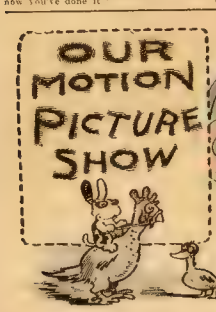
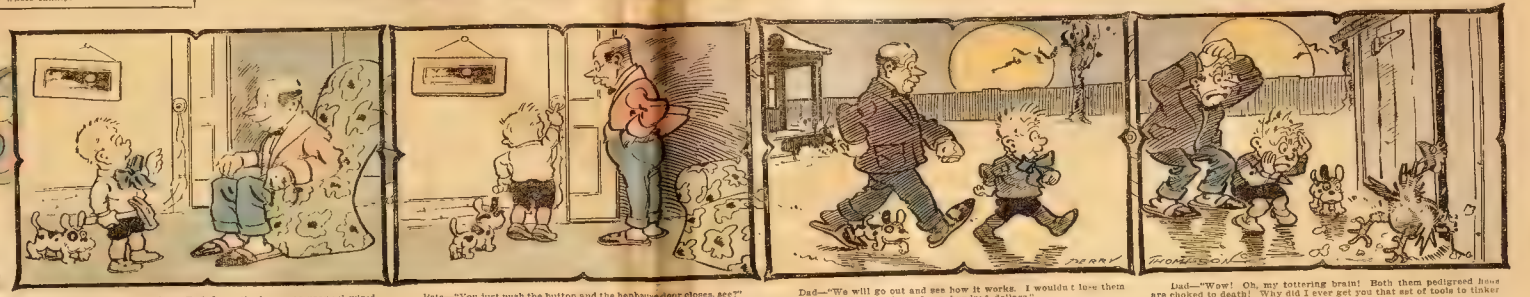
PETE'S PA GETS PEEVED





Inventive Pete—"See there, Dad, I got the henhouse door all wired up with a battery, so you don't have to go out and shut it every night. I'm certainly some skillful, ain't I?"

Pete—"You just push the button and the henhouse door closes, see?" Dad—"That is sure fine, Pete. You take after your Dad. You're highly intelligent."

Dad—"We will go out and see how it works. I wouldn't lose them two imported Siamese hens for a hundred dollars." Pete—"Oh, they'll be shut in all right."

Dad—"Wow! Oh, my tottering brain! Both them pedigreed hens are choked to death! Why did I ever get you that set of tools to tinker with, you blitherin' boob! Wow!"

He Knew Her.

Judge—Madam, have you anything to say?

Prisoner's Husband—"Lord, Judge, now you've done it!"

An Unlikely Event.

He—"If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?"

She—"Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family."

An Old-fashioned Girl.

"Did she give any reason for rejecting you?"

"Reason? No; that's the woman of it. Simply said she didn't love me."

Rarest of Words.

Poet—"I seek a phrase that shall express the joy of life in two words. Can you suggest anything?"

Unfeeling Friend—"Received payment."

Knew His Voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the entertainer, "having blindfolded my partner, I will now proceed to test her thought reading powers. I have in my hand an apple. Will you kindly tell the audience what it is that I am holding in my hand?"

"An apple."

"Correct. I have here a watch. Kindly tell the audience what I have."

"A watch."

"Up to right. You see, ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to catch her."

The entertainer produced a piece of wood and a saw, and commenced to saw vigorously.

"Kindly tell the audience what I am doing."

No reply.

"This is rather a difficult feat, ladies and gentlemen. I will try again. Can you tell me what I am doing?" said the entertainer, continuing his sawing.

"Yes, you are sleeping."

Loud applause.

DECORATING.

Painter's gone and gilded.
Father's newest hat!
Dare whoever lauded
What they call a flat!

O'ercrafty the mother
Serving breakfast chirrs
"Strange! Somehow or other
Coffee tastes like turps!"

Why a ruin garnish?
Decorate a waste?
Kitty's in the varnish!
Bubs is in the paste!

Leap from chair to table,
Spring from plank to bed,
Next week we'll be able
T' walk on floors, instead.

Workmen from the kitchen
Drive the raging cook
"But think how bewitchin',
Says mu, "'Tis! look!"

Only Joking.

A gigantic private was brought before his commanding officer one morning charged with being disorderly in the public street.

"Who makes the charge?" asked the colonel.

"I do, sir," replied a sergeant. "I was in the town last night, when I heard some one bellowing and roaring songs about 200 yards away. I went to the spot and saw the prisoner, Private Jones, singing at the top of his voice."

"And you could hear him 200 yards away?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what have you to say, Private Jones?" continued the colonel, turning to the prisoner.

"Please, sir," said Private Jones, "I was only 'umming'."

Laughter in Court.

A certain lad threw a large stone at the village constable one day, hitting him heavily on his helmet. The perpetrator of the outrage escaped detection and, on examining closely the missile which had struck him, the constable remembered seeing it lying on the window sill of a house, whose youthful occupant he forthwith charged with the assault.

"I experimented with the stone, your worship," the policeman explained in low court "and found that when I threw it at an old helmet of mine it made an exact a similar mark."

"But what good was that when your 'ead wasn't inside the 'elmet?" asked the suspect.

"Ask," retorted the triumphant officer, "I thought of that, and put a block of wood inside, just the same as if my head was there!"

Always Dey.

"Take a trip with me to Arizona, old chap, right of a litter of puppies in a window with a 'For Sale' sign above them. Good place to go!"

"I'd like to join you in a trip, but I have to save for a rainy day."

"Just the place for you, old fellow. We never have any rainy days there."

"Ah," retorted the triumphant officer, "I thought of that, and put a block of wood inside, just the same as if my head was there!"

Right Side.

Farmer—"On which side do you milk a cow?"

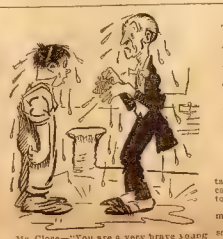
New Hand—"The outside, of course."

The Puppy That Hatched.

As a certain Illinois man was hurrying recently to catch a train he caught Knowing that his young brother was basket, and to prevent more trouble, the passenger placed it under the seat, with the remark that it contained fresh eggs. He feared that he might have to take the animal to the baggage car if the conductor knew what the basket contained.

In the middle of the night the conductor awakened him. "Guess your eggs hatched overnight, sir," he said.

The dog had got his feet thru the holes of the basket and walked down the center aisle of the train with the basket still around him.



Mr. Close—"You are a very brave young man and have risked your life to save mine. I will reward you. Have you change for a quarter?"

ENVY.

The devil has a cloven hoof,
A pair of horns, a tail,
And every afternoon I sigh
For such, without avail.

For battling thru the crowds I want
Those terrifying horns,
The hoofs I need to stamp upon
The needless plunger's corns.

The tail? A fine, prehensile thing
For hanging on a strap.
The devil I am sure should be
The ideal city chap.

Collecting a Debt.

"I am a mild man," said the visitor, taking a firmer hold on the stick he carried, "but unless I get some money to soothe my feelings there'll be trouble!"

"Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" inquired the dog's owner.

"He was bitten exactly $5 worth, sir," said the man with the stick.

"I hope your boy will soon get well," remarked the dog's owner as he paid over the money.

"He isn't my boy," said the man, preparing to depart.

"What!"

"He's the son of a friend of mine who owes me $5, and as he couldn't pay he turned his son's bite over to me to see if I could collect that. I have done so. If ever you or any of your family get bitten by a dog, just come to me, and I'll collect the damages for you on 25 per cent commission. Good day!"

Horrors of the Sea.

A ship doctor on an English liner notified the death watch steward, an Irishman, that a man had died in stateroom number 42. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeped into the room and found that the body was still there.

He called the matter to the attention of the Irishman, who replied:

"If thought you said room number 46. I wint in there and seen wan of thim in a bunk 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near dead.' So I was getting ready to bury him."

Country Justice—"The constable says you were speeding."

Motorist—"What, on such rotten roads as you have here?"

Justice—"Five dollars for speeding and ten for contempt—of our roads."

"One of my ancestors was a noted pirate."

That's nothing. I'm the direct descendant of a corporation lawyer.

Obliging.

Purchaser (angrily)—"That cheap suit you sold me only a few weeks ago has gone all to pieces!"

Dealer (benevolently)—"My friend, take the advice of an old friend and buy a better suit next time. Let me show you some high-priced goods!"

Between Two Fires.

Once upon a time two men were crossing a large field. When they were right in the middle of the field a big brindle bull came along to show them the nearest way to the fence.

One of the men found a tree and climbed it as rapidly as possible. The other couldn't get to the tree in time, but, seeing a large, cozinble-looking hole in the ground, he jumped into it.

The bull pretty nearly got him as he went down, but just missed him and jumped over the hole. The man came up again like a jack-in-the-box, and the bull gave a snort and a jump at him. Down went the man and over went the bull, up came the man and back came the bull till the man up in the tree got excited and called down:

"You bloomin' fool you, why don't you stay in that hole? You'll get that bull so mad he'll keep us here for a month."

"Bloomin' fool yourself!" yelled the man below. "There's a bear in that hole!"

The Lesser Evil.

The little boy was evidently a firm believer in the adage. "Of two evils choose the lesser." Turning a corner at full speed, he collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder, as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa gets home he'll do it!"

Shows Kind He Was.

Doctor (upon finding his patient weaker than before)— What does this mean? Haven't you been following my instructions?"

Patient (feebly)—"Yes Doctor."

Doctor—"Been eating animal food right along, have you?"

Patient (grimly, trying to smile)—"Well, Doctor, I tried to, but somehow it did not seem to agree with me very well. I managed to worry down the hay and the clover tops all right, but the thistles kind of stuck in my throat, and I had to give it up."

"BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember that loose tooth, Ben Bolt.
That you meant to have pulled with a string?
How the boys all bid high for the privilege to try!
Then it came out itself—the blamed thing!

Hard Luck for the Milkman.

A certain milkman was in the habit of watering his milk to the required consistency before starting on his rounds in the morning.

One day recently, by some unluck chance, the man omitted to do so, but, to his joy, he discovered at the first house he called at a huge cask, strongly banded with iron, and filled to the brim with water. The head having apparently just been taken off.

Such a chance of repairing his neglect was too good to be lost, and the milkman had just succeeded in watering the milk most satisfactorily, when the figure of the master of the house appeared in the doorway and a voice asked sweetly "Are you sure you've put in enough, my man?"

Poor John was petrified.

"If I were you," continued the voice, "I should have chosen some other cask. My doctor has ordered me a course of sea water baths, you know, and you have just mixed your milk with salt water. But perhaps your customers like it that way."

War Economy.

Sandy and Pat were discussing the war economies of their respective landlords. "Imlade" said Pat, "the other day I saw that wumman O'Grady counting the peas to put in the broth."

"Och," replied Sandy, "where I am the landlady melts the margarine an' paints it on yer bread wit a brush!"

One Way Out.

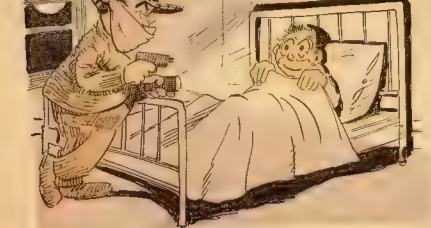
A senior in high school was asked to make a speech at an alumnae luncheon. She had never made a speech before in her life and felt very shy about trying. But after much argument she was finally persuaded to talk for ten or fifteen minutes on "The School and Rising Generation." When the day of the luncheon came and her name was called she arose bravely and addressed her audience:

"I never made a speech before,
And 'twas with no elation
I learned my subject was 'The School
And Rising Generation.'
The generation it has riz,
The school has riz, you bet
And I have riz unwillingly.
So now I guess I'll set."

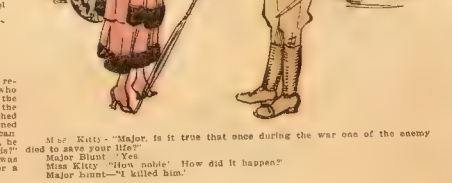
Hopeless.

Exasperating was no word for the replies given by a Scotch-American who was being examined as a recruit for the Army. Finally, in the eyesight test, the medical man, losing all patience, rushed to the rear of the building and returned with the tin cover of a garbage can. Holding the round cover up to light, he shouted, "Can you tell me what this is?"

"As a cannot really myke it out," was the amazing answer, "but it's either a ten-cent piece or a siller dollar."



Burglar (menacingly)—"You don't know what danger you're in, Householder—"Are you selling accident or life?"



Miss Kitty—"Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?"

Major Blunt—"Yes."

Miss Kitty—"How noble! How did it happen?"

Major Blunt—"I killed him."

Folly's Fatal Legacy

By O. Stanly

[Copyright, 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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A moving narrative of the tragedy that befell a beautiful girl thru the idle son of a millionaire, and how the dramatic tangle was finally settled.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE LAW SAYS——"

FACE to face, but not eye to eye; for Helen was carrying a child, and laughing and cooing to it, so that she went by without seeing Everett. The shock was electrifying. He went cold and dumb and stiff—deprived of motion, like one who sees a ghost rise from the grave—but as soon as he could control his trembling limbs he started after her. Not that he thought it was Helen! Oh, no! Of course he knew that it could not be! That was impossible; Helen was dead.

But so like her. And not alone the face and figure, but the voice, as she prattled softly to the child. The child! His heart gave a wild and sudden bound. What if, after all, there had been some mistake, and they had not died? What if he had found his wife and child?

The woman stopped at a fairly decent apartment house over a bakery store, and went in. Everett had reached her all unnoticed, and he followed—by this time feeling wildly, madly certain, that this was indeed Helen. She went upstairs to the first floor, unlocked a door and entered.—Everett so close behind her that the door closed almost in his face. He stood and listened. Oh, surely that was Helen's voice! He could hear her laughter, and the soft babble of the child—his child! But nothing else; evidently these two were alone. He knocked softly.

"Come in," she called, and he went in, and behold, he was right! He had found Helen!

His first feeling was one of pure joy. He had found his true love! He loved her, he had bitterly mourned her loss, and now he had found her! He sprang towards her, and would have caught her in his arms. But she drew back and thrust him away roughly.

"You," she cried, her look, tone, gesture, strongly repellent. "You—and here! How dare you come here, Edward Early?"

This reception completely unnerved him. "What he had expected, or hoped for, he did not know; oh, no—not this—not this!

And because he was too utterly stunned to answer her, there fell a silence between them.

Helen regarded him frowningly. She had an immense advantage over him, in that, altho greatly startled, she was not wholly taken by surprise. She had always thought that they two would meet again, and had even hoped so—just to have the one poor, pitiful satisfaction of showing him some of the wounds, the sorrows, that rankled in her aching heart, and telling him, to his face, "Thus didst thou!" All that was wrong and wretched in her life—and there was much—she laid to his account, and was thoroly embittered against him.

But when she saw him now, so suddenly—saw him apparently eager to accost her kindly, gently—certain memories of old days stole over her, and tied her tongue. She looked at him—her first love, her true love, the father of her child—and a sense of the utter futility of reproaches came to her. What were words, mere words, to give expression to the agony of wrongs like hers? Vain! Vain! The past was dead—let it lie buried in oblivion.

She pointed to the door.

"Please go," she said. "I don't know why you came here. It was foolish. Between you and me there is nothing to be said. Please go."

But Everett instantly rebelled. What? Had he found his loved ones but to lose them? No, indeed!

"You drive me out without a word," he said. "Are you so hard and cruel? Surely this is not Helen."

She answered coldly. "No, not the Helen of old days; the Helen that you married and deceived. I am the woman that your treachery made of me, that's all! What words should Helen have for you, Ned Early, except that one word—go?"

And still she pointed to the door, but he began to plead with her.

"Don't be so hard," he said. "Surely I have suffered, too. You must not think I have not had my share. Oh, when I heard that you were dead—thru my fault! Oh, God! the grief, the agony——"

She interrupted with a cruel sneer. "Could not your wife console you?"

"Your wife!" Everett turned deathly pale. The room seemed to swing around with him. His wife! He had forgotten Emmie! Helen saw his emotion and understood it, and jealous rage flushed up in her like a flame—in that one instant she knew that she still loved him.

But with that knowledge came the wish to wound. Hers was the passionate love that, being wronged and tortured, is close akin to hate. Instantly she tried to hurt him.

"You had better go before my husband comes," she said, with cool deliberation.

She had succeeded. He showed the wound, the sting, those words had dealt.

"Your husband!" he said, faintly, "You, are married——" And it seemed to him that, with that knowledge, his love died.

"Married!" Not true to him, to him,—her lawful husband! Of course she did not know that; but she did, and in some utterly unreasoning way, the knowledge made him think of her as bound to him; now, only now he realized that she was indeed lost to him forever.

For an instant the thought plunged him into blank despair, and then he bethought him of the child.

His own child! Could she be induced to give it up to him? She, who had married another man, and might have other children. If he could but get the child, his life might even yet know happiness.

He approached the subject very gingerly. If she could only be made to see the great advantage to the child.

Helen was standing beside the bed, on which she had placed the little one when she first came in, and where it now stood and clung to her. She had taken off its cap just as he knocked at the door. He began tentatively.

"I cannot wonder at your feelings," he said humbly. "Would to God that I could undo my fault, or make amends for it! But if that is impossible, at least, before I go, will you let me kiss my child?"

"Your child!" she cried fiercely. "Your child! How dare you call this your child?" She turned upon him like a tigress.

Everett was utterly amazed. He stared at her as if he thought her crazy. Then he looked at the little one—clinging to her, but peeping shyly round at him, with soft brown eyes, the very copy of his own. He thought indignantly.

"Of course she is my child!" But he tried to mollify the mother. He began softly, "I make no claim——"

"You can make none," she snapped back at him. "You have no claim sir."

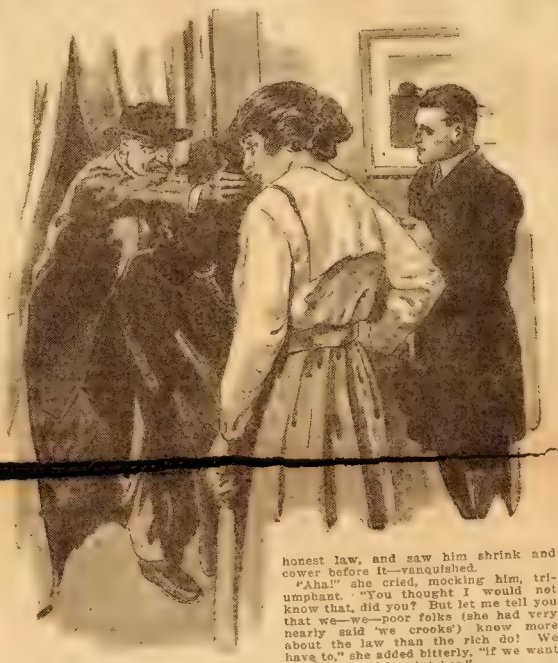
He waited, and tried again.

"Please hear me, Helen, for the child's sake. However little I deserve a share in her, surely you will not deny me all paternal rights——"

He got no further.

"I will," she cried resolutely, "I will, and I do! You have no rights! The law says so. Aha! Do you hear that? The great, powerful, uncontradictable law!—we've all got to go by that, you know! It says that the man who deliberately elects to have his child born out of wedlock, forfeits all claim upon that child forever! This is my child! My child is, thanks to you, illegitimate, and the law gives all such children to their mothers."

Proudly and boldly she defied him, with that weapon of pure justice and honest law, and saw him shrink and cower before it—vanquished.



"The 'bulls' have taken Jim!"

"Aha!" she cried, mocking him, triumphant. "You thought I would not know that, did you? But let me tell you that we—we—poor folks (she had very nearly said 'we crooks') know more about the law than the rich do! We have to," she added bitterly, "if we want to keep out of its clutches."

Everett caught at the phrase. "We poor folks."

"I am well off, Helen," he said humbly. "Please hear me"—for she moved impatiently—"only a few more words: It is not fair, to you or to your child, that all the cost of her support should fall on you. I should be grateful—thankful—if you would permit——"

She stopped him.

"Listen," she said, with a kind of terrible intensity. "Listen, and remember. If my child was suffering, pain—thirst—hunger—that only you could relieve—you would let her suffer! If she was dying, and only you could save her, I would let her die! One right, that should have been hers, you kept from her—the right to bear your name. When she is old enough to understand and feel that wrong I will tell her, and you—her father—shall be to her anathema forever! Now go!"

Before he could speak—unutterably shocked and confounded as he was—there was a hurried footstep on the stairs—a loud knock at the door—and a very ugly, red-headed Jew burst into the room.

"Madam Helen!" he cried, not noticing the stranger present—"Madam Helen, the 'bulls' have taken Jim!"

She uttered a cry and rushed to him.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "Oh, Foxy, is it true? What have they taken him for?"

"The safe-cracking job," he answered. "And he's in with the Hawk on the forgery case, too, and it'll go hard with him. They've taken him to court. Get a move on, and come with me. He wants to see you before he's locked up! Come!"

Right there he saw Everett. "What's this?" he asked fiercely. "Who's this?"

Helen started; she, too, had forgotten.

"Just an old acquaintance," she said brusquely; then to Everett, "You have my answer. Leave me now. My husband is in trouble, and I must go to him." She crossed to the door and flung it open.

Everett had no choice but to obey her. One glance he threw toward the bed—the child had cuddled down among the pillows and fallen asleep. Then he passed out without a word, and the door slammed shut behind him.

But he had heard enough. He knew now into what a slough of misery and degradation his wronged wife had fallen, and what sort of fate was threatening their innocent child.

CHAPTER X.

TAKING HIS CHANCE.

IT MUST not—should not be! However hopeless was the unhappy mother's fate, the child must not be sacrificed! Everett stood, for a moment, just outside the door, stunned by the horror of his discoveries, and in that moment became aware that thru an open transom over Helen's door the voices in the room were borne to him. There was a housekeeper's closet—containing brooms, pails, and such like household needs—close to the door. Everett slipped into it. This was no time to stand on points of decency or honor! He half closed the door and listened.

"Give her a few drops of dope," he heard the Jew say, "and she'll sleep till you get back. Hurry, now! There's not a minute to lose. I'll go after a taxi; you come down and meet me at the door." He came out, dashed down the stairs, and disappeared; two minutes later Helen followed him.

But first she knocked at a door on the same floor, and spoke to a neighbor.

"Mrs. Murphy," she said, "please keep an ear open for my baby! She's fast asleep, but if she wakes and cries, the key hangs right beside the door, and won't you please go to her?"

And a kindly Irish voice replied: "Sure I will, dear. I'll listen for the darlin'—don't you worry, Mrs. Ratcliffe."

Then Helen dashed downstairs, met the Jew at the bottom, and Everett heard a taxi drive away. They were gone! The child was left unguarded.

He breathed deep. The beating of his heart seemed to strangle him. He realized that his chance had come, and that unless he summoned nerve and courage to take it boldly, instantly, it would come no more. It must be now or never. He must kidnap his own child!

Well—he would do it! At all costs his daughter must be saved. He listened intently; all was very still, except the monotonous creak of a rocking chair, in Mrs. Murphy's room—evidently she would not disturb him. He took down the key, unlocked the door and entered.

The child was fast asleep. She still wore her street coat, which Helen had been too hurried and excited to remove, and the little hood lay beside her. Very, very carefully and gently Everett slipped it on—the baby still sleeping heavily. Poor little thing! Her brief life, of only eighteen months, had brought her some strange experiences of sleeping!

A thought of the wretched mother, whose sad life he was about to rob of its one bright star, came into Everett's mind, but could not change his purpose. The child must be saved! But surely he might send Helen some word of consolation, at least to say her darling was safe. There were writing materials upon a table; he wrote a hurried note and left it there.

Then he raised the little girl in his arms, carrying her so that her little head nestled against his cheek, and her soft breath stirred his hair. And oh, how his whole being thrilled to the touch of her! His daughter! His own daughter, at last!

Pity for the robbed and wretched mother could not stop him now. Was the wife of a common criminal, perhaps a criminal herself, a fitting guardian for this child? Could any degree of pity or remorse toward Helen justify the abandonment of the child to a life of certain degradation and possible crime? No, a thousand times, no! Greater than the claim even of the mother was that of this helpless child.

He carried the baby into the street. No one stopped him, nor even noticed him. It was a dull, chill November afternoon, and a light, drizzling rain was just beginning to fall, so that people went hurrying along, intent on their own business. The Pennsylvania Station was not far away—he cut across Eighth avenue to Seventh, and reached it.

There he went in for a moment, came out by the taxis, as if just coming from a train, got into one and was driven to a region uptown in the most fashionable region of the park and the Sixties. The child still slept.

Emmie was in her boudoir, a charming and luxurious nest, sweet with the scent of flowers and gay with delicate color. She sat in a low rocker, in front of an open fire, swinging slowly to and fro, and softly humming. Everett walked in, and laid the sleeping baby in her lap.

"It's mine!" he said excitedly. "The child I thought was drowned, but it lived, thank God! Emmie, my wife, I give it to your care! Say that you will love it for my sake!"

Emmie was stunned for a moment; but in the next, the mother in her nature

awoke and yearned over this helpless being. She took the little creature into a tender and close embrace. Everett, watching her, had never come so near to loving her as now.

"Of course I shall love it—and for its own sake," she said. "But, Rett dear, what of—the mother?"

He turned away suddenly, with a deep sigh. "Let us never speak of her," he said. "She is dead."

And in his soul he added, "Dead to me."

Helen was very nearly dead, in fact, even while he spoke, for the loss of her child was like a death blow. When she came home with Foxy, and found her treasure gone, she fell down at his feet like a dead woman.

"We'll get her back, my dear! We'll get her back!" he cried, and then he saw the note upon the table.

He gave it to her, but she had guessed the truth without it, the reading only deepened her despair, for it said:

"Helen: I have taken away our daughter, for the child's sake. Try to realize it is for her great good—that to leave her here had become impossible. I will make her happy. May a merciful God pardon me—and comfort you!

"NED."

But not even God could comfort Helen!

CHAPTER XI.
DEAD SEA FRUIT.

THE adoption by young Mr. and Mrs. Erle of a beautiful little baby girl made a nine days' wonder in certain social circles in New York, and was then forgotten—not so the wonder over the manner in which they chose to bring her up. That was a subject of amused, or sometimes irritated discussion among all their friends. "One might think that there had never been a girl child in the world before," and they marveled in particular how Everett "could be such a fool."

The little one had nurses, and even a governess, from the first, but the parents—one or the other of them, and sometimes both—were always on guard, as if dreading to let her out of sight. Everett's extraordinary care and caution—which far exceeded his wife's—was thought peculiar. Persons who knew nothing of the underlying facts—and that includes every one but his father and Dick Lester—began to look on him as being "slightly crazy."

They were willing to make excuses for the novelty of his parenthood. Every father thinks his first baby a marvel of "sweetness and light," they agreed. But when it came actually to fearing to let her out of his sight—as if he scented danger of some one stealing her—why, then they considered him quite ridiculous. For none of them guessed that in his secret soul there dwelt always a terrible fear; and that remorseful pity and vain regret tortured him by night and day. I wonder if we do not, most of us, get our deserts and the just payment for our deeds, right here in this present world? Everett had looked to the possession of his child to bring him secure happiness—instead of which, it had plunged him into immeasurable anxiety and pain. Nothing was secure. He lived in constant fear that some of Helen's associates would pierce his secret, find the child, and take it back.

Often he awoke from sleep, certain that he had heard burglars in the house. Helen's thieving husband, of course, come at all risks to take back her child! He grew thin, and pale, and hollow-eyed, and tho there was a certain degree of comfort in knowing that Jim Ratcliffe was under arrest, even that was offset by thoughts of the utter loneliness that must now be Helen's.

Ah, no! There could be no such thing as happiness for him—even peace was denied him. The "apples of love," that he had thought to steal, had proved to be only "Dead Sea fruit," and turned to dust and ashes on his lips! He despaired! He could find no comfort anywhere! If he had not been able to confide his troubles to Dick Lester, I think he would have gone mad.

But Dick was a faithful friend. He advised him, consoled him, and after a while brought him news of Helen. Her husband had been "sent up" for four years, and she—after a long illness—was now living somewhere uptown. She had recovered; evidently she would not die!

"And if you'll take my advice," said Dick, "you'll go abroad with your wife and child and travel. I'll keep an eye on the other party and see that no harm befalls her. You get out of the country and stay out, for a few years, at least."

Everett followed this advice and took his family to Europe. Scarcely were they safely away when the inquiries Lester had been making bore most unexpected fruit, in the shape of a visit from Helen.

As he sat in his office, late one afternoon, a lady sent in her card—"Mrs. Ratcliffe"—requesting a private interview. For the moment that name, thus quietly presented, had no special significance for Dick, and he received her. She entered, a tall, graceful figure, dressed in black and veiled. She raised the veil, and fixing her sad dark eyes upon him, asked:

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Lester?"

Then he recognized her! Poor Dick! His embarrassment was pitiable. This woman—so quiet, so refined, so sad—oh, she could not be criminal! If she was the wife of one—whose was the fault? Not hers! Oh, not hers! Every impulse and instinct of generous manhood rose up in arms for her defense. Again he saw her—not as Jim Ratcliffe's wife and "pal," but as on that terrible evening, now so long ago, in her own home—the deeply wrong wife of his friend.

He placed her in a chair—for the moment he could not speak, but his confusion was sufficient answer.

His daughter!

"I see you recognize me," she said; sighing. "In the world wherein my lot is cast a person who is inquired for—by a detective—is very apt to hear of it. I know that you have been asking about me, and of course I guess that you are acting for—your friend——"

She stopped short; then suddenly, with a wild surge of emotion, cried out passionately:

"Oh, tell me of my little girl! Is she well? Oh, have pity on me—a mother hungry for her child!"

She held out appealing hands to him—the tears streamed down her face. She would have fallen on her knees to him, but he restrained her.

"My dear soul!" he cried, almost beside himself with pity. "Your child is well and happy. Before God, I tell you the truth! For a little while she fretted, pining for you, as was but natural; but she is so young—she could not be unhappy long—believe me, she is happy as a bird! As for her father——"

He stopped short, expecting a wild outburst of grief and rage. But none came. Her streaming eyes still fixed his; she whispered low:

"Yes? Please—go on——"

"It was a terrible thing he did—to you—in taking the child away, but—for her——"

She stopped him, with a trembling, upraised hand.

"No, he did right," she sighed. "I know it is for her great good. At first I nearly died. For months I so hated him—so longed to murder him! But not now, not now! I have seen—and known—of things, lately—things that my husband, while he was free, kept from me. Oh, Ned did well to take the baby away; I am not forgiving him. I hate him, and just see her?"

Oh, it was hard to answer "No!" Dick was almost beside himself.

"If I had the say of it, you should see her this minute!" he cried. "But just now it is not possible. Your—my friend's health is far from satisfactory. He has gone with his family to Europe."

She fell back in her chair like one who receives a heavy blow. Her pale lips moved—forming those words: "To Europe!" but without a sound. "To Europe!"

Dick's heart ached for her. "If there is anything at all that I can do——" he began miserably.

Helen stopped him.

"There is nothing," she said. "You are kind, and I believe you feel for me, but I want nothing but to see my child. Ned means that I shall never see her—well, let him answer for it to God! As for me, if he should ask for news of me—tell him that I live in hell—the hell to which his crime condemned me!"

With those sad and bitter words she left him, and he saw her no more. And tho there came a time when he sought for her with every means at his command, Helen had disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.
TERRIBLY TEMPTED.

NOBODY'S nature was ever improved, I think, by living continually in a condition of suffering. Great saints may have achieved perfection by such means, but mere, ordinary human nature needs a little happiness, as vegetation needs the sun—Helen's bitterness against Everett deepened every day.

After her child was taken from her, her life was utterly bare. Look where she would there was no ray of hope in all the dark horizon of her future. Innocently unsuspicious of the dreadful deception of which she was the victim, and therefore believing herself to be Jim Ratcliffe's lawful wife, she had built, upon his very real affection for "the little Cutey," some hope of reclaiming him from evil ways—and now, even that hope was gone! She marveled how she should endure this hopeless life—how sustain the burden of its empty days and months, and years—what incentive remained to her for living? She need not work; Jim had made liberal provision for her—and bound Foxy, by some thieves' oath and sign, to guard and watch over her. Which he did, taking her from the hospital to a house where he lived uptown, and commending her to the care and kindness of Mrs. Maggie Crane, whom he introduced as his housekeeper.

A large, showy, blowsy blonde was Maggie Crane, made blonde by bleaching not blonde-born. And tho she was no longer young, she was still flashily handsome. It happened that, at this their first meeting, she was—as she herself told Helen—"Just going on the job, my dear, and gotten up to kill!" Dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with an enormous hat, she really was a startling object for unsophisticated eyes; and Helen, tho she was the wife of "Jim the Rat," was unsophisticated.

It had been Jim's pride to keep her so. Just as he had been attracted—and charmed by the absolute innocence of the baby, so did his wife's comparative innocence, and ignorance of evil, please him. And truly, when compared with the women of his experiences, Helen was innocent indeed! He kept all danger of contamination far from her. After he took her away from Old Nan's, and married her—oh, lawfully, we may be sure! Jim was most careful to see that the Law should have nothing to say against the legality of his marriage!—Foxy, who had formally witnessed the ceremony, was the only one of her husband's associates whose acquaintance Mrs. Ratcliffe was allowed to retain. Helen rather liked Foxy, knowing no actual evil of him, and being rather pleased with his notice of her baby, and amused by the novelty of his company and talk. And Foxy liked her, but that wouldn't have prevented his making her subservient to his own purposes and profits now, if he hadn't been in fear of Jim.

As things were, however, that thieves' compact "on the cross" which had to be kept "on the square," controlled him and protected her. Four years would soon pass—one was gone already—and Jim would hold him to an account of his stewardship. Foxy had a wholesome regard for his own skin. Helen was, within certain limitations, entirely safe.

Those limitations, however, fell far short of preserving her ignorance of the life of the underworld. To use Maggie Crane's expression, "She cut her teeth, and got her eyes open 'fore she'd been here two weeks." It was Maggie herself who first initiated her into some of their thievish secrets, when she took her out for a tour of the fashionable shops one day, and Helen made the horrifying discovery that Foxy's "housekeeper" was a skilled shoplifter.

Oh, the amazement of it! When they came home, Maggie coolly took from various pockets and lairs of concealment in her attire, costly laces, rich ribbons, gloves, an exquisite fan, and a collection of charming trinkets, not one of which had Helen seen her even touch! But in the midst of her excited wonderment a sudden chill of horror struck her: if Maggie had been arrested while in her company she would have been arrested, too! And instantly her memory flew back to that dreadful night at Old Nan's, when the police raided the thieves' den—and she herself, as one of the inmates, was taken to the station house!

That thought so terrified her that for some time Maggie could not persuade her again to accompany her, not even across the street. But of course that could not last. The sad monotony of her life, the agony of regret that came sweeping down upon her like a heavy

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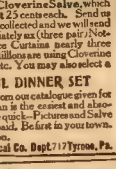

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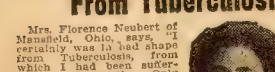

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at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $35 and up.

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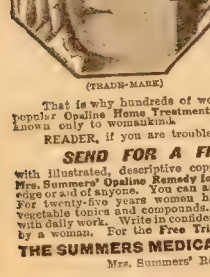

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Mrs. Ellen Anderson.

COLLINSTON, LA.

"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline treatment has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered for two years and nothing could until she tried your remedy and she is getting along fine now and all of her pains and cramps have left her. I ask for myself, it has cured me of untold suffering and weakening drains. I never found relief after using your remedy, one Doctors did not help, but after using your remedy one month, I am up and able to do all my work for ten in the family. I can't find words to thank you enough."

Mrs. H. N. Osborn.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers' Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind.

READER, if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of *"Woman's Own Medical Adviser,"* and test **Mrs. Summers' Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your own home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can afterward continue if you wish, at about 12c. a week. For twenty-five years women have reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. It is used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address,

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Mrs. Summers' Remedies are sold by many Druggists.

cloud when quite alone, drove her to seek some kind of excitement. Maggie was very kind to her. She also appeared flatteringly anxious for her company.

"For I like you—see? I sure do!" she would protest, in her rough way. And which of us is so cold, or hard of heart, as not to yield some response to a sincere and spontaneous liking?

So, as the dry goods stores were now taboo, Helen one night went with her to the movies.

When they got home, "Well, did I behave myself like a lady?" Maggie demanded. And being assured that she had, and cordially praised for it—instantly drew from her pocket a gold locket and chain, and a silver purse; and, laughing merrily, cried, "Forgive me, kid, I really couldn't help it!"

And Helen, horrified, and yet excited and fascinated by this exhibition of daring and skill, caught herself half wishing that she could do the same!

"In the interest and the excitement, I might, perhaps forget," was her half-unbalanced fancy. "Oh, to forget!" And then suddenly she first began to realize it was then that she first began to realize what her child's fate might have been, had Everett not removed her.

For other things than shoplifting—and worse—went on in Foxy's domicile; things sinister enough to make her shudder. Her associates trusted her. Was she not Jim Ratcliffe's wife, and therefore one of them? And she might have known more of their perilous trade had she not shrunk from such knowledge. The arrival of certain "business friends" of Foxy's was always the signal for her to go hastily to her own room. In this way she escaped some horrors.

Now came her interview with Dick Lester, and the cruel knowledge that her child had been removed, far beyond the mother's last fond hope of ever again seeing her. When she came "home"—Foxy's lair was the only home that a pitiless fate had left her—despair completely overpowered her. She fell into a fit of passionate hysterical weeping, so violent that it seemed to threaten her very life.

"She'll sure die!" Maggie cried in terror, when all her coaxing and soothing failed. "I tell you her heart is right here, under my hand, and I can feel it bursting! And there nothin' we can do for her? Then you'll just have to go and get a doctor"

But Foxy shrank from that risk.

"Let's give her a glass of wine with some dope in it," he said. "She's strong to the stuff, so it'll knock her out in a jiffy. So's she'll sleep. That'll fix her."

It did fix her, once they got it down her throat, which, between her strangling sobs and gasps, was no easy task. But soon the terrible sobbing and moaning abated, the leaping heart grew quieter, the straggling breath came more easily, and at last she lay in Maggie's arms, with her poor head supported tenderly on Maggie's bosom, "doped" into a merciful oblivion.

And Foxy, looking at her, wondered, softly:

"Where the devil has she been? And who the devil has she seen? That's the question."

Maggie took him up sharply.

"No it ain't," she said. "You ain't goin' to ask her no questions! The thing she needs is to forget things, not to talk about 'em, and tomorrow, when she wakes she'll eats a bit o' food. I shall give her another dose. See? For you can take my word—dope's the thing for her, if she's going to live, and she shall have it."

Foxy remonstrated.

"But you know what the law says about dope," he began.

Maggie wouldn't hear him.

"Hang the Law!" she said. "I don't give one cuss for the law, so long as it doesn't catch me! I'm a woman, ain't I? Well, then, you can bet your bottomest, old fox, that I know what I'm talkin' about!"

Foxy said no more. He shook his ugly red head, and went away without contradicting her.

Thereafter, two terrible temptations assailed Helen. One was that—when this weary, aimless, hateful life of hers grew too tedious, too achingly empty and wearisome for human nature to endure—she could go out with Maggie, "on the job," and watching (with her heart in her mouth) the skilled shoplifter's cool, successful daring, could forget for a while the cruel ache of her own misery, and even dream half-crazy dreams of rivaling Maggie's skill some day. "Why not?" she would say. "What have I to live for?" Or—when this excitement failed—when life was too bitter, and her heart too sore—she could turn to Maggie with a plea—never made in vain: "Mag, I shall go mad if I don't stop thinking. Give me a dose to make me sleep!"

Whereon Mag—living up to the assurance she had given Foxy that—"dope's the thing for her, and she shall have it"—would say, soothingly: "You'd like a glass o' wine, dearie? Why, sure!" and pour out for her a drink of kind oblivion!

And the weary years rolled on.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AWAKENING.

JIM'S time was up, and he came back from prison. It was the case of Helen ever again, but from another angle. Four years of wretchedness, among wretched associations, had done him no good—rather they had hardened and coarsened him. Formerly he had feared the law; now he only hated it. He had learned much of evil from other criminals, older and harder than himself; in short, he came out of prison a much worse man than he went in—which is, unhappily, only too common an experience.

And, when the dreadful ordeal was passed, and he was once more free, what were the conditions that confronted him? All thru these years one pleasant thought, one sweet and gentle hope, had dwelt in his secret soul and kept him human—the thought of home, and Helen, and the child—the dear "little Cutey" whom he had really loved. The memories he had even thought that—for their sakes, he might "take up the cross" and become honest and respectable.

Such were his prison dreams. What was the reality that awaited him? His "little Cutey" gone—the little home broken up—Helen, alas, how changed! He could hardly realize that the listless, reckless, dissipated woman, who met him indifferently, could be his wife, Helen.

Out of mistaken kindness they had not told him about the child, and now the blow fell heavily. It explained the change in Helen. Not that he could be reconciled to that, but that he knew the blame for it was not hers. And, as he felt that he must lay that blame on somebody, he went for Foxy.

"Is this what you call keeping your compact to take care of my wife?" he demanded furiously. "Do you know that she's a shoplifter, and a dope fiend? By God! I've a mind to break your neck!"

But Foxy carefully keeping out of reach, volubly disclaimed all blame.

"Don't blame me, my dear, go for Mag!" he cried. "Mag is at the bottom of it all. Your wife has ruined me! She has put hundreds of dollars away from me, which now you must make good. Girls, my dear! Pretty girls, just waiting, here sometimes, a leetle while, till Sharkey can come and take them; but they cry, the little fools, and then out dashes Madam Helen and swears she shall be let go. Threatens me with the police, my dear! Think of it! Two of them she actually did let out, and Sharkey says to me, 'I am no more your partner.' My business is ruined! I wish you would take your wife away!"

He took himself away with that speech, but called back, "Talk to Mag! Talk to Mag!"

So Jim "talked to Mag," or tried to, but to small purpose; she soon showed him that she had the best of the argument. She told of Helen's sorrows, of the terrible night when they had first given her the dope.

"She'd have died under my hands, but for that," she protested; so earnestly for that, she compelled belief. "And for days it was necessary to keep her kind of soothed and doped, or that awful cryin' would have come back again. But she ain't no dope fiend, no, indeed! If she could get her child back, and be happy, she'd never touch the stuff, nor even think of it! And shopliftin'!—oh, my! I wish you could see the hand she makes of it! If she picks up a five-cent handkerchief out of a basket, she don't know whether to pride herself on her smartness, or grieve over the wickedness, the next."

"And you encourage her," Jim reproached her; but she stood firmly defiant.

"Sure I encourage her! I tell her she's got a Heaven-sent gift for thievin', and can go ahead of me, any time she makes up her mind to it. Why wouldn't I encourage her? If a bit of pilfering and a drop of dope can amuse her, or soothe her, and take her thoughts off her grief, you bet your bottom dollar, Jim the Rat, she's going to get encouragement from me! That woman has had a rough deal, Jim, but she's a good woman just the same, Don't I know? I was a good woman myself, once! God help us all! You make a little home for her, and love her, and be good to her; don't make a d—n fool of yourself, turnin' up your nose over a taste of dope, or a bit of harmless thieving."

Mag's sentiments were—according to her lights—unanswerable, and Jim so appraised them. So he made no reply; but at heart—and Jim's was a sad heart—he found himself strangely troubled. Instead of welcoming that suggestion about "making a little home for Helen," he shrank from it with a distaste that amazed him.

It had been the dream of his wretched prison days, but now he had awakened to reality, this sad, changed woman was not the Helen of that dream, and what "home" could he make without the child? And even that, after four years, would be so changed He wanted to home without "little Cutey."

Still, Helen had an undeniable claim on him. He had made her his wife legally, or, as he put it, "under the law," and the law says that a man must support his wife. Privately he cursed himself for having put his head into so tight a noose; but the thing was done, the baneful tyrant, law, must be obeyed, so he consulted Helen.

To his immense relief she decided, instantly, that she could not endure a home without her child, and moreover, she didn't want to go away from Maggie.

"She's been good to me. I couldn't have lived without her," she said earn-

(Continued on Page 25.)

A SUCCESSFUL CATARRH REMEDY

This wonderful remedy has been in successful use for over 20 years, yet it has never before been advertised. Thousands of people will testify gladly to its great success. These people have used this remedy and are so greatly benefited that they spread the good news to their friends, and these in turn to their friends. This is how this great remedy has attained such a wonderful success. Testimonials have come in from every State in the Union unsolicited—probably one from someone you know. If you are troubled with catarrh or asthma, no matter how many things you have tried, don't give up until you have tried this great remedy. A liberal sample will be sent to you absolutely free, postpaid. Write now before you forget, to Giles Remedy Co., 1817 W. Van Buren St., Chicago. Please say, "Send me free sample of Giles' Catarrhelme," and you will get it by return mail.—Advt.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every trace of sunburn, freckle, pimple or tan, making the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is purely harmless and will not injure the most delicate complexion. It prevents and draws back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until old age. Many ladies are using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for a sample, which you can have at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Hinsdale, Pa.

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, or stop falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 58 West Washington St., Dept. 30, Chicago for free book and positive proof.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-PLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching and pain and sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

You Get Better Cough Syrup by Making it at Home

What's more, you save about $2 by it. Easily made and costs little.

You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous home-made remedy. You not only save $2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and dependable remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (60 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have a full pint—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 60 cents or less. It never spoils, and for children and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Their Second Dawn

By L. E. Eubanks

An Old Score Paid

MR. BARTON laid aside the newspaper when his wife came from the kitchen. She drew her rocker up to the fire and produced the letter, just as he knew she would.

He laughed. "Going to read it again? You've read it a hundred times, but here it is three days and we haven't made a move."

Mrs. Barton looked at him sharply over her spectacles. "I don't know what to do any more than you do. Get some wood and leave me alone."

Samuel brought the wood, still smiling. "If you're going to read it again you might as well read it aloud. Does my old heart good to know the girl was all right, after all."

"You don't know, tho," Mrs. Barton reminded. "You can't find the word 'wife' in the whole letter."

Mrs. Barton read:

Melbourne, Australia, Dec. 15, 19—.

"Mr. and Mrs Barton,

"Flower Heights, Colo.

"Dear Friend:

"I shall waste no words, for I am dying. I am the man who induced your daughter to run away some seventeen years ago. I took her from Denver to New York, and I was good to her till I got down on my luck and everything went wrong. On account of other things which do not concern this matter, I was forced to leave America, and shipped to Australia as a deck hand. She never knew what became of me, and I shook off my old identity completely. I didn't dare go back, and didn't have any way of sending for her. I was a tramp in rags till a year after I learned of her death. After it was too late I struck it rich, and I am leaving my fortune to you as a compensation—meager, I know—for the great wrong I did you. My will is made and in the hands of an attorney here who is related to your family friend, Lawyer Joyce of Denver, whom Katherine told me of. Joyce will communicate with you, and you will receive all as the sole legatees as soon as the proper legal steps can be taken. Of course, there are always troublesome technicalities.

"There is only this I have to ask: Please go to New York in person, Mr. Barton, and look up a woman, now about 37 years old, named Lydia Cooper."

Here Mrs. Barton broke off to say, 'No use reading over this page of directions for finding her; we know it by heart now."

"No, go ahead; we can find her if she's still alive."

Mrs. Barton resumed:

"Miss Cooper was a good friend to us, and tho very poor, kept us from starving when I could not find work. Start her up in business of some kind, if she still needs assistance, and learn all you can from her of Katherine's last days. Poor Kitty; if she was buried in a potter's field I wish you would have the body removed to your village. This is very little, but it's all I can do. I am coughing my life away and will be gone very soon. Remember me as kindly as you can. Good-by.

"CHARLES A. CHASE."

With bowed head, Samuel wept softly. "It's plain enough they were married," he murmured, as tho trying to convince himself.

"I don't believe it," asserted Mrs. Barton. "I can't forget the disgrace of the whole thing; how no woman in ten miles of here would speak to me. Now we've got to dig it all up again. What good will it do? I loved my girl and tried to raise her right. She disgraced us;; now this worthless cur wants to revive it all."

"Hush, Laura—don't!" the old man pleaded, putting out his hands appealingly "I love you and I love her memory. What shall we do?"

"We don't have to do what he says," the wife replied; "it's merely a request not a stipulation of the will."

Samuel seemed not to hear. With his face in his hands, he gazed sadly into the fire. What he saw was a laughing, girlish face beneath a pile of curly chestnut hair, sparkling bright eyes, and teeth of milky white. It seemed but yesterday that dimpled baby hands had pulled down his face for the good-night kiss.

Mrs. Barton repeated her remarks.

"We don't have to," Samuel admitted; "but we ought to. I couldn't take the money and not try. Mr. Joyce thinks we're going to."

"You were a dunce to let him read the letter."

"Not such a dunce as you make me out," returned Samuel. "I didn't know how much he knew from the other end, and I thought it best to be open and aboveboard about it all. Besides, he knew all about our Katherine. Didn't he help me and Dr. O'Rhea search Denver for her?"

"Yes, he knew it all; and you don't give people a chance to forget. We had it nearly lived down."

"Well," concluded Mr. Barton, "I've said my say. We can refuse to have anything to do with it, and let the money go elsewhere." There was a hidden gleam of mischief in the moist eyes.

"Not much!" the wife answered tartly. "Think what that means. We'll go, we've got to, under the circumstances. I've no idea we can find her grave, anyway."

* * * * * * *

They were in New York a week before Miss Cooper was found. The first three days Mrs. Barton joined in the search, for she wanted to do the talking; but as the probability of success lessened and transportation expenses mounted, she consented to rest at the hotel while Samuel got his "fill of the wild-goose chase."

"Remember," she said, on the morning of the seventh day, "that we haven't got that money yet, not a dollar. How long do you think it'll take to spend our savings at this rate?"

"Not long, I guess," admitted Mr. Barton.

"If we could afford it, it'd be nice," continued the wife. "There isn't another woman in Flower Heights that's ever seen New York nor any place bigger than Denver. They'll think——"

"Well, I'm off," broke in Samuel "Don't worry about it; Joyce'll get the money for us."

But Mrs. Barton did worry. She knew her husband's tenacity, that he would not give up; so she was almost glad when he returned, successful; tho she had hoped for failure.

"I found her in a factory, as Chase predicted," reported Samuel, "but the foreman wouldn't give me but a minute. We are to call on her tonight."

Mrs. Barton was proud of her husband's cosmopolitanism. Not another man in Flower Heights could have found places and persons as her Samuel had. They changed cars and directions so often that she was about to question her husband's sanity, when he pointed out their destination.

It was a forbidding, dirty old frame, with every appearance of poverty-stricken inmates. A thin sloven with a squeaky voice confessed without a blush that she was the landlady, and permitted them to wait in the hall.

"No reception-room in this hotel, I guess," commented Samuel.

"What a place!" shuddered his wife. "Miss Cooper must not be very particular. You suppose Katherine had to live like this?"

"What can a poor girl do on factory wages?" Samuel demanded. "If she has decent rooms, she can't eat; if she eats there's mighty little rent money. As for clothes—there she comes."

Mrs. Barton forgave the lethargic acknowledgment of the introduction when she looked into the tired eyes. Miss Cooper dragged herself up the stairs, inviting them to follow. Her room was on the third floor, and when the farmer's wife saw that she slept, cooked, lived in one little cell with only one small window, she could scarcely repress her wonder. This was bad enough; but when she confirmed her suspicion of a curtained-off corner by glimpsing a cot, and realized that the room had two occupants, she collapsed, speechless.

"Yes, I know all about your daughter's life in New York," Miss Cooper told them. "They lived in the same house with me a long time."

"They!" repeated Mrs Barton "You think then—you think——"

"They were married?" finished Samuel "I had no reason to think otherwise; assuredly, I never asked," Miss Cooper replied coldly. "She was the best, sweetest girl I ever knew, and he did his best up till the time he left. I think he meant to return, but met some accident. He left in April and little Ethel came in December. Do you intend to take her away?"

Who?" gasped Mrs. Barton

"Ethel—your grandchild."

The farmer's wife bowed her head in her hands

"A child!" cried the old man, gladly. "Living with you?"

"Yes: it is time she was home now. She is often late, she has so far to come. Honestly, didn't you know this?"

"I swear we did not," replied Samuel "Katherine's child!" he repeated. "Listen, mother. She is soon to be here."

"I see," returned the wife, tears in her eyes giving place to determination. "The disgrace is greater than we thought—unless this child can show her mother's marriage certificate."

Miss Cooper's pale cheeks flushed with anger. "Surely you will not mention such a thing to her!"

"Certainly we won't!" interjected Samuel. "There's some one now."

"These are your grandparents, Ethel," explained Miss Cooper, adding bitterly, "they have come for you at last."

"You jump at conclusions," reproved Mrs. Barton.

For a moment joy transfixed the old man; tears coursed down the furrowed cheeks. He uttered the single word "Katherine," and drew the beautiful girl to him.

"And this is grandma," said Ethel, turning to Mrs. Barton. "Mamma did not think you would ever come."

Maternal instincts sprang forward momentarily, and Mrs. Barton folded Katherine's child to her breast. But immediately she was stern again, and quick-witted Ethel mentally pronounced her capricious.

In another moment the whole situation would have been explained, but Samuel's good intentions were frozen by a look from his wife, who said:

"We knew nothing about you till tonight, child. We got a letter from—from your—your father in Australia. He was dying, and asked us to look up your friend here and help her. He didn't know of you. He left us some money, how much we don't know yet—probably very little; but anyway, we'll set you and your friend up in some little business. We are poor enough, but not like we used to be when your mother was home."

"And so poor papa died without my seeing him," mourned Ethel. "I always hoped to see him, mamma loved him so; and I shall always love his memory and picture."

Miss Cooper left the room hurriedly, Mrs. Barton brushed the tears from her eyes, and Samuel wept outright, holding onto his grandchild's hand, piteously. "Just Kitty over again," he sobbed, stroking the soft chestnut hair.

"Mamma told me how poor you were," went on Ethel. "I guess I understand, Aunt Lydia and I have had experience; but we're getting along fine now, because we're both working. She was sick a while and—but it's all right now, Mamma told me never to approach you in any way unless you first came to me. She was not stubborn, but she—well, she didn't think you'd like me, somehow. But you do, don't you?"

For answer, Samuel kissed her hair and caressed the rough but shapely hand

"Do you, too, grandma?"

Cornered, Mrs. Barton admitted sincerely that she did

"You quit that shirt factory tonight." Samuel attempted to brave his wife's frown. "You're going home with us; Miss Cooper, too. Your father——"

"Shut up!" ordered Mrs. Barton, stamping the floor so hard that Miss Cooper peeped in to see what was going on. Discord Samuel Barton could not stand; he gave way—or decided to bide his time. His wife continued: "It's far better for Ethel to work here with Miss Cooper till we get that money. Then you can come back and fix them out." Turning to Ethel: "As I said, we're pretty poor yet, and our neighbors are very peculiar; they——"

It was Samuel's time to sound a warning. "Well, anyway," he interrupted, "stay cheerful, honey, and we'll soon have you fixed up. You just trust in God, do right, and write to me if you need anything." He was getting out a bill-book, in spite of a series of coughs from his wife. He handed Ethel a bill. "Get yourself and Miss Cooper some warm clothes. I'll send you some more right away."

"A hundred dollars!" gasped the girl. "Why, I can't let you do this."

But he would not take it back, and called in Miss Cooper to prevail on Ethel's acceptance. Mrs. Barton acquiesced, in the hope that this would facilitate departure.

* * * * * * *

They stopped in Denver and tried to hurry Mr. Joyce; but the lawyer assured them that he was doing all he could. "Never fear; Cousin Victor is the best man you could have at that end, the best lawyer in Australia."

Mrs. Barton took the early train for Flower Heights; but her husband remained several days and haunted Joyce's office. The old lawyer knew all, and sympathized. Not for a moment did he think Samuel Barton mercenary. He knew the man too well for that.

A month dragged by, and the Bartons still waited. "Something must have happened," lamented the wife. "Call him up again, Samuel."

Samuel did so; but Joyce answered as he had the week before. "Things are still grinding; the man's affairs were in bad shape. Needn't be uneasy; Victor has it in hand. Give Mrs. Barton my regards."

Every week a letter came from Ethel, girlish, happy letters, with never a complaint nor hint for aid. But into every answer was slipped a substantial check. And when one Monday the postman failed to stop, Mrs. Barton found herself as anxious as Samuel.

But the letter arriving next day repaid them for waiting. Two pieces of dress goods and a picture were inclosed. Samuel fell into ecstacies over the likeness, and his wife commented favorably

"I'll bet she looks dandy in this pink," chuckled the grandfather. "We just must have her home, ma. How can you——"

"Now, Samuel, you know how impossible that is. We would be hopelessly ruined. It was bad enough before; but a child out of wedlock, and everybody pointing at us and her!"

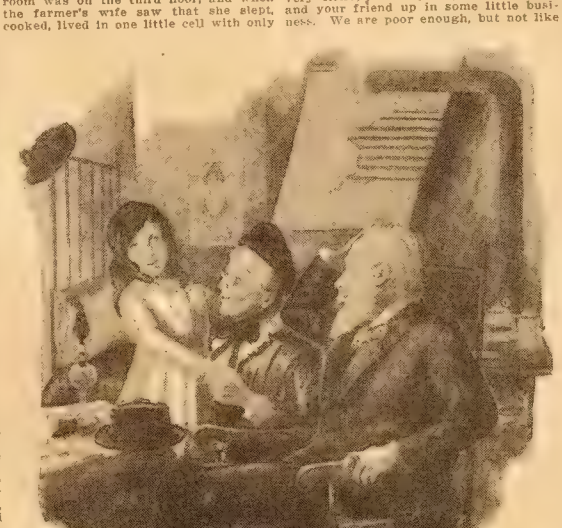
"But——"

"No buts," the wife stamped conclusively. "We'll do what we can for her there—if we ever get that money—which I doubt."

Winter broke and early summer came Mrs. Barton had long since despaired of a settlement of the Chase affairs. Her indulgent smile of incredulity nettled Samuel, but his confidence never waned

"We've spent hundreds of dollars on Ethel now," she remarked, "and we'll never get a cent of it back. I guess Miss Cooper down in her heart thinks we're crazy. I dare say she doesn't care as long as she gets to mother the girl. She was mighty afraid we'd take her." The gray head was bent over some darning, and Samuel's quick notice of the feeling in these words passed unseen.

The old man took up Ethel's picture, which during the last month Mrs. Barton had permitted him to keep on the



"So poor papa died without me seeing him?"

center table, and looked at it long and wistfully, as he had so often done. His wife saw him, and busied herself in the kitchen.

The days were busy ones now for farmers. Samuel worked hard, but with a habitual smile. Every night he urged his wife to keep up her courage. But one evening Mrs. Barton was inconsolable.

"Mrs. Trulip was here," she explained; "I guess you saw her from the field. She saw Ethel's picture and asked who it was. I told her it was a grandchild, and she looked at me mighty hard. A little later she asked how many children we had had; and when I told her one, she got on that hateful look of hers. You see, some of the old neighbors have told her."

"Is that all?" laughed the tired but happy man.

"That's enough," returned the wife. "I don't see how you can laugh; she's about the most influential woman round here now. But I felt like pitching into her. She hasn't got a child in her whole family as good nor as pretty as Ethel!"

"Certainly; that's what's the matter with her," encouraged Samuel, "envy." Inwardly, the old man was jubilant. "Blood's thicker than water," he reflected. "Those regular letters, the angel face, and memories, are winning her dear old heart."

Telegrams to the Barton ranch were not common; and when one morning in the latter part of June a uniformed boy leaned his bicycle against the fence and approached the house, Mrs. Barton was alarmed. Samuel signed for the message while she tore it open. "Just listen to this," she commanded:

"Will arrive the 27th; important. Please meet train.

"ETHEL."

Samuel did a wild dance and threw his hat at the old dog, dozing on the porch.

"Looks like she might wait till she's invited," grumbled the wife. Then, excitedly: "Why, this is the 27th—and Mrs. Trulip and Mrs. Gibbons are to be here this afternoon. What shall I do?"

"Hang the old gossips!" cried Samuel, whirling his wife around and kissing her. "We'll drive by as we go to town and ask their pardon."

"I'd rather not see them today."

"All right, I'll 'phone," volunteered Samuel. "Leave 'em to me."

To his surprise, she did not even evince interest in what he told them. She was too busy with other thoughts. But whatever Samuel said was effective, decidedly.

To meet the 2 o'clock train, they had to get ready immediately. Mr. Barton did not betray it, but he was surprised at his wife's intention to accompany him. This was more than he had dared to hope for.

They could not figure it out. "You suppose she means to stay?" frowned Mrs. Barton. "What will——"

"Never mind what they say," advised Samuel. "Anyway, they'll forget everything else when we get that fortune."

The wife laughed ruefully. "Haven't you forgotten that hoax yet?"

"I surely have not," he answered; "I've a feeling that it'll come soon."

"Most likely Miss Cooper's sick or dead, and the child doesn't know where to turn," guessed Mrs. Barton. "She's a dear little girl."

Samuel nearly bit his pipestem in two, and struck the old horse with the whip, a very unusual thing for him.

Ethel received a warm welcome. Her grandmother had either changed or was in a fine mood. The girl could hardly hold her news till they were homeward bound, then she said:

"You are not poor any more, grandma. We are all rich now, awfully rich. You were mistaken about the amount of papa's money. He did not die for quite a while after writing you, and somehow learned of me. Did you write to him?"

In open-mouthed amazement, both listeners answered negatively.

"Well, he learned it some way," the girl continued, "and made a will leaving me everything—over two hundred thousand dollars!"

Samuel whistled.

"Why, child, your father——" For once, Mrs. Barton obeyed the admonitory head-shake of her husband, and stopped in time.

Ethel went on. "The lawyer he gave the will to wrote to Mr. Joyce of Denver, and Mr. Joyce wired to me, then wrote all about it. He said he got the address from papa; but that he hadn't told you anything. He wanted me to have the surprise all for myself. But now I'm sorry, 'cause it's prostrated both of you."

Her merry laugh was echoed by Samuel. "No more hard times, honey," he cried, tears in his eyes. "But how about Miss Cooper?"

"She is to be married in August—to a fine man. Won't I give her a present! But grandma, cheer up; you must not cry. I can live with you now, because we won't be poor any more."

"Yes, child, but it looks just like I was taking you in because of your inheritance."

"Nonsense, you dear old thing!" returned Ethel, heartily. "You were too poor; it wasn't your fault. All is past, no more crackers and milk and cold nights." She finished with another musical laugh; but suddenly, a moment later, saying, "If mamma could only have—don't you think she knows in Heaven, grandpa?"

"Indeed she does, honey," answered Samuel, trying hard to restrain the tears.

Mrs. Barton led the child to the silent room on the east side, and Samuel followed, trembling. Sweet and clean, freshly aired, it evidently had been prepared. "It has been ready for you two weeks," said the grandmother, sadly. "Honestly, I meant to send for you, but I waited too long. Now you'll always think——"

"Why, I believe you, grandma," cried Ethel. "What a beautiful room! I can look right out on the garden; you know I haven't seen much of growing things. It is all so clean and peaceful, so sweet and—so pure. Did—did——"

"Yes," Mrs. Barton answered, "it was her room; now it is yours—forever—if you'll stay."

* * * * * * *

It was three days later when Mr. Barton tore himself away from home long enough to answer the many messages from Joyce.

"Just as I told you, it required only time and correspondence to develop the longing."

"Does either one suspect anything irregular?" queried Joyce, smiling.

"I'm sure Ethel doesn't," responded Mr. Barton; "and if Laura does she has never accused me. I saw her burn Chase's letter the night Ethel came, and I know she is happier than she's been since Katherine left. It brings back the old days, it seems like starting life anew. If you could look in on us you'd think any measure justified that brought such results."

The lawyer rubbed his hands in genuine satisfaction. "We didn't do anything crooked, anyway, Sam. You folks were the only ones concerned, and you had a right to give her the fortune. It was hers by rights, and as you said, it's certain he would have left it to her if he'd known he had a daughter. Victor is sure he would have. As it is, you have done right, secured harmony and brought happiness all around. No one will ever know but you and myself and Victor. The will is an expert piece of work, and will never be questioned. Why should it be?"

"You're right, Bob," agreed Samuel. "I must be getting back; call the girl when you need her and I'll bring her in. A thousand thanks, Bob; and other pay when the money gets here."

* * *

A Plunkett Story.

Sir Horace Plunkett, permanent chairman of the Irish convention, has a fine sense of humor, a characteristic which appeals strongly to the Irishman, no matter what are his political views. A short while back, speaking at an Orange meeting in Belfast, he raised a hearty laugh even from these grim sectarians by casually remarking:

"We all know that those who differ from us on matters of religion will be adequately punished in the next world; so why harbor bad feelings here?"

A good story concerns his work in connection with the Irish agricultural banks which he founded in various parts of the country. These institutions were for advancing money on loan to small tenant farmers in order to enable them to buy pigs, seed potatoes, manure or farm implements.

One day when Sir Horace was presiding over a committee meeting of a branch in County Mayo, a young man presented himself and requested the loan of £2 in order to buy a suit of clothes. He was told, of course, that there was no money available for any such purpose, and was going away, looking very crestfallen, when the chairman called him back and asked why he wanted new clothes just at this juncture.

"Well," said the applicant, "the case is this: I am fond of Nora Carty, and she has a nice little farm. I am going to ask her tomorrow to marry me, and if she says 'No' I will be off to America. Now, gintlemen, I shall have twice as good a chance with her if I have a decent suit of clothes on my back instead of these rags."

When the laughter had subsided, Sir Horace moved that the committee should reconsider its decision, with the result that the young fellow got his £2 and eventually succeeded in winning Nora Carty and her farm.

Sir Horace, by the way, is a practical agriculturist, having been for ten years a ranchman in Dakota.

* * *

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"It's like the case of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a new hand loafing by the rail.

"'What was this chap in civil life?' he demanded.

"'A milkman, sir,' was the reply.

"'Then,' roared the captain, 'to the pumps with him at once!'"

* * *

As It Looked.

Ole Johnson came directly from the forests in Sweden to a lumber camp in northern Minnesota. On a recent visit to the city he saw the moving pictures for the first time in his life.

"You yust bet Ay had gude time," he said, relating his experience back at camp, "an' would you believe I'm? Ay vent in vun place where dey squirt pictures on de wall!"

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The GINGER JAR

A Checker-Playing Bear

By Edwin J. Webster

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"MIGHTY few men are good players of both checkers and poker,' said Uncle Zack Rogers, pensively. "So it seems to me that Elder Allison was harsh in his severe condemnation of his pet bear when he found that that once pious animal had mixed up the two games. The bear might have been redeemed from paths of sin if the Elder hadn't been so hasty. As it was, the bear, after enduring a few hard buffets from the good Elder, fled to a life of careless vice. And he was such a good bear at first.

"Elder Allison had picked up the bear when only a cub in the woods one day. Some hunters had shot its mother, and it was a very hungry and lonely furry baby. The Elder took the bear home with him, fed him, and sort of adopted him as a member of the family. When the bear began to grow a little it was evident that all bets on bear intelligence wanted to be coppered if they were made against the Elder's pet. He had the rest of his kindred chained to the post when 'it came to knowing how to do things and do them well. Ordinary bear-tricks were so easy for that intelligent animal that he never had to be shown them more than once; but Elder Allison, who was a pillar in the village church, wouldn't teach his pet any ordinary bear-tricks. He said they were 'frivolous and an abomination to the truly good.' And Elder Allison ranked Class A in that division.

"The good Elder had only one real diversion, and that was playing checkers. Any time he could get up a game of checkers he was a happy man, especially if there was a small bet on the side. Some of the church people were sort of scandalized at the Elder's taking these bets; but the good man defended himself against any charge of gambling.

"'What's your definition of gambling?' he asked, anxious like, of the minister, when that worthy man took him to task for betting on his favorite game.

"'Gambling is betting on a game of chance,' answered the minister prompt like.

"'To be sure, to be sure,' said Elder Allison in mighty satisfied tones. 'Then it was what I thought myself. Well, it isn't any game of chance when the boys around here play with me. The only reason they win at all is that I like to make things a little interesting and keep them at the game. I was sure in my own mind that I wasn't gambling, but I'm mighty glad to have your indorsement, pastor.'

"And Elder Allison marched off with the satisfied air of a man who has got the commendation of the church on an innocent recreation. The pastor seemed puzzled and not wholly satisfied.

"After awhile it got so that all the boys were sort of reluctant about playing checkers with the Elder. Even when there wasn't any betting on the game they didn't care to play, for the Elder always won. The Elder found it sort of lonely without his favorite game. One evening the thought came to him that he could teach his pet bear to play the game. The more he pondered over the scheme the more satisfied he was that it would be a success.

"'Checkers isn't a game to be lightly approached by man or beast,' he remarked sort of doubtfully to the bear; 'but you seem to have the intelligence of two ordinary men, my furry pet, and, besides, have had the benefit of association from cubhood with one of the worthiest men in this part of the State. I don't see why, with a little practice, you couldn't become the second-best checker-player in town. It would be a pleasure for me, a privilege for you, and perhaps, if later on we could get some of the boys to make a few small bets against you, there might be profit in it for the good man who owns you.'

"The bear nodded his head at the end of this little speech, as if he understood every word of it. Probably he did, being as I have said a bear that could make his mark anywhere in the great world of bears. So the Elder got down the checkerboard and began teaching his pet the game.

"The good bear was as apt a pupil as the Elder could have found in the whole county. Besides his natural bear intellect, he had watched the Elder's games night after night, so that he practically understood the whole thing before his lessons were begun. In a week the bear could play a fair game. In a month there wasn't a person in the town, except Elder Allison, who could beat him. And sometimes the intelligent bear would score a victory over the Elder. But he soon learned that this wasn't healthy and meant reduced rations. The Elder was a worthy and pious man; but he couldn't stand it to be beaten, especially by his own bear.

"'How much sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful bear' the Elder used to sigh after the bear had won a victory over him at checkers. 'Probably you cheated when I wasn't looking, or you couldn't have won that game. I guess you had better go without breakfast tomorrow to teach you that the way

"Leave my house forever."

of the transgressor is hard when he is found out.'

"And one who cheated the Elder in a game of checkers could have stolen a buzzsaw in motion; but, as the Elder had charge of the rations, the good bear soon learned that such victories were unprofitable.

"Just about the time the Elder thought he had his bear well trained at the checker-game, and that it was about time for him to try and get a few bets from the rest of the boys against the bear, he was called to the city on important business which would probably keep him away about three months. He couldn't very well take the bear with him, for, even if the railroad company wouldn't object, it would look queer to go trapesing about the city followed by a big and unusually intelligent-looking bear. So the Elder hunted up Deacon Stebbins, and confided the bear to his care.

"'That precious animal is the apple of my eye,' said the Elder, earnestly, as he turned the bear over to Deacon Stebbins. 'Guard him tenderly, and be especially careful that he doesn't get into any bad habits. Intellectually he can look out for himself, but I'm afraid for his moral nature after my guidance is removed.'

"Deacon Stebbins promised he would be a father to the bear during the Elder's absence. So the Elder went on his journey rejoicing in the thought that he had left his pet in worthy hands.

"Now, Deacon Stebbins, while a good man in many ways, was a sort of a whited sepulchre, too. He was one of the pillars of the church, and generally the strong in reform movements, but the town had a weakness for the national game of poker. Once or twice a week he used to drop down to Hal Jenkins' tavern and take a hand in a little game in one of the back rooms. The game was kept very much on the quiet; so this never injured the Deacon's reputation, which often dented his bank-roll, he not being the player Hal Jenkins and some of the rest of the boys were. Not liking to leave the precious bear at home, the Deacon used to take him with him in these little excursions into haunts of vice. Of course the talents of the bear made him popular with the boys at the tavern poker-room, he being a bear that would have won social success in any city, and the more Hal Jenkins saw of the bear the more determined he was to possess him, permanently, if he could; if not, then temporarily.

"At first Hal tried to buy the bear, but of course Deacon Stebbins had no authority to sell the Elder's cherished pet. Then Hal wanted to rent the bear at a mighty liberal figure until Elder Allison returned; but Deacon Stebbins wouldn't hear of this. He sort of hinted, too, that he was afraid the pious bear's moral nature might be corrupted by too much contact with Hal, whose heart was rather set on things of this world. This didn't please Hal overmuch and made him more determined to get the bear.

"So Hal took two or three of the rest of the boys into partnership, and they laid for the good Deacon. As a result of having so many house-players against him, it wasn't long before the Deacon had lost most of his ready money. Then Hal loaned him some. This went, too. Hal kept this up until he had the Deacon pretty well tangled up in debt. Then one day he suggested, casual like, that he needed the money. The Deacon didn't have it.

"'Then I'm afraid I'll have to sue for it,' said Hal, in a kind of ugly way.

"Of course, this landed mighty hard on the good Deacon. Hal probably couldn't recover on a gambling debt, but he could put the Deacon's reputation with the truly good back a good many miles. After Hal had the Deacon well scared, he sprang his proposition on him.

"'I tell you what I'll do, Deacon,' he said, in a more kindly tone. 'If you will let me have that bear until Elder Allison returns, I'll call our little account square. When the Elder gets back, I will turn the bear over to you, and the Elder won't know he has been absent from your fostering care.'

Deacon Stebbins was pretty joyous at getting out of the debt on these terms. He turned the bear over to Hal Jenkins, remarking as he did it that the bear's long suit was playing checkers. Hal snorted at this.

"'Checkers!' he said, mighty contemptuous like. 'That's no game for either man or bear of his talents. I'll teach this cherished pet of Elder Allison's how to play a man's game. When the Elder returns and finds his bear the best poker-player in the county his heart ought to bubble over with gratitude toward Hal Jenkins; but I ain't by any means sure that it will.' And Hal chuckled in a pleased way to himself, there being small love lost between him and the Elder.

"Of course, as soon as the bear was a little used to his new home he wanted to show off his talents in the checker-playing line, being justly proud of them. But Hal just laughed at the good bear. The intelligent animal went around for a few days with a grieved and hurt look on his face. But Hal fed him well and petted him and, to make up for the loss of checkers, started in to teach the bear poker. Maybe he was a bad bear at heart, and maybe it was just his wonderful intelligence; but it took the bear even less time to learn to play poker than it had to learn checkers, and he seemed to enjoy it a good deal more, too, which makes me think that at the bottom he was a sort of Tenderloin bear and not the truly good creature he appeared at first acquaintance. Anybody who doubted the bear's ability as a poker-player had only to sit in a game with him once. He didn't need to sit twice. And generally he didn't have the money to.

"'Such a bear! such a bear!' said Hal Jenkins in an admiring way one evening after the furry gambler had bluffed him

(Continued on Page 28.)

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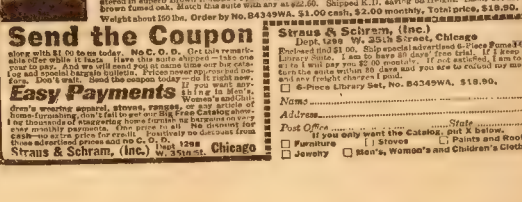

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The Six Corners Boy

Or, Strike for Freedom

By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER XIX.

A GIRL WANTED.

CYRIL DRIFTE, the yellow-haired athlete, came over to see Perry and gave him a few lessons in wrestling, also a few rounds with the gloves. The youth expressed himself as surprised at the skill and dexterity displayed by the farmer boy.

"I learned with Stevens of Ironwood," said Perry, in reply to a question from the boy wrestler. "I have been called a girl and a 'sissy' long enough. I propose to go to the next meet of the Six Corners Athletic Club and have a hand in. Do you think I had best, Cyril?"

"Do I!" exclaimed the other. "I should say yes. Does Jim know?"

"Know what, Mr. Drifte?"

"That you are no longer an infant—that you can handle the gloves like a member of the prize ring, and that you are a mighty good square-hold wrestler?"

"I don't think so."

"Then he has a surprise coming to him."

"I expect he has," laughed our hero.

"I mean to be there and see the fun."

The day of the meeting of the wrestling club was postponed on account of the extremely busy time.

"It'll come after the corn is in the shock, likely at a husking party," explained Jim, as he came home from a trip to Six Corners grocery. "I 'most wish you could take part in it, Perry."

"Perhaps I may," said the smaller boy.

"Oh, but you might get hurt, you know. We have enough sore bones in this house now. Can't spare any more to the hospital. I'll admit that you do seem stronger than you did last spring when you gave dad the slip and went off to live with them openings meat thieves, but you're still a baby."

"Still a baby, eh?" and a quick, sharp pain leaped to the breast of the boy whom big Jim had so often beaten to please his fancy. "I don't like to be called that, Jim," and the face of the speaker grew suddenly pale.

"Oh, well, never mind!" chuckled Jim, whose coarse frame seemed to loom up bigger and more repulsive than ever. "Some day I'll learn you how to fight."

"I don't think you will."

"We shall see."

One morning Mrs. Stedger called her nephew to her as she sat in the parlor resting quietly in the big armchair.

"I managed to get to the kitchen when you were out, Perry," she said, "and I found things in a mixed-up shape. The house needs a woman. I only wish I could use my arms, but," with a groan, "I don't suppose I shall be able to for yet another month. Such a mess as everything is in!"

"I imagine that's true," apologized Perry, his face suffused with blushes under the kindly eyes of his aunt. "I've been wondering if a girl wouldn't be of some help."

"Why, of course. That's just what is wanting. I thought you and Jim tried your best to find one."

"So we did, Aunt Crete, but we didn't look in the right place," explained the boy. "I've just had an inspiration."

"What is it, Perry?"

"Jet."

"Jet? Is that a girl or a cat?"

"A girl, a jim dandy at that!" explained Perry, enthusing at the new thoughts that suddenly took possession of him. "Will you let me go for her, Aunt Crete?"

"Why haven't you mentioned her before?"

"Because I thought she might be too young. She's as smart as a steel trap, tho, and must be at least 13 years old. Shall I go for her?"

"Who is she? Tell me about her. Where does she live?"

"In Ironwood—that is, near there, with a family of Dentons."

"Dentons, did you say?"

The aunt manifested sudden interest.

"Yes, Auntie Crete. Paul Denton, his sister Sally, and the mother who takes in washing for a living. Oh, don't think they aren't smart enough! Why, just think, they are living in one of father's old houses, on land that once was his when he owned a mill and lots of pine, as well as hardwood land."

"Never mind," suddenly decided the aunt. "We won't discuss those people."

"But they are nice as can be, and——"

"I tell you, no, Perry, I don't wish to hear anything more," and the woman raised a protesting hand.

"But I may go and get Jet, mayn't I, Auntie Crete?" begged the boy, full of delight at thought of providing a good home for his girl chum of the oak openings.

"Decidedly not. Go along off now and leave me to myself; my head aches."

Thus summarily dismissed, Perry turned to go. Of a sudden he thought he would like to ask his aunt a few more questions. Now was a good time when Zadok was too ill to interfere. Aunt Lucretia was a very fair-minded woman, Perry believed, and inclined to treat him well when away from the influence of her husband.

"Aunt Crete," said the boy, approaching her chair once more, "I have been curious to talk with you about my father. Won't you please tell me about him?"

"I don't know that there is anything to tell, Perry."

"I think there's everything. Why, all I know about him I have heard from strangers. Now, you——"

"Forget it, Jim!"

"From the Dentons, of course," sharply. "I am sorry you ever ran across those low people, Perry. You will do well never to go near them again."

"Why shall I not, Auntie Crete?" honestly asked the boy.

"Because I forbid it."

"But they have been kind to me. And from them I learned how my father came to die. You never told me."

"I didn't think you would be edified by the sad story, my boy."

After that the madam would speak no further.

Perry went about his housework with never another word to his aunt about the matter uppermost in his mind. Nevertheless, our hero was concluding to his own satisfaction that he had some rights in the premises as well as those others who chose to dominate affairs at Allard farm.

He had returned here, casting aside all prospects for future emolument in town, to please these two elderly people, neither one of whom had ever evolved any of the milk of human kindness in his behalf.

"This love and duty is all right, I'll be bound," declared the boy to himself, "but it can't be one-sided like a jug-handle and last any great length of time. I think I'll take a little responsibility on my own shoulders and see what comes of it. I'll be 17 my next birthday, and it's about time the son of Colonel John A. Allard asserted himself."

Full of such thoughts our boy hero repaired to the barn immediately after an early supper, and while the two farm hands and Jim were partaking of their evening meal, he harnessed one of the horses into a light buggy and drove from the premises.

He faced down the road contrariwise from Six Corners, and was gone fully an hour before big Jim discovered his absence and that of the fleetest animal in the farm stables.

"Skedaddled, by thunder!" ejaculated the son of old Zadok.

Jim went immediately to his stepmother with the news that Perry Allard had once more gone off with one of dad's best horses.

"Are you sure, Jim?" asked the stepmother.

"As that I live," declared big Jim. "I have been suspecting it all along. The scamp has been waiting till the time was ripe. What shall I do now?"

"I don't know that you can do anything. That boy has been a source of great trouble ever since he was old enough to know his own name. I am sorry," and Mrs. Stedger sighed deeply.

"It's amazing gall, say I."

"And right in the time of our deepest trouble, too!" moaned the woman. "But see here, Jim."

"Yes, mother."

"Don't let your father know."

"Why shan't I?"

"I don't think it's best."

At 9 o'clock that evening Perry Allard walked into the house on the sand at the mouth of the river, and surprised the inmates with a cheery "Good evening, folkses!"

"Well, of all the spooks, here's the main guy now!" laughed small Jet, catching Perry about the neck and giving him a sisterly smack on his cheek. "How did you cross the river without calling, Perry?"

"Jack Boone was crossing in a big dugout just as I came along, so it saved me the trouble of yelling," said the boy, who was warmly greeted by the other members of the Denton family. Many weeks had passed since they had been together, and they all were glad enough to greet Perry.

"It'll soon be winter again," pursued Perry, "and I reckon we'll all be wanting something to do to keep the wolf from the door. I came after you, Miss Jet Black."

"After me, Perry?"

The boy explained the situation in a few words. "They need women help awful bad at the farm," he concluded, "and I knew you could fill the bill to perfection, Jet."

The girl was very much pleased at the prospect.

"We shall hate to lose Jet like sixty," said Sally.

"We shall all miss her," agreed stately Paul, "but it may be the best that can happen to her. She's so young, tho, you mustn't put too much work on her shoulders, Perry."

"Trust me for that!" cried the boy. "Sally can set you across in the morning. I'll be waiting," and with that Perry Allard took his departure.

Full of enthusiasm over the widening prospects for his future, our boy hero made his way back into the gaslit streets of the city.

Perry had put up for the night at a small hotel in the lesser part of the town. As he was about to cross the threshold of the hotel, a low exclamation fell on his ear. The next instant a hand touched his shoulder.

"My boy, are you from Six Corners?" asked a man who stood partly in the shadow of the awning over the door.

"Yes," answered Perry. "What is wanted?"

"You are Perry Allard?" There was a quake in the speaker's voice.

"That is my name," answered the surprised lad.

Without another word the man turned and joined a companion on the walk a few yards distant.

CHAPTER XX.

AGAIN ON THE MAT.

PERRY ALLARD was puzzled at the actions of the man who had spoken his name. He was confident he had never seen him before, and he at once stepped back to the sidewalk as the man joined another and walked from the spot. Our hero recognized the second man as Paul Barding, the lawyer.

What was the meaning of this pantomime?

"I'll see," and the lad started to follow. After a minute, however, he gave up the quest. He would see the lawyer later, and from him learn all about who the stranger was and what he wanted.

Early the next morning Perry drove his rig down to the river bank. Early tho it was, he found Jet, grip in hand, waiting his coming. With her stood Sally of the sandy locks.

"Now, you must let Jet come and see us sometimes, Perry," said the Denton girl. "I shall miss her ever so much."

The boy promised, Jet nimbly sprang into the buggy and the boy and girl drove away, Sally following them with her gaze until they were lost to sight among the oak grubs.

Jet was her lively self all the way to Six Corners. She was the one girl our boy admired the most in all the world. Altho he had known her scarcely six months, she seemed like a sister whom he had always had with him.

"You'll have it all your own way in Aunt Crete's kitchen," assured the boy.

"That'll suit me well enough if I can do the work," said the girl.

"Oh, I'll risk that!" laughed Perry, who had seen some of Jet Black's handiwork among the pots and pans of the shingle weaver's kitchen weeks before.

The most astonished person at Allard farm when the young people drove up was Jim Stedger. He stood on the front steps, open-mouthed with wonder.

"What's troubling you, Jim?" called Perry, as he drew rein.

"Jerusalem!" roared Jim Stedger, and then he spat out the quid of clover he had been chewing.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Great guns, and I sent one of the men to call the sheriff!"

"Call the sheriff for what, you idiot?"

"To run you down, Perry," snorted Jim. "Yeh see, I reckoned and mam thought and dad reckoned you'd run away ag'in."

Perry lifted his companion to the ground.

"Jim, this is your new mistress," said Perry.

"Holy smoke, ef 'tain't the cattle stealer's gal!"

"Shut pan on that!" cried Perry, turning angrily upon the speaker. "This is Miss Black, come to take charge of house affairs till Aunt Crete gets on her feet again."

"But she's the Norstuff gal."

"Forget it, Jim!"

"Mebbe I can, but——"

"Do it then, or there'll be something doing," frowningly declared Perry, who was as anxious as possible for the world to forget the name of Norstuff.

Our hero conducted his girl chum to the best room in the farmhouse, told her to make herself wholly at home, then ran out to look after his horse. Big Jim still stood staring.

"What made you bring her here, Perry—that thief's daughter?"

"Cut that, Jim! D'ye hear me?" angrily warned Perry.

"But she is that gal."

"Her name is Black, and that you'll call her or take a licking."

The small speaker faced big Jim with blood in his eye.

"Ho! Ho!" roared Jim. "As if I'd stand for a thing like that! I owe you

a trouncing, Perry, and as soon gin it to ye now as any time."

Since his return to the farm, big Jim had been very friendly to his cousin by marriage, and the orphan lad almost believed he had become a halfway decent young fellow. The old Adam was cropping out again, however. Perry was anxious not to quarrel so soon after Jet's advent at the home, and therefore he backed away when Jim doubled his fists and stood on the defensive.

"I dare you to come on!" he roared.

"Not today, Jim," pleaded Perry. "This is no time for silly roughing it. You treat Jet decent and there'll be no trouble." With that the small heir to Allard farm ran into the house and to his Aunt Loreeta.

When he told her what he had done, she was much better pleased than he had hoped.

"Oh, well," she said, "if the girl can do the work it'll be all right. She can come to me if she finds anything perplexing her about things."

Thank you, Auntie Crete," and the boy ran joyously to Jet with the news.

The autumn days passed after that in a pleasant manner. Jet was far more capable than any of them supposed she would be. Perry was permitted to go with the men to the fields. Jim, who prided himself on being boss, made no new attempt to embroil Perry in a battle. His father had talked with him, telling him it was best not to antagonize Perry while he, Zadok, was unable to be about.

"I want the young rascal to stay here," concluded the elderly farmer. "It is important that I do not lose sight of him again. Much depends on this boy, who scents something wrong. I would rather he wouldn't look too closely into some things."

"About your being appointed guardian, dad?" asked Jim.

"About that and other matters it is not best for you to know."

The wrestling match was postponed till near Christmas, and then it had to be brought off in the room over the Six Corners store. Jet wanted to go, but Perry informed her that no girls need apply.

"I hope you beat that Jim," she said, as he drew on his overcoat on the evening set for the bout.

"You don't like Jim, I see."

"No, I can't bear the sight of him," declared the girl. "He insulted me the first day I came here."

"You didn't tell me. What was it he said?"

"That I was a thief's brat. I scratched his face and he swore at me. No, I said nothing, because he is so big and strong; I was afraid he might hurt you real bad, Perry, and I didn't want to get you into trouble."

"Bully for you, Jet!" and Perry raised and kissed her hand. "I'm not afraid of him. If he ever does the like again, let me know, please."

With that our hero hurried away to the wrestling match. He went on foot, accompanied by one of the hired men. The ground was covered with snow, a perfect starlit winter's night. Jim had gone long before to do a little practice work, he informed his cousin.

Altho the room over the Pete Radway store was large, it was crowded to the doors on the night in question. This was to be the opening match of the winter season, and therefore very great interest was manifested.

"Now," said Zadok Stedger to his son, just before that youth departed for the field of struggle, "try and not get into a muss with Perry. I don't want him to get mad and quit, as he did that other time last spring."

"All right, dad," agreed the son, "if he don't blow too much he'll be safe."

Cyril Drifte and his friend Art Meddler were there. The former was not wrestling tonight, he informed his friends.

Several bouts were carried thru when the event of the evening was called, Jim Stedger versus Black Jack. The latter was the son of Black Joe, a famous negro wrestler, who had made a considerable fortune following the matted game. His son was about Jim's size and age, a newcomer in the wrestling arena.

"It's queer there's no white boy dares face me on the mat!" sneered Jim Stedger, as he stepped into the center of the floor. At the same time he glared at the yellow-haired Drifte, who stood with Art and Perry at one side.

"Never mind," called Art Meddler, with a derisive laugh. "If you are afraid to meet the colored boy, we'll produce a chap that'll snap your heels sky high in the jerk of a lamb's tail."

The laugh that followed irritated Jim. "Come on, nigger!" he growled, reaching for the colored boy.

It soon was evident that Jim had about found his match. However, big Jim managed to get two falls out of three, and was declared the winner.

"Now," yelled big Jim, "where's that other valiant who can make my heels crack the ceiling?"

"He is here," called Meddler, pushing Perry forward.

"Not tonight, Art," cried our hero. "I came merely to look on. There's been enough for now; it's getting late."

"Go on, go on!" yelled a dozen voices, and the hand of Jim grasped Perry by the arm, jerking him across the mat. At the same time the teeth of the victor snapped viciously.

"I've been wanting to get another lick at you!" cried Jim, his eyes fairly emitting sparks of fire. "They say you've learned a lot in the last few months, now prove it if you can. Come to me, boy! I'll chaw yeh up as a wildcat would a chicken!"

The pent-up wrath of many moons consumed the speaker. He forgot the warning given him by the elder Stedger, only realizing that now he had a chance to get even with baby-faced defender of Jet Black.

Perry could not evade if he would the challenge of his brutish cousin. He braced himself, shut his teeth hard, remembering the locks Stevens of Ironwood had taught him, and prepared for the struggle.

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. Read them sure.

* * *

Folly's Fatal Legacy.

(Continued From Page 20.)

estly. "Go your ways, Jim. What do you want with a woman like me, whose heart is dead? I can see and feel that you don't really love me any more, and so best, dear boy, so best! We'll be good friends; but let me stay with Maggie."

And so it was arranged. Jim, while not flattered, was secretly well content. Foxy, tho, objected strongly.

"You must make her leave my little girls alone, then," he began to grumble, but Jim silenced him.

"You keep your girls away from where my wife can see or hear of them," he said, "or I'll give you up to the law, myself, you and your dirty partner! An Agency for Servant Girls, that's Sharkey's business, isn't it? Well, how would he like to have the law look into it?"

Foxy—suddenly very much scared, immediately withdrew all his objections.

"Sharkey shall take the girls right to his own place," he said. "Don't you worry, my dear—they shan't trouble Madam Helen!"

Jim bade his wife good-by very kindly.

"We'll let things rest on the friendship basis for a while, anyway," he said, "and I won't bother you. I'm going to Old Nan's. If you want me at any time—Nan has a 'phone. Call me and I'll come."

He kissed her lightly on the cheek, and was gone. Helen gave a great sigh of relief, and thanked Heaven. But Maggie, disapproving, shook her head.

"You're cruel to him, and foolish to yourself," she said. "A man's a man! Mark my words, Jim'll get another sweetheart."

"Let him," said Helen indifferently. "Let him."

Maggie shrugged her shoulders. "You'll have to 'let him,' for he certainly will," she said. "You'll see! A man's a man! A man's a man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HAPPINESS AT LAST!

EVENTS moved fast. The very next day after Jim's departure, Foxy's disreputable partner, Pete Sharkey, a smooth-spoken, well-dressed, plausible villain, known to his associates as "the Shark," brought to Foxy's den a lovely little girl.

"Just for a few hours," he said, answering Foxy's remonstrances. "Just till we find her friends. My place ain't fit for her, and even Jim won't turn away a little child; there's nothing shady about this deal. She got lost in the park, that's all. Didn't you, my little dearey?"

The child, a pretty little creature of 6, perhaps, looked the two wheedling scoundrels in the face without a touch of fear, and nodded an earnest assent.

"I was naughty," she confided to them. "I wanted to see the baby lions, and I ran away from Rosie; then I got lost, and I cried; and a kind old woman" (there was a lightning glance between her hearers, and the Shark quite silently said, "Old Nan") "found me, and brought me to this gentleman" (a bright smile for the Shark, here) "who knows my papa, and will take me to him. You do know my papa, don't you?" she concluded.

Sharkey and Foxy both hastened to assure her that they knew her father very well. "What's his name, my dear?" queried Foxy.

"Mr. Everett Erle," she answered, innocently, and appealed to Sharkey for confirmation. "Isn't it?" she asked him.

"It certainly is," said that worthy, briskly. "And he's a very rich man, and a most particular friend of mine. I'll let him know where you are, at once, so he can come and get you. You'll be quite happy here until he comes, won't you?"

The child nodded gravely. "Yes," she said. "Only I hope you won't be long, for poor Rosie will be so frightened." Then she added, wistfully: "And I didn't see the baby lions, after all!"

Now Maggie, standing within the open doorway of Helen's room, had been listening to all this. She looked back over her shoulder now, and spoke to Helen.

"It's a kid," she said. "The prettiest, cutest little kid. Been huntin' baby lions in the park, it says, and got lost! Let's have it in here, an' talk to it. Oh, this ain't no kidnapin' job, no fear! It's just a lost child. The Fox and the Shark will get a reward for takin' it home to its folks, but that's no more than square, you know; nothin' crooked about that. I'll bring it in here."

She joined the men, while Helen took her place in the door, peeping curiously. A child! A little innocent girl child, here! How strangely out of place it seemed—oh, how strange!

A very pretty child. About the same age as her own lost darling—how that thought thrilled her heart! She saw the little one look up into Maggie's face and smile, as she spoke to it, and then put its tiny hand in hers—a beautiful child! Beautiful! But, as Maggie led it toward her, a wild thought came to her and she shrank back—back—back into the room, her hands clasped over her madly-beating heart. What child was this? Whose soft brown eyes were these, now looking into hers? She sank into a chair—speechless.

Maggie, all taken up with the little one, failed to notice her emotion.

"Here's a little lady come to see you," she said gayly. "Ain't you goin' to ask her for a kiss?"

But Helen sat speechless. Her eyes, and those of the child, met in a long, earnest questioning gaze, and then the little one—quite of her own accord—came close, and put up her sweet lips to be kissed.

The next moment Helen had her in her arms, and knew, with the unerring instinct of maternal love, that this was her own child!

She clasped her close to her hungry heart, but spoke no word. Little inarticulate cries of love escaped her, between kisses, but no word to Maggie, who looked smiling on, well pleased.

"She seems to take to you all right," she said.

But instinct, and a sure prevision of danger, warned Helen not to speak—not to let Maggie share her secret. For Maggie was "one of the gang." Should the gang's interests and those of Helen clash—well, it needed no witch to foretell which side Maggie would be found on.

No, Helen must keep her secret locked in her silent heart. No one must suspect how tremendous was her interest in this child, how passionately she would defend it—fight for its interests—restore it to its home.

And, tho she sickened at the thought of parting with her, she knew that that parting must come.

"Well," said Maggie, "I'll go fix a little lunch and we'll eat here, together." And then she added, whispering, "I must find out what the Shark plans to do with her."

She was gone, but those words rang in Helen's heart and ears as a terrible note of warning—"what he plans to do with her."

What had men like Foxy and the Shark done with lost children, stolen children, from time immemorial? Instantly the one, great, crucial example for all time—the kidnaping of Charlie Ross—loomed up before her mental vision, clear and terrifying. She seemed to see the poor, wearied, frightened baby, dragged about from place to place, crying always for "Mamma! Mamma!" and punished for so crying; its little body wearied beyond its strength, its baby heart slowly breaking, until at last—but who knows the actual end of that cruelest and most sordid of infant tragedies? Who has ever solved the mystery of how that baby died?

And must such a fate befall this little one? No! All a mother's love rose up in arms to defend her.

"They plan to keep her here until tomorrow," Maggie brought her word. "Then they'll move her to a safer place. She belongs to wealthy people, and they'll hold her for a ransom. Oh, but don't worry! She'll take no harm. Her people will only have to pay."

Meantime the little one seemed happy—having been assured that her father

"GET OUT THERE AND WIGGLE."

SO SAID the harsh stage manager to a little chorus girl. He was a man who would "put his own mother in tights if he thought he could make a dollar extra." And it was her home town, too. The folks all believed she was one of the stars of stageland and she just couldn't let them find out she was only a wiggly dancer in a burlesque show, specially after she discovered that the one man in her life was to have a seat in the third row, center. She had to decide and do it quickly. What that decision was you will learn in next week's Ledger in a charming little story entitled, "The Dance of The Princess Zelma."

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Why I Believe in Nuxated Iron

A Strength-Builder for the Nation

By E. Sauer, M. D.

Probably no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron. It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. It has been highly endorsed and used by Former United States Senators and Members of Congress; Physicians who have been connected with well-known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Monseigneur Nannini, a prominent Catholic Clergyman, recommends it to all members of the Catholic Church. Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician. Sarah Bernhardt—"the Divine Sarah," the world's most noted actress, has ordered a large quantity sent to the French soldiers to help give them strength, power and endurance.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says Nuxated Iron has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders.

Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years Physician in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, says that tests made with Nuxated Iron on a number of stubborn cases where other tonics had failed absolutely convinced him of its remarkable and unusual power.

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which has been used by former Members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and other prominent people with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron, that they offer to forfeit $100 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent within four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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would come for her tomorrow, and "poor Rosie" had been told that she was safe.

"It's funny that she doesn't seem to worry at all about her mother," commented Maggie, in low tones, but the child overheard.

"My mamma is dead," she said, large-eyed, and nodding very soberly. "She died in France, and we brought her home in a box, on a big ship, so she could be buried near my grandma. Poor mamma!"

And tears gathered in her beautiful brown eyes.

Helen sat silent, stunned. Her unknown rival dead! Ned free! Why, all the world was changing! Suddenly she remembered Jim. Alas! She herself was not free. She wondered if Jim would help to rescue the child.

"Mag," she said, impulsively. "I'd like Jim to see this kid. Get him, on Old Nan's 'phone, will you? Just say I want him; he'll come."

But up to midnight Jim had not arrived.

The child slept in Helen's arms, that night, soundly and sweetly; but the mother lay awake, planning.

What if Jim should fail her? She dared not trust to one frail reed alone, yet what other friend had she? Like a flash came the thought of Dick Lester!

It was now the very dead of night and all the house was still. She crawled out of bed, noiselessly, without disturbing the child. Her light was very low and she turned it higher. Her door was locked. She sat down and wrote a brief note hurriedly.

"The child is safe, and here. I am willing that Ned should have her. Come at once, you and he together, and bring with you police officers. Lose no time. These people may resist the law. They plan to remove her, and hold her for ransom. Oh, come quickly!"

The address followed. She inclosed it in an envelope, on which she wrote, "Please take this to Mr. Richard Lester, Lawyer, Broadway, instantly, and he will pay you five dollars."

The inkstand before her was an old-fashioned, bronze affair, solid and heavy. She removed the ink-wells, and tied her letter to the stand. Then she approached the window. Her room was at the front, on a little-frequented uptown avenue. On the pavement below her window a lonely officer was slowly patrolling his beat. He had just passed the house, and his back was turned. Helen threw her curious missile with such good aim and will that it struck him squarely between the shoulders

Startled, he turned, picked it up, and read the address on it. "Sure I'll take it to the station house," he said. And he did so.

Helen crept back into bed, and took her child in her arms again. "Just a few short hours of happiness and then good-by," she sighed. "At least I shall have saved my treasure from any part of the fate of Charlie Ross."

Sleep did not come to her, nor did she desire it; it would have involved at least a temporary forgetfulness of her present bliss; for it was bliss, to this so long heart-hungry mother, to hold her lost treasure in her arms again. It could be but for a little while—and she fell to wondering how long it would probably be before her letter could receive a response.

At first she hoped there would be some delay, enabling her to prolong her present happiness, and then a sudden terror of the consequences of such delay swept over her, remembering that it would give Foxy opportunity to remove the child! Thus she lay, tortured between alternate hope and fear, until morning.

They were late risers in Foxy's den, and it was after 10 o'clock when Maggie brought Helen's breakfast. She announced that the little one would go away in the afternoon.

"Foxy and the shark will take her at 3 o'clock," she said. Then to the child, "You'll have a nice ride in an automobile, poppet. You'll like that, won't you?"

But this particular "poppet" was used to automobiles; the prospect did not impress her.

"Will you come with me?" she asked, cuddling up close to Helen. "And will my papa come, too?"

Oh, how earnestly Helen answered: "God knows I hope so, my darling!"

But she was in agony; for to her thinking, the rescuers should already be here. What if the letter had miscarried? And even Jim had failed her! She said so to Maggie.

"I wanted to show him the pretty one," she said. "He used to be so fond of children."

Maggie laughed.

"A man's a man!" she said. "What could you expect? Besides, he wasn't there when I called him, but Old Nan said she'd tell him. Maybe she never did."

"Oh, call him again!" cried Helen, and good-natured Maggie started to comply.

But Foxy stopped her. "We don't want Jim bothering round," he said. "Let the wire alone. You can tell her you called him, and he was out again."

Helen had judged Maggie rightly—the interests of "the gang" came first with her; she obeyed Foxy, and pacified Helen with a lie.

"Old Nan says she'll sure tell him when he comes in," she repeated, and Helen's heart sank low. Why, oh, why, did not Ned and Lester come?

Foxy called to them to get the child ready.

"It's after two," he said, "and the motor may be here directly. Hark! there it is now! Hurry! Hurry! I don't want it seen out there. Throw a shawl over her, Mag."

He burst into the room. Helen had clasped the frightened child, and held it fast. "Leave her a little longer—oh, just a little longer!" she implored him. "Oh, Foxy, let me keep her just another hour!"

But of course her prayer was vain.

"Don't I tell you the auto's at the door?" Foxy cried. "Give me the child! Here, Maggie, take her."

Maggie came to his assistance—the interests of the gang being at stake—and they both tried to tear the little one from Helen's arms, where it clung, thoroly frightened. Foxy cursed and swore. In the confusion no one noticed footsteps on the stairs.

But they were there; men's footsteps, hurrying; and then a violent knocking at Foxy's door, that startled him. It was not like Sharkey to knock like that! Suddenly a voice—a man's voice—cried, with that note of sure authority that all crooks know and tremble at:

"Open! In the name of the law!"

Foxy relinquished his hold upon the child, and glared around him. His face had turned a horrible livid gray color. "The cops!" he gasped. "Mag, let them in!"

But he spoke too late. The majesty of the law can ill brook the indignity of waiting on its victims' pleasure, so one of its lusty officers put a powerful shoulder against the door, and sent it smashing into the room, as if it had been struck by a catapult.

And Helen—laughing, crying, almost delirious with relief and joy—felt herself and her child, together, clasped in her husband's arms.

In Ned's arms? Yes, this was no time for reproaches, only for joy, and pardon, and mutual congratulations; the father and mother embraced and kissed each other, even as they kissed their child.

"My wife," Everett cried. "My own wife!"

But a voice suddenly contradicted him. "Excuse me," said Jim Ratcliffe, standing just outside the ruined door. "That woman is my wife."

They listened, stunned. He came further into the room, and confronted Everett Erle.

"I suppose you are the man who cheated the girl that loved him—mocked her with a false marriage, and drove her to what would have been death for her and her kid if I hadn't happened by, and saved them. You're a fine gentleman, ain't you? Well, I'm a crook, myself, just done my bit in prison—but I wouldn't change characters with you! I married this woman under the law—see? And she's my lawful wife."

Helen drew away from Everett's arms and dropped into a chair. The child followed and clung to her. There was tense silence for a breathless minute, and then—quietly, and even respectfully, Everett spoke.

"Mr. Ratcliffe," he said, "what you have said is just, and I have deserved it; but if you have 'done your bit' in prison, for your sins, believe me I have done mine, out in the free world, for many weary years. And my sin was great, tho it was not what you think. I did not deceive my wife with a false marriage. This lady was, and is, my lawful wife."

Jim flashed out hotly. "You called yourself Edward Early, didn't you, Mr. Everett Erle, the millionaire? Why was that but to deceive her?"

"It was a mistake, I can explain it all," said Everett. "My name is Edward Everett Erle, it was her uncle's error that made it 'Early.'"

"You had a wife living," Jim cried; and Helen looked up, listening eagerly.

"No! I lied about that! Oh, Helen," turning to her, and pleading earnestly, "can you forgive me?"

Jim had been watching Helen. "Oh, yes!" he said, half bitterly. "She can forgive you! And so best, I suppose, for her child's sake! Is that my little Cutey?"

He looked long and earnestly at the little one, who gave him a beaming smile, then sadly shook his head, and turned away.

"Good-by, Helen," he said, from the doorway. "If you're his wife you can't be mine, of course; but don't take his bare word for it. Once bitten is twice shy, you know—you make sure of what the law says."

Dick Lester stepped forward.

"Ratcliffe," said he, "to set your mind at rest—the law says that the first marriage is the true one."

"Then so be it!" said Jim, recklessly. He had seen Richard Lester in court, at the time of his own trial, and knew him to be a lawyer of note. He felt, now, that by Lester's mouth the tyrant law had spoken.

"So be it!" he repeated. "I ain't fool enough to buck up against the law. As for you, mister," he looked contemptuously at Everett, "the law ain't a-goin' to do nothing to a rich bloke like you, for all the misery you've made this woman suffer, but perhaps those long, sorrowful years you spoke of paid you for it. Well—make her happy now, at last! Good-by, my little Cutey," he stooped and kissed the child's hand. "And Helen—don't let the law be too hard upon poor Maggie. She was good to you."

"No one is going to be hard on any of them, Ratcliffe," said Lester. "We understand the case. The child was lost, not stolen. Mr. Erle will reward

(Continued on Page 29.)

Women in the War-Zone

It takes strength and courage to nurse the wounded. Every woman should make herself fit for war's call at home or abroad. Health and strength are within the reach of every woman. They are brought to you by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Take this medicine, and you have a safe and certain remedy for the chronic weaknesses, derangements and diseases peculiar to the sex. It will build up, strengthen and invigorate every "run-down" or delicate woman. It regulates and assists the natural functions.

At some period in her life, a woman requires a special tonic and nervine.

Women, Prepare!

Thousands of women in the United States have overcome their sufferings, and have been cured of woman's ills by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This temperance medicine, though started nearly half a century ago, sells most widely today. It can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid, and every woman who suffers from backache, headache, nervousness, should take this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce's. It is prepared from nature's roots and herbs and does not contain a particle of alcohol or any narcotic. It's not a secret prescription for its ingredients are printed on wrapper. Send 10c for trial package to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., or write for free confidential advice.

You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a laxative made up of the Mayapple, leaves of aloes, root of jalap, and called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Chicago Ledger

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GENTLE JABS.

Noble thoughts are jewels of the mind.

There are still some vacant lots on Easy street.

The good die young and the old sinners die hard.

The wise guy and the fool's money soon get together.

A quiet wedding is often the prelude to a noisy divorce.

Many a truthful man breaks his word because he stutters.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst and take what comes.

Boasting of their strong points is a weakness with some people.

Men who believe whisky is good for a cold nearly always have a cold.

Tho the world may owe us a living, only a few are preferred creditors.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. The wise young man goes home early.

Many an untimely grave has been filled by the emptying of the wrong bottle.

It takes more than an eye-opener to make the toper see the error of his ways.

Only a small percentage of money saved up for rainy days is invested in umbrellas.

Our ideal of a true hero is the man who brings a friend home to dinner on washday.

Some men are so cautious they will never allow their friends to owe them a cent.

Men are usually embarrassed when they propose—either financially or otherwise.

Some men are about as beneficial to their fellow men as the hole is to the doughnut.

Every woman imagines that she was created for the purpose of bossing some man. Eh?

A man considers it a compliment when a woman says: "Oh, you are like all the rest of your sex."

Many a man at the age of 50 wishes he was half as smart as he thought he was at the age of 21.

It may take almost as many tailors to make a man as collectors to induce him to pay for the job

Don't hit a man when he is down—it's more customary to throw rocks at him when he's up a tree

He who lies down with dogs gets up with fleas, as the proverb says, but the plight of the dogs remains unrecorded.

When a man says you are always wrong he may be mistaken, but the man who says you are always right is a liar.

When a woman is angry she tells a man just what she thinks of him—and incidentally just what everybody else thinks of him

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

THE great war has produced no more splendid masterpiece than this photograph shown here. The three peasant women, returning to their home within the territory evacuated by the Germans, and finding the beasts of burden gone, have set about to drag the harrow over their barren fields and sow the grain that will keep their men alive at the front. Does America, hardly as yet touched by war, realize the suffering that the overthrow of Russia and the success of the ruthless submarine warfare may bring to its shores? A few short months ago the masses of the people looked with suspicion and almost contempt upon the advocates of preparedness. In the light of recent events the fears of those whose nightmare is a German invasion are not beyond the realm of possibility. Sleeping millions may awaken to find their women tilling the fields of their country as these French women till. With such a day comes suffering and—spirit.

Italy's Joan of Arc.

It was dusk in the Carnic Alps. The deep green hues of the mountain forests were blending in the gloaming, and a restful gloom was settling down in the mountains. Insects hummed and droned among the blue grass of the pastures. Devious pathways cut an uncertain course thru the voluptuous color of the vegetation.

Along one of these overgrown guiding ways, a regiment of the Italian Bersaglieri was making a tortuous ascent. The crests of the plumes in their helmets were rustled by mellow breaths from the Adriatic, and the gravel was crunching under roughshod soldier feet. Otherwise no sound came from this redoubtable column. For these men were moving forward to attack an enemy position which their air forces had failed to locate all thru a humid day of death.

The Austrian battery had swept with withering waves of steel the backs of these hoary Italian mountain crests. Thirteen thousand of Italy's first line troops had vainly endeavored to pass the enemy emplacements. The blood of Italy's sons dried on every leaf and gravel path, and her wounded lay where the Red Cross could never reach—at the feet of these eternal piles, mangled masses of human flesh.

The Bersaglieri, Italy's strange, swift-loping infantry, was going into the action; expert, accurate marksmen, every man.

The advanced patrols and several on the flanks had engaged enemy patrols several times and had only succeeded in adding to the perplexities of the situation.

Suddenly there was a challenge, an oath in Italian, and presently a corporal was seen making his way to the main body. With him was a woman—a young girl, self-possessed and smiling. She inquires her way to the commanding officer. She carries an automatic at her hip and she knows the Austrian position. She is a native of the parts and has won the confidence of Austrian officers.

The engine of blue steel flashes dully from her hip to her hand and points upward and onward. She cheers—a wild Italian mountain cry—and the troops respond. The officer has not the chance for orders—if he would have given them. Before he realizes the situation the Bersaglieri are in motion; following the young woman, who marches rapidly and firmly with her automatic in the fore, greedy for a target.

They soon encounter their own advanced patrols and, joining, they make a precarious way over piles of age-worn rock.

Direct to the task she leads them. She fights with them; her pistol spitting its doses of death into enemy breasts; her cheers ringing shrilly above the maelstrom of swirling foes, and steel firing steel on its errand into enemy vitals.

* * * * *

The encounter was violent and decisive. The Austrians were routed—to be technically correct—were annihilated

The Italians occupied the position and signaled headquarters the location of adjacent enemy outposts. The result was the eventual occupation by the Italian armies of the entire Austrian system on that sector.

In Rome, a few days later, a "medal to military valor" was struck and presented to a coy young girl, who insisted that she had done nothing remarkable in thus serving her country.

Italian poets and novelists are perpetuating her name and exploit. She is the idol of King Victor's soldiers.

Her real name is Maria Abrianl, but the men in the Bersaglieri know her as Jeanne d'Arc d'Italia.

TO PREVENT DISEASE.

Appropriations to establish Red Cross Sanitary Units for the protection of health in districts surrounding four more army cantonments have been announced by the Red Cross War Council Twelve cities have now requested the cooperation of the Red Cross in taking measures to prevent the spread of disease or epidemic, and in making the communities surrounding the camps safe for the soldiers. The total amount now appropriated to begin the work is $106,000.

The four latest cities to receive Red Cross aid in sanitation are: Newport News, Va.; Ayer, Mass.; Atlanta, Ga., and Chillicothe, Ohio.

At Newport News large shipyards and an aviation school make the protection of the health of the inhabitants particularly important. To begin the work here, $21,000 has been set aside.

Three public health nurses have been assigned to Ayer, Mass., for which $6,000 is provided. They will work with the Massachusetts State Health Department, which has already established a very efficient organization for taking sanitary measures around the cantonment nearby.

Eradication of malaria-bearing mosquitoes will be one of the problems of the unit which will operate around Camp Gordon at Atlanta. It is to aid the personnel of the local organization. This unit, to be known at No. 11, has an appropriation of $14,000

The twelfth unit is designed for Chillicothe, Ohio, and will assign a bacteriologist to work in cooperation with the Ohio State Board of Health. It will include also several sanitary inspectors and two public health nurses to support the existing health organizations. The appropriation here is $10,000.

All these sanitary units of the Red Cross are to be placed at the disposal of the Public Health Service and State and county health authorities. Under their direction they will assist in the sanitation of districts around cantonments and army communities.

Specifically, they will aid constituted officials in insuring the purity of milk and water supplies, and in cleaning up unsanitary places near the camps which might be dangerous as germ incubators. The inspectors will patrol the territory surrounding camp limits to enforce sanitary regulation, in cooperation with the sanitary officers of the Army.

BATTLE SONG.

(To the air of "The Marseillaise.")

A voice is calling, calling overseas;
"Come forth and right an ancient wrong,
Overthrow old tryannies
And swell the notes of Freedom's song.
Strike a blow, for your arm is strong.
The sacred name of Liberty
Must be protected thru the years,
The shame wrought by the enemy
Must be cleansed with blood, and with your tears."

America, arise! Your starry banner flies.
Redeem your word with cannon and with sword,
And battle for the Lord!

From East and West we hear the answer come
In the shouts of marching men.
They respond to fife and drum,
From every hill and field and glen.
The bugles are calling again:
"Your fathers fought for Liberty.
They bled that ye might all be free.
And their true sons are ye.
Come fight for Freedom, Law and Home."

America, arise! Your starry banner flies.
Redeem your word with cannon and with sword,
And battle for the Lord!

—Anchusa, in Chicago Tribune.

TRAINED WORKERS NEEDED.

Many American women have been engaged in the various forms of war relief work for the Allies from the beginning of the war. As the volume of work and opportunity increased the need for practical office training among volunteer aids has become startlingly apparent.

Mrs. Russell Tyson of Chicago, whose wonderful work in behalf of the American Fund for French Wounded, Red Cross, and Allied Relief qualifies her to speak authoritatively in this matter, recommends and urges all young women who are entering upon serious volunteer service to take training in the following courses: Stenography, accounting, mimeographing and the operation of a cash register. Young women who have a thoro knowledge of French can render an invaluable service by learning French stenography and accounting and French numerals and currency.

Volunteers can become valuable aids in their country's service thru knowledge of bacteriology, pathology, dermatology, anatomy and chemistry. Women who can read X-ray pictures are much needed.

With the increased need for psychopathic service which, from the experience of France and Great Britain, must come to the United States, the intelligent and trained assistance of many women volunteers will be demanded in the immediate future.

Education to give this service is a very obvious duty for young women who have time and means to prepare themselves for these expected forms of service.

HOME WORK.

Miss Edna Strohm, assistant director, Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, Illinois Division, has made a special study of home work for patriotic women, and has compiled a long list of possible service

To women of means, she suggests that there are still many fatherless children of France who need the financial aid which Americans have been giving and must continue to give. It may not be long before this service will have to be extended to the fatherless children of America.

To women who prefer work nearer home there is the possibility of assisting a neighbor who must, thru the changed conditions of the times, go daily to work, by caring for her child during working hours. The children of soldiers must be the special care of the home woman, and providing clothing for such children for the duration of the war would be a grateful service.

One of the easiest ways of helping a little is to see that magazines and newspapers are sent to the soldiers abroad. Any postoffice will give information concerning ways and means.

Local charities are among the war sufferers, as their means of support has been in most cases greatly decreased In all orphan asylums and children's hospitals there is opportunity for women to serve who can only give an hour or two a week outside their own homes.

MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

—By George Cooper, 1820-1876.

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

Quality and Fit Guaranteed

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely Free, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

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Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free**, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates for choice from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and postage prepaid.

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YOUR HEART

Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensations in throat, Painful Glow on left side, Stifling or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys** or **Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

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A CHECKER-PLAYING BEAR

(Continued From Page 23.)

out of a big pot. 'No one would think to look at your innocent, bland countenance that you possess the guile you do. If you had only lived in the old Mississippi-river-steamboat times you would have been worth a fortune to the man who owned you.'

"And just as the bear had about developed into the best poker-player in town Elder Allison returned from the city.

"Of course, there was nothing for Hal Jenkins to do but to return the bear to Deacon Stebbins, who turned him over to the Elder. The Elder took his pet home with him, the faithful animal showing signs of unfeigned joy at the return of his old master. That evening the Elder thought he would have a game of checkers.

"'Now we'll have a little game,' he remarked complacent like, 'just to see how much you have deteriorated during my absence.'

"The bear trudged over to the place where he knew a pack of cards was kept. In the meantime the Elder got out the checker-board and set the pieces. The bear shuffled the cards and dealt out poker-hands. Each was busy and did not notice what the other was doing until the good Elder moved one of his pieces—he always liking to have the first move. Then each looked at the other mightily amazed.

"'You may think we need the cards for counters,' snarled the Elder, sort of impatiently; 'but we don't. We'll only play two or three games and, of course, I'll take them all.'

"But the bear was as surprised as the Elder. He had forgotten all about checkers. He looked at the pieces sort of puzzled. Then he noticed the one piece that the Elder had pushed forward. That seemed to enlighten him some, tho not entirely.

"'I see the one check you have bet,' he seemed to be saying to himself, 'but why do you scatter the rest about the board, instead of stacking them like a Christian?'

"The bear never was much of a conversationalist. He took another peep at his cards. Then he gathered up his checker pieces, slid one out by the piece the Elder had put forward and stacked up ten of the others alongside of it. It was plain that he was seeing the Elder's supposed bet and raising it ten.

"The Elder looked at this strange proceeding in amazement. Then he noticed the five cards the bear was holding and the way the checker-men were stacked up. His look changed to one of holy horror.

"'Wicked, depraved bear!' he thundered. 'Is this the way you put in your time while I was away? Learning games of chance, after my careful efforts to keep you from gambling! It's penitence and a short chain, and hard bumps that will be coming to you until you appreciate that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that it is the duty of every good bear to stick to the game at which his master can win.'

"At that the Elder grabbed a big stick and began pounding the bear. At first the bear seemed hurt, mentally as well as physically. He had been mighty proud of his poker-playing ability and now to be pounded for it! But the Elder kept on showering hard words and harder blows. At last the poor bear gave a sort of sullen growl and rushed out of the doorway; but even then he turned back in a doubtful way, as if he hated to leave his old master.

"'Leave my house forever,' shouted the Elder, who had evidently been at the theater while in the city. 'Never darken my door until you have forgotten all you know about poker and can bring forth fruits worthy of repentance in the checker-playing line.'

"The outcast bear looked down the village street. He could see the lights in Hal Jenkins' tavern. There he would not be beaten and abused. There his talents as a poker-player would be praised and appreciated. He looked back once more at the house. The Elder continued his abuse. The once good bear gave a little bear sigh. Then he shambled off toward the tavern, no longer the pet of a pillar of the church, but a poker-playing, gambling bear."

Next week's Ledger will contain another of these funny animal stories, entitled, "The Spectacled Eagle." Give it the "once over."

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY EARL H EMMONS.

Cheese.

Cheese is a concoction originated on the farm, which has come to hold an important place among the products, and the people who manufacture it, and keep their health meanwhile, sometimes become rich, but after all, the question arises, "Would not the world have been happier and more fragrant without cheese?"

One good feature about cheese, and also a reason why its manufacture is profitable, is that it is so easy to start. There need be no special material on hand for cheese making, as it can be made from skimmed milk, goat's milk, cream, cow's milk, sour milk, ewe's milk, sweet milk, milkweed, or any other variety of fluid which happens to be handy.

When the raw products are obtained they are thickened by the use of a chemical, then placed in a bag and squeezed until the cheese is choked to death, after which it is buried in an old slaughterhouse, skunk pen, cow barn, glue factory, or a similar place where there is a distinctive atmosphere which the cheese may absorb and thus create for itself an individuality. This process is known as ripening the cheese, but far too often, it is feared, the cheese builder neglects to pick the cheese at the proper time, and it becomes overripe.

There are a great many varieties of cheese, each of which is stronger than the other. Cheese authorities differ greatly regarding this popular product, some claiming it is a healthful edible, while others declare that those who desire to become noted for longevity should not associate with cheese.

Regarding the cheese itself, however, there is no question. Cheese, with all its athletic tendencies and phenomenal strength, is not healthy nor robust. If it were it would not give off such astonishing odors so reminiscent of something long extinct.

The various brands of cheese derive their names usually from the places where tney are raised. Thus, Swiss cheese come from Switzerland; Roquefort cheese comes from France; while Limburger cheese comes from the province of Limburg, tho where its odor comes from Heaven only knows.

Outside of its ordinary mission in life, cheese is very useful to the small boy, who may drop a piece of it down a hot-air register pipe in the schoolroom or in a fat man's hip pocket at a ball, and produce very interesting and unusual results.

Just when cheese first came into use is unknown. It is said by authorities who ought to know, that cheese was made hundreds of years B. C., but judging from its odor, some of it was made even before that.

No matter how active its odor, however, cheese has served some purpose. It has contributed largely to the cramp industry, and it has been the inspiration of at least one beautiful piece of literature outside of the present work. The other literary gem was turned out by Sir Walter Scott, who, after smelling the breath of an imbiber of Limburger, wrote the verses beginning, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," and it is said he realized very well on the manuscript.

Next week's sketch in this funny series will be "The Fence." Read it and see how much humor can be got out of a fence.

What Concerned Father.

The minister was shocked to see the young lad with a fishing outfit on Sunday. "My dear lad, what will your father say about your fishing on the Sabbath?"

"Well, last time he said: 'Where the 'ell's your fish?" replied the youngster.

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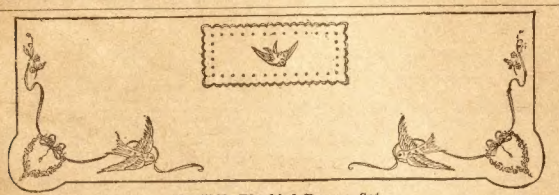

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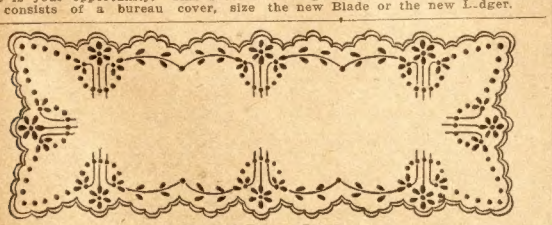
NO. 5069, BLUEBIRD BUREAU SET.—It is surprising to notice at this season of the year how almost every housewife feels that her supply of bureau covers and pincushions needs replenishing, so here is your opportunity. This bureau set consists of a bureau cover, size 18x52 inches, and a pincushion, size 6x14 inches, to match, both of which are plainly stamped in blue on white linen. We also include in this offer six skeins of embroidery floss for working. This set is given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the new Blade or the new Ledger.



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NO. 4011, BUREAU COVER—Conventional pattern, the design is stamped on 17x52-inch white linen. We include four skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Given for one year's subscription, new or renewal, to the new, bigger, better, Chicago Ledger for $1.50, or one year's subscription to the new, bigger, better, Saturday Blade, for $1.50.

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Folly's Fatal Legacy.

(Continued From Page 26.)

those who cared for her and restored her."

Helen rose and gave her hand to Jim.

"You and I know each other, Jim," she said. "You can trust Maggie to me."

He took her hand, held it for a moment, then dropped it and turned away.

"All right," he said hoarsely. "Goodby, Nell—that's what I used to call you—Nell. I wish you happiness; and, tho it sounds queer from me—God bless you!"

He went away without another word; went out of their presence and out of their lives, forever, leaving them to enjoy whatever Fate might still bestow of long-delayed love and happiness.

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1917'S GREATEST SENSATION, 11 PIECE toilet goods combination selling like blazes at $1.00 with $1.00 carving set free. Everybody buys. Engle's profit first week $51.00. Great crew proposition. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. C. M. Feltman, Mgr., 6254 3rd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE AND SELL YOUR OWN GOODS. Machinery unnecessary. Expert chemist's advice. Special attention to beginners. Formula catalog for stamp. Wane Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEASure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for samples and 20 styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 765, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—GOOD PROFITS FOR SPARE time, selling shirts from manufacturer direct to consumer. Niznem Shirt Co., 1921 Washington Avenue, New York.

AGENTS, EITHER SEX, SELL MENOLENE, needed in every home. 100 per cent profit and repeat orders. Free sample. Hamilton Mfg. Co., Box 633, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$1.00 COMMISSION EVERY CALL. GREATest household money saver ever invented. Housekeepers buy on sight. Samples free. Ovee Mfg. Co., 7 Ovee Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK, FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Garnation Co., 28 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

PAY YOU 60C DOZEN DELIVER SAMPLES perfume your town. Outfit free, send 10c postage. Union D. Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

SELL A GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE. 200% profit. Sample and terms 10c. Ricks Company, Logansport, Indiana.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—SHREWD MEN AND WOMEN for secret service work in every section of United States, to become affiliated with our organization. Something entirely new. May devote all or part time. Large returns. Experience not absolutely necessary. Interstate Service Bureau, 2518 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS MAKE LARGE incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 313, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MEN—BECOME U. S. RAILWAY MAIL clerks. $75 to $150 month. Every second week off with pay. Education unnecessary. Sample examination questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUFfeurs. $25 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 809, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS—THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN, Government war jobs, $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 28, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS NEED SOCKS. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. We pay parcel post both ways. We pay you fixed rates for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Inc., F, 337 Madison, Chicago.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOULD YOU LIKE $1 OR $2 DAILY AT home, knitting war sox on Auto Knitters? Experience unnecessary. Send 2c stamp. Dept. 78 C, Auto Knitter Company, Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMEN—START DRESSMAKING-DESIGNing business in your homes. Earn $100 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 854, Rochester, N. Y.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $22 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 65, Omaha, Neb.

$20 WEEKLY; STAMPING PATTERNS AT home. Send stamp. Chicago Silk Mills, Dept. M. M., Chicago.

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Galety Bldg., New York.

SOUTHERN FARM FOR SALE

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA FARMS $15. Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Fruit, Dairy, Stock, Climate, Schools, Churches, Roads, Markets & Neighbors of the best. Get our Farm Lists, magazine and other interesting literature, all free. Address F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM EARNS more money with less work. Raise the crops you know about—alfalfa, wheat, barley, etc.—also oranges, grapes, olives and figs. Ideal for dairying, pigs and chickens. No cold weather; rich soil; low prices; easy terms; good roads; schools and churches. Enjoy life here. Newcomers welcome. Write for our San Joaquin Valley alfalfa Dairying and Poultry Raising Illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1921 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $35 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS

"THE OZARK REGION OF MISSOURI AND Arkansas" along the Kansas City Southern Railway, contains an accurate description of Western Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri, of its farms' crops, towns and cities and opportunities for business in all lines of endeavor. A splendid country to live in. Write for free copy to Immigration House No. 533, K. C. S. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $10 CASH AND $1 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, C-107 N, Y, Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$10 INVESTED MADE $200. SUCH IS THE record of several companies in this section. The Rose Hill Oil Company has 7,000 acres of land in midst of several large oil fields which prominent geologist predicts will develop extraordinary gushers. One gusher producing 30,000 barrels of oil a day will make every stockholder rich. Expect wells of this size. Write for full particulars. Wm. Jarvis & Co., Fiscal Agents, 718 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$1 MAY START YOU TO FORTUNE. GET your share of millions being paid in oil dividends. An interest in our cooperative well may earn you $100 monthly. Full information, complete maps free. Write today. General Office, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 Ann, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

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GREAT CHANCE TO START A REAL MAIL order business in men's shirts and furnishings with Duratex Ready Prepared System. Big profits. Write quick. Goodell & Co., 117 Durant Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 YEARLY RAISING CANARIES IN your own home. Spare time. Very little capital. Write for particulars. Baker Co., Endicott, New York.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

"GUSHERS OF GOLD" A REMARKABLE book, free, may prove your path to prosperity. Address Edward Adey, 950 Hibernia Bldg., New Orleans, La.

PATENTS

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 249-253 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit, machine, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 328 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

"WANTED—SEND US YOUR BARE IDEAS for photo plays, stories, etc., $50.00 to $1,000.00 for them. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Writer's Service, Dept. 10, Auburn, N. Y."

PHOTOPLAYS IDEAS WANTED

$25-$300 PAID ANYONE FOR IDEAS, suggestions suitable for photoplays. Complete outline free. Producers League, 512, St. Louis.

SONGS, POEMS, ETC.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

75c PER GALLON AUTO CLEANER & polish, guaranteed, send $1.00 for recipe. R. L. Tubbs, Osage, Texas.

STOP SNORING—WONDERFUL DRUGLESS method, instant relief. Guaranteed to satisfy. Write Schade, 944 N. Lavergne, Chicago.

3 TYPEWRITER RIBBONS, ANY COLOR, any make machine, $1.00 postpaid. C. Rosenberg, Lemont, Ill.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. C. L. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN:—SEXTONIZE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions and debilitating drains. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., Box 175, B-W, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY RICH—FOR QUICK RESULTS, JOIN our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $50,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 616, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY AT ONCE—IF LONELY; WRITE me; and I will send you hundreds of descriptions; congenial people, worth $1,000 to $350,000; seeking marriage; (confidential). Address Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME maker;" hundreds rich, confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

HANDSOME, HEALTHY, WEALTHY YOUNG widow worth $7,000, wishes to get very lonesome, will marry honorable gentleman. Address "Mrs. C.," Box 4, San Diego, California.

GENTLEMAN WITH FINE HOME AND POsition in city wishes to correspond with honest lady favorably inclined. Address Box 1034, Omaha, Nebr.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want. Postpaid for dime. Lida Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD CORREspond with respectable gentleman. Object matrimony. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

GET VITAL STRENGTH—RETAIN YOUTHful vigor. Simple, easy, sure. Particulars free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

ART PHOTOS. LIFE POSES, FASCINATING bathing girl models. Sample 10c. Simpson Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

BIG MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, addresses, photos, descriptions. 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NEW HANDY GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE, 10c. Sam C. Sullivan, 24 Rose Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity.

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer. No apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house.

N... of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

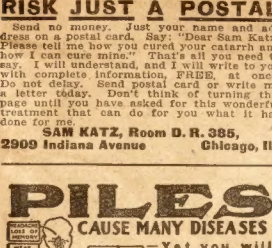
My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my beloved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring on an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was sapping my vitality. ... found a cure, and I am ready to tell ... about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST A POSTAL

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room D. R. 385,
2909 Indiana Avenue Chicago, Ill.

PILES
CAUSE MANY DISEASES



—Yet you will NEVER be rid of these diseases until YOUR Piles are REALLY CURED—and in a NATURAL way.

(The best proof of all this is that nothing you have done has given you any permanent relief.)

My proposition to all:

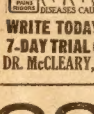
"I CURE every case of Piles treated by my Mild Serum-like Treatment or you need not pay me a cent.

WRITE TODAY FOR 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER FREE

DR. McCLEARY, 1210 McGeary Bldg., 11th and Harrison, Kansas City, Mo.

GOITRE

Removed at Home Without Operation or Danger



This simple, safe home treatment removes Goitre without inconvenience or danger. Hundreds of difficult cases that refuse to yield to any other treatment have reported immediate results. "My goitre is entirely gone and feeling fine. I improved before taking medicine a week," says Mrs. C. W. Wash, of North Jackson, Ohio. Mrs. W. A. Pease, of Creston, B. C., Can., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment and was cured. I concluded to try it, and after using one treatment my goitre entirely disappeared."

Quickly stops choking and other disagreeable symptoms. Does not interfere with regular duties. No danger. Convince yourself without pay or obligation. Send Coupon today for $2.50 Test Treatment.

$2.50 FREE COUPON

This coupon is good for $2.50 Test Treatment mailed free in plain package if accompanied by 10c in STAMPS or SILVER to cover postage. Address DR. W. T. BOBO, Battle Creek, Mich.

Age?..... How old is Goitre?..... yrs.
Nervous?..... Hands Tremble?.....
Do eyes bulge?..... Does heart beat too rapidly?..... Health?.....
Name.....
Address.....
812

HOME AND HEALTH

FASHION NOTES.

All the gray and brown shades are in favor for silk frocks. An all satin model in rose taupe satin shows just a cast of rose over its surface; it has a girdle buckled on the side and a skirt divided by deep tucks.

A long straight line from shoulder to shoe top, with a skirt coming approximately within seven inches of the ground—that is to be the prevailing style. A slim line, too, for the skirt hem will be narrower. Some are making it barely a yard and a half wide.

Velvet, chiffon and panne will be very popular this season. And—have you heard of pussy-ear, glove-skin, puppy-skin? No? Well, you will hear more of them before the war is over, and of other fabrics still on American looms. Softclinging materials, of the quality of duvetyn, they are part of America's contribution to the new markets for her trade.

Velvet predominates in millinery this season—black velvet, usually. The chief charm lies in the materials and the making. There are "Sammy" hats, broad-brimmed, high-crowned varieties with the conventional crushes. There are collapsible toques that may be severe and upstanding or soft and jaunty, as you wish. A chic suggestion of deft handling of delicate materials, a French absence of effort, no stiffening, no starch—these are the most notable features. A little ribbon, an occasional buckle or bright band—these are the only adornments. There were some sport hats made entirely of chenille. And so it will be with all the millinery this season. If you must have ornament, have ostrich.

RECIPES.

APPLE HONEY—Pare and core three quarts tart apples, run thru the grinder, using medium knife. Save all juice. Boil one quart water and as much juice as can be poured off the apples, two quarts granulated sugar, one stick cinnamon, juice of two lemons. Cook ten minutes, pour boiling hot over apples, and set aside for three hours. Place in granite kettle over moderate fire and cook until clear and thick; remove from fire and stir in one teaspoonful lemon extract; seal in pint jars. Care must be taken in making the honey. It must be constantly stirred so it won't scorch, as it burns easily.

GRAPE CONSERVE—Remove pulp of five pounds of grapes; put pulp, skin and seeds in an agate preserving kettle, with the chipped yellow rind of three oranges and three lemons, cook for fifteen minutes; then mash thru a coarse sieve to extract the seeds; add one pound of seeded raisins, strained juice of the oranges and lemons and four pounds of granulated sugar; boil and stir often until quite thick; when ready to remove from fire drop in half a pint of mixed nut kernels; put in tumblers, while hot. When cold cover with paraffin and then with the lids.

CHICKEN, HUNTER'S STYLE.—Take a young roasting chicken weighing about three or three and a half pounds or two broilers, and cut them up as for a fricassee. Put one tablespoon of olive oil and one rounding tablespoon of butter into a pan or casserole and add one small onion sliced, one green pepper cut in strips and two well-ripened tomatoes. Cover and cook slowly for ten or fifteen minutes. Then uncover and add one tablespoon of chopped parsley and pepper and salt to season. Cook about ten minutes more without the cover and serve piping hot.

DELMONICO TOMATOES—Drain one can of tomatoes dry, cut out the centers, fill with grated bread crumbs and season with butter, onion, salt and pepper. Bake one hour till a rich brown.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A very lovely camisole can be fashioned with a strip of moire ribbon. Ribbon shoulder straps with triangles of laces, set in where the straps are joined to the ribbon, will give an unusual touch. Pink chiffon roses down the front and where the shoulder straps join will make this an extremely pretty camisole, and this with very little work, as the material itself is very decorative.

One very effective way of giving "cachet" to an otherwise plain knitted scarf is to border its ends with a row of crocheted balls either in a matching color or in contrasting shades. Another clever finish is secured by gathering the scarf ends and attaching thereto three pompons from a single strand of chenille or wool. Instead of the conventional crocheted ball trimming, the metal or wood balls might be used with the assurance that they are decidedly to the fore.

There is a sort of darning work that is decidedly popular just now, which is not at all difficult and is very effective. The work is done on Russian and Italian peasant linen, and has the virtue of being inexpensive. The background is sometimes darned in colors and the figures are left in the material, or just the reverse. The needle is thrust in and out between the coarse threads, and it is not necessary to make the stitches of even length, altho a certain amount of regularity gives a much better effect.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of a door will prevent squeaking.

Keep a paper or pasteboard funnel with which to fill the coffee grinder.

Use light-colored manila paper to singe chickens and there will be no smoking.

When you eliminate one article of food, remember to replace it with another.

When making tea better results will be obtained if fresh, bubbling, boiling water is used.

Keep tapes, threads and pieces of various fabrics in separate bags, and so save time in looking for them.

While cooking vegetables, fruits, meats, etc., should they catch on the bottom of the pot, quickly set the pot or boiler in cold water. Then remove carefully all the food except that which sticks to the bottom of pan. This will prevent the unpleasant scorched flavor penetrating the food.

HEALTH NOTES.

If you are very tired, take a bath in soda water.

Gray hair should always be shampooed with white soap, as another kind is liable to leave the hair yellow.

A little bicarbonate of soda added to the water in your bath will absolutely kill the odor of perspiration.

For instant relief in case of cramps in limbs, dip hand in cold water and run under the knee of cramped limb.

Use a firm brush when cleansing the teeth. Remove all foreign particles with a piece of dental floss. Twice a year have the dentist scrape away the tartar, which is sure to form in spite of all care.

When the brows have been lost by fire or other causes the liberal use of the following will greatly stimulate their growth: Sulphate of quinine, five grains; alcohol, one ounce. With the addition of a few drops of almond oil, omitting the alcohol, the same may be applied to the eyelids. A sable brush is used for this purpose.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Wife—"What would you do, George, if you were left a widower?"

Husband—"Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow."

Wife—"You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else!"

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES ON CREDIT

EASY TERMS

SENSATIONAL WATCH SALE

ELGIN, HOWARD, WALTHAM or any Watch you want
Easy Payments and Free Trial.
Great 96-page Catalog. Send for it.

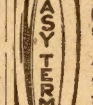
GREAT DIAMOND SALE

SPECIAL $39.50 GENUINE DIAMOND RING

A Wonderful Value, $4.50 per month
30 DAYS' TRIAL.
The most astounding sale of perfect cut Diamonds ever offered.
TERMS LOW AS $1.50 PER MONTH
No Money Down, Free Trial
ALFRED WARE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 823

Free Catalog

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

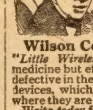
Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
150 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sent on Free Trial



We'll send you this superb new Saxophone on a week's free trial. Use it just as if it were your own. Then if you decide to buy pay only a few dollars a month.

WURLITZER

... years of successful making
The house of Wurlitzer is now making a direct money saving offer to you. We supply U. S. Gov.

Play While You Pay

Use the instrument while you are paying. The Saxophone is easy to play. Many other instruments to choose from.

Write for Booklet Read for special booklet. Get our liberal terms. No obligations.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 5019
E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O. ... S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

REMOVE HAIR PERMANENTLY PREMO CAMERA FREE

With Film, or choice of Electric Flashlight or Silverware, or Fine Clothes from our large list of premiums given for selling 20 pkgs. Post Cards or 20 Rolls Toilet Paper at 10c each. Send no money, your choice. Order today.

HERMAN & CO., 2310 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 232 CHICAGO

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE.

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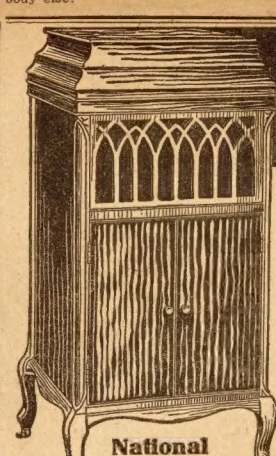

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FAIRY CORNER

BEFORE ALL LANDS.

Before all lands in East or West,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts 'tis teeming—
No gold or jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble souls abound,
And eyes of joy are gleaming.

Before all tongues in East or West,
I love my native tongue the best;
Tho not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art;
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

Before all people East or West,
I love my countrymen the best,
A race of noble spirits:—
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land:
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.

TOMMY'S ORPHANS.

"I'm afraid," Tommy's father began anxiously, "that the house is too dark for him."

"It's dark, and it's damp," said Tommy's mother, a worried little pucker between her brows.

"Well, there are too many trees around the house, anyway. Suppose we get rid of that huge pine that cuts off all the light from the northeast corner?" he suggested.

Tommy's mother sighed. "It's a beautiful tree. But of course if it's a question of the tree or Tommy's health, the tree must go. Something has to be done."

Tommy was a frail, delicate little boy who never seemed to care about playing ball, or "duck-on-the-rock," or "run-sheep-run," or any other of the vigorous games over which the other boys were enthusiastic. The doctor insisted that he be made to stay outdoors.

The next morning active plans were afoot for cutting down the pine. Tommy asked if he might go to see Clara, the little girl across the street who owned a gorgeous, talkative parrot.

"Put on your jacket, dear, and you had better wear your rubbers. It looks as if it were going to rain," answered his mother. Tommy hated jacket and rubbers. It seemed to him sometimes that he always wore them. His mother brought them to him now and helped him put them on; so he had to wear them.

Outside of the door he stopped curiously to watch the men with saws and ropes. Suddenly a flash of brilliant blue wings caught his eye. After a moment or two there was another pair of wings, more gray than blue, and a great deal of fluttering and cries of distress from both birds.

"Oh!" murmured Tommy, greatly disturbed, scrambling to his feet. "They're bluebirds. They must have a nest in the pine."

"What, eh?" cried the big burly man from his branch in the tree, where he was trying to adjust a rope.

"I say is there a nest in the tree?" Tommy raised his voice lustily. The man looked up thru the branches, and for the first time noticed the frightened birds. "I reckon so, sonny," he shouted back cheerily.

"Oh, please be very careful not to hurt the nest," begged Tommy anxiously. But the big, burly man's answer wasn't very satisfactory. It sounded like a grunt.

After no end of shouting and rushing about the men were lowering the tree very carefully. At last it was down, and the poor stricken parent bluebirds were watching helplessly from the top of a nearby tree.

The men had warned Tommy so many times not to come near the tree, that it was not until the big, good-natured man shouted to him, "Here's your birds, lad," that Tommy ran to where he stood.

And sure enough, in the bushy thickness of one of the top boughs was a nest, built so well that it had held securely against the tree's lowering, and snuggled frightenedly into the depths of the nest were four tiny bluebirds with the soft down beginning to come fuzzily all over them.

Very, very carefully Tommy lifted the nest and put it into his hat, and took nest and birds across the street to show Clara. Clara was standing talking to the saucy parrot as he came into the living-room.

"Hello!" said Polly, the parrot. "Where's your hat?"

"Clara, look!" breathed Tommy excitedly, just glancing at Polly. Clara looked and gave a little gasp of delight. "Oh—oh! Tommy, where did you get them?"

"They were in the big pine. It's been cut down," explained Tommy.

"They're hungry," declared Clara, touching one of the downy darlings with a tender finger.

"They're hungry! They're hungry!" shrilled Polly from his perch. And indeed every little bill was opened wide for breakfast.

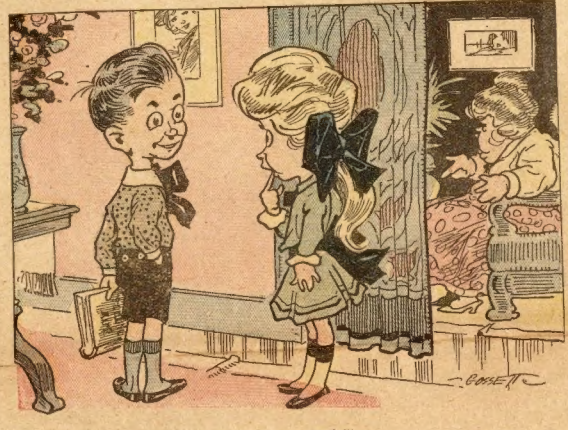
"We'll have to feed 'em worms and bugs and things, Tommy," said Clara.

"Worms and bugs and things!" shrieked Polly. "Polly wants a cracker. Where're their hats?"

"Shut up, Polly," said Polly's mistress rudely, but she had to laugh.

"Poor Polly!" wept the parrot. Tommy grinned and moved toward the door. "Good-by, boy," shouted Polly gayly. "Where's your hat?"

Clara and Tommy found a place for the baby birds beneath the eaves of a side porch. They were devoted foster parents, digging bugs and worms for them each day, and the babies thrived.



Edith—"What makes grandma talk so much?"
Davie—"Don't you know? She's got a double chin."

The new work kept Tommy outdoors so much that in a month he was like another boy, and grew steadily browner and sturdier and stronger. He enjoyed the games with the boys now and soon became a leader among them.

THE BUBBLE CURE.

In August mother and Marguerite went to the seashore and they invited little Cousin Donald to go with them. Donald's father and mother and Marguerite's father had to stay in the hot city longer. Marguerite and Donald are devoted friends, as well as cousins, and they had a fine time together until Marguerite began to cry over something that did not please her. Marguerite never cried softly. When she was angry or hurt or cross or tired she howled. It is too bad to say that, because she does not howl now—remember that while you read this story. It was about the only bad habit she had, and mother had tried to break it, and father had tried, and Marguerite herself had tried. Perhaps Marguerite did not try hard enough at first, but, anyway, the habit was not broken when they first went to the seashore.

One day little Donald came up to the porch where Marguerite's mother was sitting, busy with her sewing. He looked tired and he sat down on the porch with a long sigh.

"Why, Donald," asked Marguerite's mother, "what is the matter, dear, and where is Marguerite? I thought you were both playing so happily together on the beach."

"We were," answered Donald, "and now she's——"

Donald did not finish his sentence. He remembered just in time that he must not carry tales and complain of his little hostess, but there was no need to tell, after all, for mother heard Marguerite's howling. There she was, all by herself, sitting on the sand, crying at the top of her voice.

"I don't know what to do about it," said mother. "I've tried everything and nothing does any good."

Now, mother was really only thinking aloud and was not talking to Donald, so she was surprised when the little boy said:

"Have you ever tried the bubble cure for howling, Auntie Maude?"

"The what?" questioned Auntie Maude. She was Marguerite's mother, you see, and Donald's Auntie Maude.

"The bubble cure for howling," the little boy repeated. "It cured me and I think it would cure Marguerite, too."

"Cured you!" exclaimed Auntie Maude. "Why, Donald, did you ever howl?"

"Yes, I did, but I don't any more," said Donald. "I blow bubbles now when I get cross and tired, but first mother always gives me a glass of milk and a piece of bread and butter. Sometimes when little folks want to howl they are just hungry, mother says, and don't know it. Then I get my pipe and bubble bowl and blow bubbles, because you can't howl and blow bubbles, too."

"Well, bless your dear heart and your mother's too! We'll try it this very minute, and if it is a success you shall have as many toy balloons as you want this summer. As fast as they break you shall have another, and so may Marguerite."

Donald's eyes shone, for there was nothing he liked as well as balloons. They did try his scheme right away. Marguerite was called home, but she was not scolded. She was given a glass of milk and she was hungry and tired, sure enough. They tried blowing bubbles and it was lots of fun. Sometimes they had to try the bubbles before the milk or bread and butter, when the howling was bad, and in one week Marguerite did not howl nearly so much, and in two weeks she was cured. Think of that! Mother wrote father and father telegraphed:

"Hurrah for Donald and Marguerite and balloons and bubbles. All three of us are coming to the shore to celebrate on Saturday morning."

WHEN JEAN CROSSED.

'Eat? Little Jean had no time to eat. She could only dream. And even when the kind steward thrust a few cakes into her hand, she'd only put them in her big pocket and go on dreaming. She was on her way to America, the big country, where her rich aunt lived. She would see the house where many rooms were piled, one on top of the other, and all the other strange things her aunt had written about. True, her aunt did not know she was coming, and Jean only knew the address to be New York, but still the little girl was on her way, each day bringing her nearer to great America, and making her own beloved little Belgium seem farther away.

And Jean thought of her dear father, who had given his life for that country, and of the dear mother, who had fallen asleep and never waked again. But tho she remembered the hard days, when she had had less than enough to eat, and the days before that when life had been so happy, yet her thoughts kept turning to the rich aunt and the new country.

She went to sleep on the night that she saw the beautiful lady, hoping that her aunt would have the same golden shade of hair. The lady and her little girl had tried to speak to her, and had given her a pretty book that day. She wondered if she would see them again.

And then she dreamed again, dreamed over that terrible time scarcely past. She was awakened to find the roar was not a dream. All about her was confusion, and some one shouted in her ear to come on deck. About her was a wild scramble. Little Jean did not know that the ship had been torpedoed, that the vessel was sinking, but she understood the rush to the boats, and she fought and pushed her way thru the crowd, until she had reached its edge. There was a boat already filled, except for a tiny space beside the beautiful lady.

And as the officer lifted her into the place, and Jean settled herself she saw the lady's little girl in the crowd. She turned to the lady. Her arms were outstretched toward her child. Up sprang Jean.

"Let her go, instead of me," she said to the officer. "Her mother wants her." The language was strange, but the gestures were eloquent. The officer, mother and crowd understood.

"Room for you both," said the officer, and swung the other little girl into the boat.

And that was how Jean came to live with the lady and her little girl. And tho they finally found Jean's aunt she was so poor and had so many babies of her own that she was glad to let her little niece live with her new-found friends.

AN OLD STORY.

With the presence of our soldier boys in France, the home of our loyal friend of Revolutionary fame, General Lafayette, many long-forgotten stories of our heroic ally are coming to light. Our Dumb Animals has one to tell of the General's last visit to the United States in 1824, forty years after his promise to Washington to return as his guest. Lafayette was nearly 70 years old at the time, but our warm friend still.

A brilliant reception was being given in honor of the General, who greeted each guest with courtly grace. Presently there approached an old soldier in a worn Continental uniform. In his hand was an ancient musket and across his shoulder was thrown a small blanket or rather a piece of blanket. On reaching the Marquis, the veteran drew himself up in the stiff fashion of the old-time drill and gave the military salute. As Lafayette made the return signal, tears started to his eyes. The tattered uniform, the ancient flintlock, the silver-haired soldier, even older than himself, recalled the dear past.

"Do you know me?" asked the soldier. Lafayette's manner had led him to think himself personally remembered.

"No, I cannot say that I do," was the frank reply.

"Do you remember the frosts and snows of Valley Forge?"

"I shall never forget them."

"One bitter night, General, you were going the rounds at Valley Forge. You came upon a sentry in thin clothing and without stockings. He was slowly freezing to death. You took your own, saying, 'Go to my hut. There you will find stockings, a blanket and a fire. After warming yourself, bring the blanket to me. Meanwhile I will keep guard.'

"The soldier obeyed. When he returned to his post you, General Lafayette, cut the blanket in two. One-half you kept, the other you presented to the sentry. Here, General, is one-half of that blanket, for I am the sentry whose life you saved."

LIFE-SAVING DOGS.

If there is any gratitude in mankind we shall treat our dogs with even greater affection after the war than we have bestowed upon them in the past. Thousands of lives have been saved on the battlefield by our canine friends.

The French and the Germans in particular have used dogs in connection with ambulance work. The Germans claim, indeed, that over 8,000 wounded men owe their lives to these four-footed searchers. The dogs are so knowing that they can easily tell the difference between a dead man and a man who merely looks dead. They waste no time over the former, but immediately raise the alarm over the latter.

Sometimes they bring back a cap to indicate their discovery, after which they lead the ambulance men to the spot. But a more effective method is employed by means of a small, sausage-shaped piece of leather attached to the dogs' collars. When a dog finds a wounded soldier it takes the leather piece in its mouth and returns to its trainer. If, on the other hand, the dog comes back with the piece of leather still depending from the collar this is a signal that it has sought in vain.

And some people still believe that dogs have scant intelligence!

STILL RUNNING.

A very small negro boy was a regular attendant at a boys' club and always called for the same book and always turned to the same place, at which he looked eagerly and then laughed heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by a performance so many times repeated, so he followed the little fellow one night and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he opened the book to a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had again come rippling from him, when the boy looked around, grinning.

"Golly," he cried, "he ain't ketched him yit!"